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THE RETURN OF HALLEY'S COMET

AND ITS PASSAGE BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SUN ON MAY 18

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THE return of Halley's comet, after an absence of seventy-five years, would of itself awaken great interest among astronomers and other men of science, because very few observers of the present day were old enough to remember it distinctly at its former visit in

1835. This last appearance occurred when Andrew Jackson was President of the United States, and most of our country still a wilderness; so there were few scientific workers, and not a single observatory had yet been established in America.



HALLEY'S COMET AS PICTURED IN THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY—THIS FAMOUS MEDIEVAL EMBROIDERY, SAID TO HAVE BEEN WORKED BY MATILDA, WIFE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, RECORDS THE COMBT'S APPEARANCE IN THE YEAR 1066

If, in addition to long absence, we add the other remarkable features of Halley's comet, which is certain to be large and bright, and which is expected to transit the disk of the sun on May 18, it is evident that public interest in the celestial visitor will be awakened to an unprecedented degree.

We may well rejoice that a great com-

unerring physical laws, which have been ordained from the foundation of the world. Many persons are apt to lapse into the idle fancy that we are independent of the hand of Providence; but in times of floods, tornadoes, and earthquakes, we come to realize how frail are the works of man, and how little he can do to govern the course of nature.



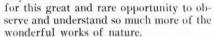
EDMUND HALLEY (1656-1742), THE ENGLISH ASTRONOMER WHO FIRST IDENTIFIED HALLEY'S COMET AS A PERIODIC BODY AND PREDICTED ITS RETURN

From the portrait by Dahl

et comes occasionally to awaken many worldly persons from their slumbers, and to make them vividly realize that the universe around us is not governed by mere chance and without order, but reduced to the most perfect system by Yet, while man is a mere ant in the great starry universe which surrounds us, and his powers are limited, and the days of his existence are few, it is a fact that, puny as are the endowments of his body, he possesses a mind which

enables him to fathom the greatest mysteries of nature.

Now, first of all, let it be plainly understood that the coming of Halley's comet will bring with it no danger whatever to our earth. We need, therefore, have no fear of any disaster. This is as certain as the rising of the sun to-morrow morning. It is proved by the mathematical calculations of astronomers as clearly as that twice two is four. But, although no possible danger will arise from the comet, every one of us may well be thankful



WHEN MODERN ASTRONOMY BEGAN

In the time of the Greeks and Romans, and throughout the Middle Ages, comets were a source of terror to mankind, as presaging war, plague, famine, and the death of princes; but even then there were a few philosophers who knew that they were harmless bodies moving in the vast spaces around the earth. Up to the time of Tycho Brahe, about three hundred years ago, comets were generally thought to belong to the earth's atmosphere, and to move in straight lines, like the meteors which shoot through the sky at night. But Tycho and his contemporaries proved that comets are remote from the earth, and traverse the spaces where the planets move.

Then came Kepler, who, after a labor of twenty-two years, discovered and proved the laws of planetary motion, and laid the foundation of our exact knowledge of the heavens. On the basis of Kepler's laws, Newton discovered the law of gravitation, and made it possible to calculate the actual paths of the planets and comets. for thousands of years in advance.



HALLEY'S COMET AS SEEN IN 1835, ON THE OCCASION OF ITS LATEST PREVIOUS VISIT

Thus we are now enabled to calculate eclipses of the moon which occurred three thousand years ago, at Babylon, more accurately than the ancients could serve them. Dates of battles and of other historical events are now determined from the calculations of the astronomers with greater certainty than from the accounts of historians; so that the study of astronomy is of eminently practical

Kepler and Newton discovered the laws which make such prediction pos-

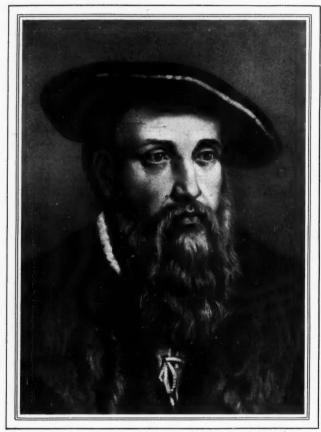
sible; and in 1610 Galileo invented the telescope, by which astronomical observations are made, and are now carried to such great perfection. It is sometimes supposed that our modern progress could have been made without the labors of these great men; but it is not so.

THE WORK OF EDMUND HALLEY

In bringing about the publication of Newton's work, Halley, the discoverer of this periodic comet, played a great He was fourteen years younger than Newton, having been born in 1656, and dying in 1742, at the age of eightysix. It is not generally known that Halley, when a young man of thirty, persuaded Newton to give to the world his great discoveries on the theory of gravitation; and that when the Royal Society of London, through some unworthy spirit of jealousy, refused to publish Newton's "Principia," young Halley made a great personal sacrifice and printed this immortal work at his own private expense. Such are the struggles and sacrifices which accompany the first great advances of human knowledge!

No sooner were Newton's great discoveries placed before the world, in 1687, than Halley began to use them in the study of comets. By nearly incredible labor he calculated the orbits of twenty-six of these strange bodies—all the comets for which adequate observations then existed. In the case of several of the most brilliant ones, he found that their orbits were nearly identical in shape and,

—was sixty-three. He called upon posterity to watch for a great comet in 1759, and, if it came, to give the credit for its identification to an Englishman. Sure enough in due course of time, the comet reappeared exactly as Halley had predicted, and it is therefore known as



JOHANN KEPLER (1571-1630), THE GREAT GERMAN ASTRONOMER WHO DISCOVERED THE LAWS OF PLANETARY MOTION, ON WHICH HALLEY'S WORK WAS BASED

as respects position, in space; and since the interval between them was about seventy-five years in each case, he at once suspected that the comets reported to have appeared at these successive periods were, in fact, only reappearances of the same body.

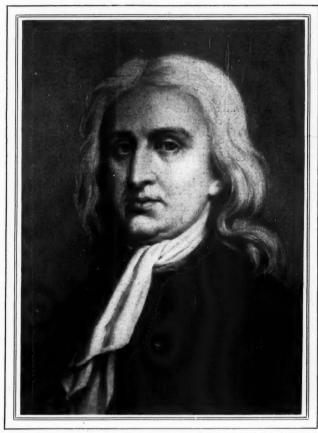
Halley made this bold announcement in 1705, when he was forty-nine years old, and Newton—then acknowledged to be the greatest philosopher in the world Halley's comet. It is the most celebrated of all these vagrant bodies, and is now exciting popular interest throughout the world.

HALLEY'S COMET IN HISTORY

Altogether Halley's comet has been observed for about two thousand years, the first certain record of it having been made in 11 B.C.; but for many centuries, as I have said, the motion of

comets was not understood, and no one suspected that it was a periodic visitor returning at fixed intervals. It was the similarity between the great comets reported to have appeared in 1305, 1380, 1456, 1532, 1607, and 1682, which enabled Halley to discover the periodicity.

than seventy-seven years. The last perihelion passage, or time of passing nearest the sun, was November 17, 1835, and the next return to perihelion will be April 19, 1910—which gives an interval of about seventy four years and five months.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON, THE FAMOUS ENGLISH SCIENTIST WHO DISCOVERED
THE LAW OF GRAVITATION, AND WHO WAS HALLEY'S
FRIEND AND FELLOW WORKER

Hind, Cowell, Crommelin, and other mathematicians have since calculated the times of its perihelion passage back through twenty-nine revolutions to 240. B.C. They have found the periods of the comet to vary, in some cases, by as much as five years, owing to the disturbing action of the planets near which it passes in its revolution about the sun. The average period for twenty-nine revolutions is calculated at 28,031 days, or a little less

A few persons who are now very old may remember seeing this comet in 1835, and they now have the rare privilege of observing it twice. But no person of mature age can expect to see it again after the present visit, unless he should live a century or beyond.

It is worth while pointing out that this comet was very famous in the Middle Ages. Thus it terrified the whole world at the time of the Norman Conquest, in the year 1066; and in England it was supposed to be a sign of the coming of William the Conqueror. We still have a representation of the comet woven in the Bayeux Tapestry, showing how it appeared at that epoch. A reproduction of this picture is given on the first page of the present article. There is also a still earlier drawing in an old chronicle at Nüremberg, made in 684 A.D. Both drawings represent the comet as a large star with a bushy and rather long tail.

In 1066, the head was said to look as large as the full moon, while the tail became very large and wonderfully long. It is expected that the present return will give appearances similar to those of 1066. Even in 1835 the comet's tail was thirty degrees long—that is, it extended over a space equal to the distance from the horizon to a point one-third of the way to the zenith. It is probable that the tail will be even longer this year. It may be forty-five degrees long, extending over a space equivalent to half the distance from the horizon to the zenith.

In the year 1456 Halley's comet appeared at the time when the Turks were

peared at the time when the Turks were invading Europe, after taking Constantinople and overthrowing the last remnant of the Roman Empire. This invasion of the Mohammedans naturally caused general alarm throughout Christendom, and many superstitious persons

attributed it to the comet. There is a well-known story that Pope Calixtus III issued a bull against the celestial visitant; but this never really occurred. The pontiffs have always been well educated, and have fully understood that comets are heavenly bodies, and therefore beyond their dominion. Yet it probably is true that, in this time of distress and public affliction, zealous and pious priests may have included in their prayers a petition for the Almighty's aid against the invading Turks and the terrifying comet.

It will be remembered, in this connection, that a great army gathered from the various parts of Christendom, and commanded by John Sobieski, King of Poland, was finally sent to oppose the Mohammedans. Sobieski's victory over them, in a great battle fought near Vienna, was considered such a protection to the western world that in later times the great Polish soldier's shield was transferred to the heavens and made a constellation in the brightest part of the Milky Way, under the name of "Scutum Sobieski."

THE COMET'S PRESENT VISIT

One of the most important points to be noticed in regard to the present visit is the fact that, to an observer on our earth, the comet will pass very near the sun, and probably over the sun's disk, on



SWIFT'S COMET AS IT APPEARED IN 1892, AT ITS MAXIMUM BRIGHTNESS—THIS COMET IS NAMED AFTER AN AMERICAN ASTRONOMER WHO FIRST OBSERVED IT



DONATI'S COMET AS IT APPEARED IN THE NORTHERN SKY IN OCTOBER, 1858—THIS MAGNIFICENT COMET IS EXPECTED TO RETURN IN ABOUT TWO THOUSAND YEARS

May 18. Only one other comet in history—that of September 17, 1882—has been seen to pass over the disk of the sun. It was so bright that it was visible in daytime, but it was noticed by the observers at the Cape of Good Hope to disappear as soon as it touched the sun's surface, showing that the light of the sun shone through the body of the comet as through a fleecy cloud. It has long been known that comets have very little matter in them—being mere airy ghosts, without any appreciable solid parts—but this observation showed that they are also highly transparent.

It is not yet quite certain that Halley's comet will pass over the sun's disk on May 18, but it is rendered highly probable that it will do so. We shall know for certain a little later, and if a transit is going to occur, the news will be telegraphed to the four corners of the earth, so that everybody may be on the lookout for so extraordinary a phenomenon. In any case, the comet will pass quite near the sun and will be very brilliant just before and after it passes the solar disk.

The computed time of the passage over the sun's disk is between the hours of 4 and 10 p.m., Pacific standard time—corresponding to the hours of 7 p.m. and 1 A.M. in New York—on May 18, which will make the phenomenon visible chiefly along the Pacific coast and over

the Pacific Ocean. Many astronomers and other men of science from all parts of the world are arranging expeditions to our west coast, and to islands in the Pacific, such as Hawaii, in the hope of getting glimpses and photographs of the comet while passing between us and the sun. They want to find out just how transparent the head of the comet is, and whether it will appear as a dark spot on the sun's bright disk, or will let the sunlight right through so as to give no sensible effect, as happened with the great comet of 1882.

It is not probable that Halley's comet will greatly obstruct the sun's light, but it may be sensible to observation, and that is what observers will endeavor to determine. Transits over the sun are such rare events that it is felt that every care must be taken to observe it, in the hope of extending our knowledge of the constitution of comets.

THE EARTH IN THE COMET'S TAIL

It is unfortunate that the transit will be visible, if at all, chiefly over the greatest ocean and from the least inhabited portion of the globe. But if the transit really occurs, the earth may pass, on the same day, through the tail of the comet, which, for a brief interval, would be one hundred and eighty degrees long. In other words, while the transit is being observed over the Pacific Ocean, the



DIAGRAM SHOWING THE PATH OF HALLEY'S COMET AS IT PASSES ITS PERIHELION, OR NEAREST POINT TO THE SUN, AND SWEEPS OUTWARD ACROSS THE EARTH'S ORBIT—ITS NEAREST APPROACH TO THE EARTH IS ON MAY 18 AND 19

tail, extending beyond the earth, would be visible as a faint phosphorescent glow in the midnight skies of Europe and Africa, and in the evening skies of our eastern States. Accordingly, every one should be on the watch for an illumination of the sky on the evening of May 18.

This brush of the earth against the comet's tail will do us no more harm than the appearance of a rainbow in the sky. A little powdery dust might fall on the earth; but any sprinkling that we may receive is sure to be harmless, and we may not even notice it. No harm occurred on June 30, 1861, when we last passed through the tail of a great comet, and none will occur now. Yet during the passage of 1861, the atmosphere and sky took on an unusual aspect, and the heavens were faintly illuminated.

If we are asked to give reasons for the statement that no harm will come from the passage of the earth through the comet's tail, we may cite the wellknown rarity and almost total absence of mass in comets, and the fact that their tails are composed of matter much rarer than that in the vacuum of an airpump. This has been well established by observations extending over several centuries, which make known the general nature of comets, and the laws of their physical constitution.

WHAT A COMET IS MADE OF

As for the chemical constitution of the comet, it is sufficient to say that it is made up of the same elements as our earth. The nucleus, or central part of the comet's head, contains some solid matter-probably iron or meteoric stones, such as have been observed to fall from the heavens. In fact, during the meteoric shower of November 27, 1872, the earth gathered up a good many of the meteoric fragments following Biela's comet in its orbit. These cometary fragments proved to be the same as ordinary meteoric dust, which we see burned up every night when a meteor, or shooting-star, rushes through the sky and leaves a brilliant trail behind it.

Comets and meteoric showers are so closely related that we may describe a meteoric shower as being produced by the disintegrated dust of a comet. Thus the celebrated star-showers of 1799, 1833, and 1866 were produced by a

comet which passed near the planet Uranus in 126 A.D., and was then captured and made to move around the sun in a period of thirty-three years and four months.

On the other hand, the tail of the comet is made up of gaseous matter, such as hydrogen, cyanogen, and other hydrocarbon compounds. This has been proved by observation with the spectroscope, which shows the spectral lines of these gases. On a few rare occasions observers have suspected traces of vapor of iron; but this has only happened in the case of comets which passed very near the sun, and were vaporized by its intense heat. Halley's comet does not pass very near the sun, though it transits, or comes into line between the earth and the sun; and therefore it is not probable that this fine comet will show iron lines in its spectrum, though it undoubtedly contains some iron.

In the main, the comet is made up of cosmical dust, fine pieces of stone, and various earthy substances, in which hydrogen and other gases are absorbed. It becomes heated as it nears the sun; these gases come forth and are repelled by the sun's electric forces, and the tail therefore points away from the sun. Some of the particles in the tail are driven away with enormous velocity and are permanently lost to the comet. But the tail contains no solid matter, and could be compressed into a very small space if we had it under our control.

Sir Isaac Newton used to say that a comet could be condensed into a few cubic inches, or could even be carried in one's pocket. This is not quite accurate for all comets, for some of them have a good deal of matter; but it conveys the correct idea that, as a rule, they have very little mass. Their original home was the outer part of the immense nebula which formed our solar system; so that a comet is essentially a nebulous, or gaseous, cloudlike mass, made up of the gases we have mentioned.

WHAT WE MAY EXPECT TO SEE

It is estimated that the greatest brilliancy of Halley's comet will occur between the 18th and the 31st of May. Just how bright it will become, we cannot yet determine; but its head, or brightest part, is likely to be as bright as Venus has recently been in the western sky, while its tail will probably be large and diffuse, and will undergo rapid changes as it passes between us and the sun. Its brilliancy will be considerable in March and April, and during the early part of May.

It is now east of the sun, and will remain visible to the naked eye, in the constellations Pisces and Aries, during February and early March. It continues to approach the sun, and about March 27 it will pass behind that body. It will appear in the eastern sky, before sunrise, toward the end of April and in early May. About the middle of May it again nears the sun, and on May 18, as I have said, it passes between the sun and the earth. It will then be a little less than twelve million miles from the earth, or about one-eighth of the distance of the sun. It will pass about twice as far outside of the orbit of Venus as it

is within the orbit of the earth.

While the comet is so near the earth, its flight will be very rapid. In six days it will pass over the constellations Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Hydra, and Sextans; and in a month or so it will become so faint as to disappear to the naked eye. It is not probable that the comet will remain visible to the eye beyond the 1st of July; but it will be seen through telescopes till nearly the end of the year.

A GREAT ASTRONOMICAL EVENT

Altogether it is practically certain that the present visit of Halley's comet will be the most striking phenomenon of this kind during the present generation. Therefore every one should be on the lookout for it. It is true that another bright comet might come several years hence, but the chances of its being as bright as Halley's are small. There is not one chance in millions that any of us will live to see another comet pass over the sun's disk, while at the same time the earth passes through the comet's In order for these two events to happen simultaneously, the comet must be precisely in a line between us and the sun, and the tail must be long enough to extend beyond the earth's orbit, so that

our planet may be enveloped in the fine dust which constitutes that immense ap-

pendage.

The visit of Halley's comet will be instructive as regards the progress of science, especially in America, where we have established hundreds of observatories and other scientific institutions since the last appearance of this celestial visitant in the administration of Andrew Jackson. It is generally recognized that in astronomy the United States occupies the foremost place among the nations of the earth. As many of the European countries had a long start of us, this

great progress is an achievement of no ordinary magnitude.

All honor to those mighty pioneers in American science who have shown us the way to true national greatness—Bowditch and Pierce, Hall and Gould, Newcomb and Hill—without whose immortal labors in astronomy the world would still be veiled in great darkness. They have added much to the learning of mankind, and the records of such lives consecrated to the advancement of the sublimest portion of human knowledge, will always be an inspiring page in the history of our country.

TO HALLEY'S COMET

Mysterious traveler of the skies,
That to the searching glass appears
A wisp of light among the stars,
Where hast thou been these many years?

Yon graybeard there who totters by— Perchance he saw thee, when a lad. Art thou a harbinger of war? Dost come a portent good or bad?

How long upon thy lonely way
Hast thou been journeying? Was the earth
A formless waste in darkness girt,
And void, when thou didst have thy birth?

Canst tell us aught of heavenly things?
Is there a home beyond the stars?
Didst hear the choir of angels sing
When Christ was born? Have Venus, Mars,

And distant Neptune life and love
And joy and sorrow, dost thou know?
Doth God direct thy endless course
As centuries come and ages go?

Perhaps, when thou dost come again
The reign of peace will here prevail;
Mayhap beneath the light of truth
The powers of darkness then shall fail.

Man's inhumanity to man,
His petty pride and soulless greed,
Shall yield contrite submission to
The precepts of a kindlier creed.

Mayst thou of good an omen be, For man portend a better day, When from this earth injustice, wrong, And sordid strife shall pass away!

William Ross Lee

THE HALLS OF O'HARA

BY ANNA McCLURE SHOLL

AUTHOR OF "THE LADY OF THE HOUSE," "THE SUBDUING OF MRS. CHARLEMAGNE BANGS," ETC.

N this—as it afterward proved—memorable morning, Evelyn Vancourt was in the mood that made her difficult of approach to her helpers—a mood which usually followed upon too close association with the so-called leaders of society. Emerging in great depression of spirits from the hot haze of wealth, she took refuge, as a rule, in Jeremy Taylor's "Holy Living," or in a "Life of Lincoln," to assure herself that the United States was meant to be a republic.

Emerson was also an antidote; and in the middle of this busy morning, to the alarm of the office, she was found reading "The Over-Soul." Miss Lynch approached her timidly, holding out a card. Evelyn looked up with an ex-

pression of forbearance.

" Well?"

"You'll be more interested when I tell you it's the great political boss of the East Side, Mr. Patrick O'Hara."
"O'Hara?" Evelyn said vaguely.

"Permit me to say that if you haven't heard of O'Hara you've overlooked the pride of the district east of Chatham Square."

"Chatham Square?"

"Division Street runs into it — millinery for miles."

"What does he want?"
Miss Lynch shook her head.

"I have no accurate information on that point, but I can tell you what he has."

"What has he?"
"Enthusiasm."

Evelyn sighed.

"It is not a commodity often brought to this office. Over what does he have it?"

"Over everything, apparently. You'd like him."

"Does he wear a check suit and a red necktie?"

"He's in perfect taste, I assure you."

"How did he know of me?"

"Those East Side politicians know everybody. They are the true cosmopolitans of New York. They put the Fifth Avenue provincials to shame with their wide sympathies."

Evelyn smiled.

"You are a little socialist, Lynch! Your testimony goes for nothing."

"I defy any intelligent person to study conditions in New York without becoming—"

"That will do. Show Mr. Patrick

O'Hara in."

A tall, athletic, boyish-looking man with shrewd, humorous gray eyes, a determined jaw, and a large mouth, entered the office. True to Miss Lynch's description, his garments were quiet and well put on. Not a diamond was to be seen. He held out a big, capable hand to Evelyn with frank cordiality.

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, Miss Vancourt. I doubted whether I could penetrate your sanctum this morning. Your office-boy has a granite stare that would do credit to a dowager warding off an impecunious young man from three marriageable daughters."

"I hope he-" Evelyn began apolo-

getically.

"Don't mention it! It's necessary in our little town, where the bores and the beggars of all ranks are in our midst. I never use that phrase," he went on confidentially, "without feeling that I've forfeited my right to read a certain morning paper that—"

"Won't you sit down, Mr. O'Hara?"
"Thank you. That makes me think of a friend of mine, a little actress, who broke into a Broadway manager's office

after many waits and tears. 'Sit down, my dear,' he said. 'Thank you, sir, I am tired. I've been fourteen months getting here.' Say, but some of those little girls are up against it, and good as gold, too-the better they are the worse they fare, sometimes. Well, this is a digression. I came here, ma'am, to engage your distinguished services on a domicile among the halls of pride on Riverside Drive, where Grant sleeps and the motors speed."

He paused to take breath. Evelyn was beginning to realize that he talked so fast, and jumped from one subject to another, chiefly because he was embarrassed. She herself was becoming interested, and wished him to feel more

at his ease.

"You purpose changing your residence?"

A broad smile overspread his face. "I will confide in you, Miss Vancourt, that I have exhausted the possibilities of an East Broadway flat as a dwelling. I am about to join the ranks

of the rich but honest, the noble Four Hundred!"

Mr. O'Hara's frank statement of his ambitions was accompanied by a manner which seemed to say that further confidences might be had for the mere Evelyn felt inclined to inasking. quire:

"Don't you think you'll find life less interesting on Riverside Drive than on

East Broadway?"

He nodded a bright assent.

"Nobody knows what I'm giving up for the sake of future generations!"

Evelyn looked mystified. He hastened to explain, with the candor that seemed one of his chief characteristics.

"You see in me, Miss Vancourt, the first of the immortal series of three generations popularly supposed to be necessary for the composition of a gentleman. I have already entered a mythical grandson on the waiting lists of the best clubs."

Evelyn laughed.

"You have no illusions, then, about

what you're getting into?"

"Any illusion I have about the swells, if found, will be returned to its owner -and he's not Patrick O'Hara. I think so little of 'em, ma'am, that I am con-

templating opening a club for their reform, on Avenue A, where the chairs will be hard, the drinks soft, and the literature moral. They needn't come down to improve us. We don't want 'em!"

He spoke blithely, but with a touch of scorn. Evelyn was quite fascinated

by his grasp of the situation,

"Have you bought your house?" "The deed's in my pocket. My honkhonk is at the door. I'll whisk you up there in five minutes, if you'll give me leave."

"I should like to see the house, but don't you think we'd better discuss certain details first? Have you any idea how you wish it furnished?"

"You may search me!"

"Do you want a period-scheme?"
"Ma'am?"

"Do you want a certain scheme throughout-Louis Quinze, for stance?"

O'Hara looked frankly puzzled.

"I left school when I was eleven," he said with gentle apology.

"Merely a French king. you'd prefer Empire?"

"Empire?"

"Yes, the period of Napoleon."

O'Hara brought down his fist upon the table with an enthusiastic thump.

"That's the goods! I lisped his name in childhood at my mother's knee. Napoleon for mine! What was his taste in household effects, if I may inquire?"

Evelyn went to a bookcase and brought forth a book of plates. O'Hara turned the leaves reverently, and exclaimed and admired. These heavy, solid shapes and straight lines, these solemn ormolu mountings, these grandiose carvings accorded, he declared, entirely with his taste. He was eager for Evelyn to agree with him.

"Is this your favorite period,

ma'am?"

"No, it is too lacking in humor to please me altogether. I think Louis the Fifteenth appeals to me most."

"Show me some of the gentleman's

things!"

Evelyn brought forth more books. O'Hara looked and wondered, but shook his head doubtfully.

"I'd be afraid to sit down on those chairs. The legs look like the stems of flowers. I want a chair I can sit down in without saying 'Excuse me' to it, or 'May I?' Besides, Napoleon was a conqueror, and I am on the same job!"

Belief in his destiny was written in every line of his figure, and in his smiling, confident eyes. Evelyn's curiosity was stirred to know his plan of campaign.

"Are you going to conquer as he did—take the world by storm?"

O'Hara smiled, then blushed.

"I am ambitious as a result, not as a cause. I have met a lady—"

He could go no further. Evelyn came

to his rescue.

"That's the best kind of ambition—ambition for some one else. Did you say your motor was waiting? We might go and see the house, as you suggested."

"Oh would you come there with me?"

"Oh, would you come there with me?" he exclaimed boyishly.

II

THEY were soon on their way. It was joyous May weather, and the city, not yet in summer heat and dust, looked gay and fresh. Central Park drew from O'Hara praises for the pastoral existence. When the Hudson was reached, he expressed patriotic sentiments.

Evelyn had anticipated the usual Riverside Drive house, and she was not disappointed. It towered in its vast attempt to be something, up five narrow stories, each growing more hopeless in its cut stone fantasies until the last scream of mansard cut the sky. O'Hara gazed at it in speechless admiration.

"It's a beauty!" he said at last. "It was built for Cyrus O. Keggs, of Chicago; but he died, and his widow sold it. Wait till you see the woodwork and the plumbing! You can't open a door but you run into a bath-room. There's one of 'em especially for the butler—and the cook has a whole suite!"

He ushered Evelyn into the big, chilly interior, which corresponded in spirit with the outside of the house. It was architecture at the top of its lungs; yet its bad taste could hardly be taken seriously, because it was so young and hopeful and daring. It was quite a shameless house in its frank statement that money did it, and money was the very nicest plaything!

O'Hara's gaze caressed the very walls. He pointed out the various rooms, as if they were already filled with the ladies and gentlemen of the society notes. Evelyn questioned him as to his choice in colors and fittings, but he dismissed the whole subject with a wave of his hand.

"Make it in Napoleon's way. I trust

to you implicitly!'

She gathered from his chance remarks that the lady who had created his ambitions in the direction of social climbing was more than an American girl—she was a princess from a fairy tale. She divined that O'Hara already saw her as the chatelaine of this dwelling. He went behind her into the dining-room, this vision of his heart; he saw her, golden-haired and sweet, seated by the great fireplace in the drawing-room; he hesitated at the door of her boudoir. A third person was continually with them, and O'Hara followed her with a lover's eyes.

When they returned to the office, and he had taken his leave, Evelyn went promptly to the telephone and called up a man who knew his New York thoroughly. She asked him to tell her something of Patrick O'Hara, and heard him

laugh before he answered.

"You must be out of things if you don't know O'Hara! He's an East Side boss who has become rich in politics. He's a grafter, of course, but he's hailed as a benefactor because he gives a ball every winter and a picnic every summer—unlimited ice-cream, and prizes to the biggest families. The latest report is that he has lost his heart to Elizabeth Malthy."

"Elizabeth Maltby!"

Evelyn's full astonishment was in her voice.

"How in Heaven's name did he meet her?"

"Well, you know she's at one of the college settlements this winter. Her work somehow brought her in contact with O'Hara. He's wild about her, and they say—well, it's incredible, but he's mad enough to think—"

"Why mad?" Evelyn gave back.
"Elizabeth Maltby's a beautiful girl
and a perfect saint. I should say he

was very sane!"

"Yes, but consider the man!"

Evelyn laughed.

"Either his love is colossal, or his impertinence. But does Elizabeth Maltby see enough of him to give color to such a report?"

"She sees him constantly, because her work is in his district, and he has un-

bounded influence."

"Well, stranger things have happened. I shall have ample opportunity to watch this drama, for I am to decorate his new house on Riverside Drive."

III

MEANWHILE O'Hara's motor was speeding back to his native heath. He was himself in a kind of dream—a confused vision of lordly halls and echoing chambers, made livable by a beloved presence. If he had been a little less in love, the utter hopelessness of the situation would have been borne in upon him; but he had attained that rare intensity of feeling which holds destiny as a ball in its hand.

The motor stopped in front of the college settlement. O'Hara asked for

Miss Maltby.

She kept him waiting for some time in the bare, esthetic drawing-room with its palms and casts and photographs of famous pictures. The place always depressed O'Hara, who felt its refinements like a chilly hand laid reprovingly on his.

Into his reflections Elizabeth Maltby walked at last. She was a slender, delicate-looking girl, with a high-bred face and a gentle, earnest manner. It was obvious that she took life and people

very seriously.

"I came in on the matter of that tenement, Miss Maltby," he said, speaking slowly lest he should slip into some undesirable vernacular of the East Side. "Wouldn't you like to put on your hat and go around and look at it? I'm sort of in the house-inspection business today. I've just come from sizing up one of my own on Riverside Drive."

"Are you going to live in it?" she

asked.

"Yes, ma'am. Such are my intentions. But I'm not going to live in it alone."

He made his declaration of dependence with firmness. Elizabeth Maltby's color changed a little.

"Do you think you will prefer it to this quarter?"

"No, but-but wealth confers obligations."

"Yes, certain - certain kinds of wealth."

What did she mean? And why did she always look uncomfortable when he referred, however modestly, to his fortune?

"The air is good up there," he ven-

tured.

"Very," she acceded.

"Will you—may I have the honor, the pleasure, of taking you around to the tenement?"

To his perfect astonishment she answered:

"No; but you may take me for a drive in the Park. I should like to ask your opinion on—on certain vital topics."

IV

EVELVN found the furnishing of Mr. Patrick O'Hara's halls of his descendants an unusually interesting task. The conjunction of the ward-leader with Napoleon was fortunate. After the work was well begun, even the house seemed to yield up something of its tight and preposterous dignity and become more possible.

Evelyn planned it to be the abode of a Napoleon, but of a Napoleon in love. A certain graciousness veiled the heavy, imperial lines. In one room golden bees swarmed on a ground of violet. Evelyn dedicated it to an unknown Josephine.

Mr. O'Hara spent many hours in the future homestead, brooding over its growing wonders. He had committed to Evelyn the task of stocking an art-gallery, and of buying a library and setting it in place. No price astonished him. He seemed pathetically deferential to a culture beyond its comprehensions.

She observed, as time went on, that his spirits were not so gay as formerly. Something unconnected with period decoration seemed weighing upon his mind. Once or twice he asked her questions of an ethical nature, which puzzled Evelyn

to answer.

One morning, as she was reading the daily newspaper, she came upon an incredible announcement—no less a piece of news than that of an engagement be-

tween Patrick O'Hara, politician, and Miss Elizabeth Maltby, daughter of the late Richard Maltby, well known for her philanthropic work on the East Side.

Evelyn stared at the paragraph, with the impulse to focus all she knew of the two principals into one final explanatory picture. Because of her association with O'Hara, the event lost something of its incredible character; but she knew what a babel of tongues would sound about it. She herself understood what had drawn the reserved, serious spirit of Elizabeth Maltby to this man, whose magnetism could charm people even when he wronged them. She wondered what change this marriage would make in his life, and whether society would receive him because of Elizabeth.

She went early that day to the house, for she had a feeling that O'Hara would be there to tell her of his good fortune.

For a while, except for the workmen, she had the place to herself. Its now almost finished beauty seemed to need only the occupants to give it life and significance. Evelyn, who always saw the appropriate people in rooms decorated by her, could image O'Hara in this environment, but, oddly enough, never Elizabeth Maltby. She constructed for her another background, a place from which all pomp and display had been eliminated.

She was seated in the library, fingering the heavy brass ink-well on the writing-table, and wondering where she could find a certain russet tone in blotting-paper, when she heard O'Hara's step. It was quick and elastic; but when she saw his face, she was surprised. He looked grave and quiet, as if some serious

matter was upon his mind.

She rose and held out her hand.
"Let me congratulate you!"
His eyes grew full of joyous light.

"It's no dream," he said. "And yet I can't believe it. I can't quite believe it's true!"

"Miss Maltby's a very noble woman.

You are fortunate, indeed!"

"She's one of the Lord's saints," he said reverently; then the grave expression came again into his face. He looked about the library and sighed. "She has done a great deal for me, Miss Vancourt. She—she has changed my convictions on a whole line of subjects." He sighed again and picked up a paper-cutter, surmounted by the imperial eagle.

"I imagine that Miss Maltby has thought deeply — about many things,"

said Evelvn.

He nodded. His eyes were traveling about the spacious room with its soft, autumnal effect of russet and tarnished gold.

"Did you know," he said shyly, "that she has scarcely anything she calls her own? She believes, you know—"

He hesitated, as if he feared to reveal something too tender and intimate. A shadow seemed again to pass over his mind. He was either in the grip of a question of vital importance, or else in the sadness of a decision which had cost him much.

"I know Miss Maltby is an idealist," Evelyn said, "but she differs from other idealists, because she puts in practise

what she believes."

"Yes, she puts it in practise," he assented. He looked wistfully about the beautiful room, then turned to Evelyn. "Let's take a last look!"

V

THERE was an odd note of finality in his voice which aroused her curiosity. To what was he making his valedictory?

They went slowly through the rooms, O'Hara with long, attentive pauses before certain beautiful objects. A splendid armchair in the "den" held him captive for several minutes. He sank into it with a sigh of comfort. He patted its rich leather of a dim red.

The art-gallery next invited him. It held just four pictures on its octagon walls, but they were treasures. His eyes regarded them with a strange, envious expression, as if they belonged to some

one else

At the door of the boudoir, which was furnished in palest violet, with ornaments of burnished copper, O'Hara paused but an instant, then turned away and strode quickly down-stairs again to the library. When Evelyn entered the room, he was standing by the fireplace, one arm upon the high mantel. He did not look up at once.

"I suppose you will bring Miss Maltby soon to see the house," Evelyn said. He was silent, and she thought he had not heard her; but after a moment or two he said:

"No, she—she will not see it. We're not going to live here, Miss Vancourt."

"Not going to live here?"

Evelyn was too much astonished to say more. She awaited his explanation.

It was slow in coming.

"No, we're going to a little farm on the Sound," he said at length. "And and I'm going to sell the house just as it stands."

" But-" she hesitated.

"It's a corking house, Miss Vancourt," he hastened to say. "It isn't that I'm not pleased. You've done it to the queen's taste—or the emperor's," he added with a smile; "but—but Miss Maltby doesn't want to live in a house built with—" He broke off again and looked appealingly at Evelyn. "You're a thoroughbred—like her," he said. "I guess I'll make a clean breast of it. I've been in politics, and "—he smiled again—" without visible means of support, yet I'm rich. Miss Maltby wants me—to give it all back!"

"To give it back?" Evelyn echoed.

"Yes, to the people. She wants me to build model tenements; put up a neighborhood house, and to keep nothing. I studied law years ago. I might have been right in the push if I'd kept at it. She wants me to take it up again—earn my living by it!"

He paused, and some vision seemed to float before his eyes which at once stirred his sense of humor and aroused regrets. "It will be sort of queer to take a back seat when I've been the whole scream down there; but when I think I take it with her I'm the proudest man in little old New York. And I'm willing to get on the job of being poor if she wants it, or anything else. Hence my farewell trip, and—and—here are the keys. Somebody from St. Louis is coming up this afternoon—"

He broke off abruptly and turned away, with an attempt to whistle. Then he came and held out his hand to Evelyn.

"I'll see you at the office again and settle everything. If that St. Louis party isn't strong on Napoleon, my agent can probably find some one who is. I want to say again that you're a wonder, Miss Vancourt. I bet you could furnish a mansion in the skies if called upon suddenly!"

Evelyn laughed.

"Thank you for your appreciation. I am sorry you are not to live here."

His face grew grave again.

"Yes, I'm sorry, too-but I've got

something better."

He shook hands with her and then walked slowly away. From her position she could watch him as he went down the stairs. He looked from right to left with meditative farewell glances, then he vanished from her sight. She heard him go out; heard the street-door close upon him.

The halls of O'Hara, still palpable about her, had passed into the land of lost dreams; had mingled their pride with the shadowy castles of Spain.

LOVE'S HOUSE

When you confessed a love that equaled mine,

I built a lordly house that could not fall,
And peopled it with joys to bide my call—
Stained windows, frescoed panels, seats with wine
In curtained alcoves; statues half-divine
Were pedestaled around; along each wall
Court beauties gazed; 'mid languorous lilies tall
A perfumed fountain broke in music fine.
How well I builded let the years attest.
Its turrets, as of old, are seen afar,
But down its halls the spiders heedless spin;
Dethroned, the rapturous gods lie prone; the west
Gleams red through shattered panes, on blight and scar,
And broken fount and lilies dead therein!

Alonzo Rice

THE EXILES OF PATRIOTISM

FAMOUS MEN AND WOMEN OF FRANCE WHOM POLITICAL STRIFE HAS DRIVEN FROM THEIR COUNTRY, AND HOW THEY HAVE LONGED FOR "LA PATRIE"

BY PERLEY POORE SHEEHAN

T was past midnight-dark, dismal, and disorder were intensified by streaming

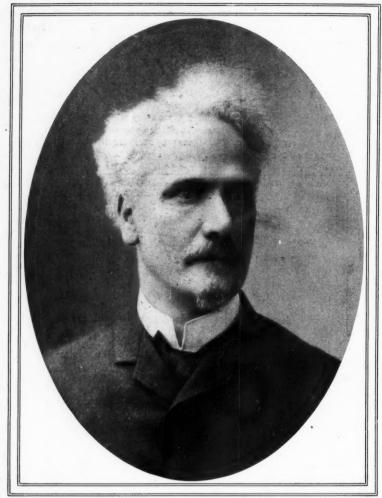
and wet. The all-night telegraph- umbrellas and dripping coats. The storm station in the basement of the Paris had cast down half the wires in the coun-Bourse was never so sordid. Its usual dirt try. The operators were overworked and



THE BARONNE DE STAËL-HOLSTEIN, COMMONLY CALLED MME. DE STAEL, WHO HAD TO FLEE FROM FRANCE DURING THE REVOLU-TION AND WAS TWICE BANISHED BY NAPOLEON

peevish. newspaper correspondents was trebled. Messages that had failed of transmission on regular lines were there waiting to be

The usual swarm of foreign pens to go round; the Telegraph and Aviso were getting up strained relations as to whose turn it was at the long-distance telephone. It was a general mixture sent. Each correspondent saw his own of bad manners, impatience, incompetence.



HENRI ROCHEFORT, WHO WAS IN PRISON AND IN EXILE DURING THE SECOND EMPIRE, AND WHO WAS SENTENCED TO PENAL SERVITUDE FOR HIS PART IN THE COMMUNE OF 1871

From a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris

editor-over in Milan, or Berlin, or London-fuming at the other end of the wire as the hour of going to press drew near.

There was a raucous babel of speech in many tongues and accents. The Tage-blatt correspondent snatched a pen from the Epoca man-there were never enough

and disrespect, plus a vast amount of mental anguish and physical discomfort.

Then, somehow, there came a swift and beneficent change. A hush fell over the dingy room, broken only by the click of transmitters and a muffled drone from the telephone-booths. Correspondents were

no longer distraught. Operators suddenly became attentive and polite.

"C'est M. Déroulède," some one whispered. "C'est M. Paul Déroulède!"

There he was, wrapped in a long Spanish cloak, a broadbrimmed black felt hat on his head, and under this hat one of the noblest, saddest faces ever given to man. He seemed to be preternaturally tall. There was something about him to remind you, perhaps, of Don Quixote; something of the spirit of old Sundayschool lessons; and you understood how the dead shot Clémenceau could have missed him thrice in that famous duel of theirs.

He had merely come in to send a message to a friend. Of all the people in that crowded room, there were probably not a half-dozen who believed in abstract patriotism. Most of the employees were socialists of the international - brotherhood type. Most of the correspondents were cynics. Yet this tall, sad-faced man in black, who had devoted all of a long life

to France and her lost provinces, cast his spell over them as completely as Daniel's strange power was felt in the den of lions.

As a matter of fact, Paul Déroulède symbolizes a great tradition—particularly a great French tradition—which appeals to all sorts of men. To have fought for your country, and bled for it, and written its songs, and then to have been sent into exile, mocked at, execrated, and prayed to, and to have loved your country all this time with unswerving passion—these things are elements of the tradition.

French patriotism, like *Peter Pan*, never grows old. It is still where American patriotism was when they delivered grandiloquent orations on the Fourth of July: All through French history there have been patriots who have suffered as suffered our own *Man Without a Country*. Déroulède is one of a distinguished line. It is the patriotism of poetry and legend.



GUSTAVE COURBET, THE FAMOUS PAINTER, WHO DIED IN
EXILE AS THE PENALTY FOR THE OVERTHROWING
OF THE VENDÔME COLUMN IN 1871

From a thotograph by Petit, Paris

It should give Americans a bit of an old-fashioned thrill to know that another element of the great tradition is American liberty. Reference to the United States is astonishingly frequent in the faded, perfumed letters of the French Revolution, and afterward. In many hearts on the other side, America is still the country of Washington and Lafayette; the United States is still the ideal republic, refuge of the oppressed.

One day, many years ago, when Talleyrand, the great French diplomatist, was walking through the streets of Boston, he had to pause to let a market-cart pass. Seated on the cart was a woman wearing a straw sunbonnet, who suddenly pulled up her horse and called him gaily by name. The market-woman was none other than the Marquise de la Tour du Pin, once one of the beauties at the French court, and an intimate friend of poor, mar-

tyred Marie Antoinette. There were many of her kind in America then. The pretty little *marquise* invited Talleyrand to come out to see her, which he did; and all the time she chatted with him she darned the coat of a negro plowman.

THE EXILE OF MME. DE STAËL

Tallevrand's visit to the United States is referred to in a certain very touching letter from Mme. de Staël, a letter which shows that even they-the witty, cynical statesman, and she of the amazing intellect - could suffer in their patriotism. Mme. de Staël was an exile for ten years during the Napoleonic régime. She went from country to country, during much of this time, dazzling great minds wherever she went. She was ugly, according to all reports, and an incessant talker. Schiller mentions this. So does Byron. Talleyrand, himself, alluded to it after the publication of "Delphine," in which it was thought that he was satirized as a quarrelsome old lady.

"Let's see," he remarked to Mme. de Staël, one day when she had asked his opinion of the work; "let's see; that's the book, I believe, wherein you and I are represented as women?"

No, Mme. de Staël was celebrated for anything but her beauty and womanly sentiment. M. de Talleyrand was not believed to have any sentiment at all. And yet they were both concealing what was in their hearts. Both had something of the Déroulède in them.

"Do you remember that letter you sent me from America?" wrote Mme. de Staël from her exile in Switzerland. "Do you remember, dear friend, how you told me that you would die if you were to remain away from France for another year? Ah, well can you understand, then, how I have suffered, how I am suffering now! Six years, six years have I undergone the torment of the damned, denied the Elysian fields of my Paris. I am thinking of going to America, myself. There I shall find a new fatherland for my children, unless—"

In spite of herself, this manlike woman, this strong intellect, this hard and brilliant philosopher, cannot refrain from begging Talleyrand to intercede on her behalf with the emperor. Her letter winds up with a veritable sob for recall. Fifty years later, Switzerland held another famous French refugee. Like Mme. de Staël and so many others, he also sighed for Paris. He was less fortunate than she, for his recall never came, and he died a broken-hearted exile. That was Courbet, the brilliant and eccentric painter—Courbet, whose drolleries and independence had delighted the boulevards, confounded the solemn critics, and turned the heads of all the young painters in the Latin Quarter.

AN EXILE OF THE COMMUNE

Before it happened, no one would have dreamed that Courbet could have died of a broken heart; he had always turned tragedy so well to his own account! Every one knows that to have your pictures refused by the jury of the Salon is a tragedy. To have them "skied" is another. The jury refused one of Courbet's pictures early in his career. He sent it back six times in succession. Again, they hung his pictures too high. He withdrew them all, and started a rival show that captivated Paris.

In short, he became eminent, and by the time the Commune was raging in Paris he had advanced so far in public favor that he was curator of the Luxembourg. One afternoon, the mob surged up to the gates of the museum bent on destruction. They were going to burn the old palace and everything in it. Then Courbet had a flash of his old-time diablerie. It was fun they were after? He was with them. But why burn the pictures of worthy artists? Why not go, instead, and overthrow the Vendôme Column?

The mob thundered away with cheers. The pictures were saved, the column overthrown. And then—and then, when order was restored, Courbet was held responsible for the damage done. He was fined an enormous sum, with prison as an alternative. He fled to Switzerland with one more Courbet idea—it was to be the last—sparkling in his mind. He would work out his fine, and return to Paris triumphant.

During his first years of exile, he produced enormously. It is even whispered that old friends used to go over to see him, and paint three or four "Courbets" themselves, before returning. All the money that came to him was for the fine.



"VICTOR HUGO IN EXILE"—THIS PAINTING, BY MONCHABLON, SHOWS HUGO STANDING ON THE CLIFFS OF THE ISLAND OF JERSEY, LOOKING OVER THE STORMY SEA

TOWARD THE BELOVED SHORES OF FRANCE

He paid, labored, and hoped. The years passed — he lost courage — he died.

ROCHEFORT THE INDOMITABLE

Courbet was not of the indomitable breed so magnificently represented by Henri Rochefort. There is a champion among exiles! He has spent more years in prison and in foreign lands at the behest of his rulers, perhaps, than any other Frenchman alive. And vet he scintillates as brilliantly as ever, as unquenchable as a star.

No fine nor menace could keep Rochefort from Paris. During the latter years of the Second Empire he was alternately in prison and in exile, yet his 'lampoons and killing satires appeared almost daily on the boulevards. For his part in the Commune, he was hustled off to a French penal settlement in the Pacific. He was back again almost before his judges could draw an easy breath. He had escaped in a sailing vessel, and, incidentally, paid a visit to New York. Back to Switzerland he went, flooding Paris once more with its favorite literature.

Wherever he went, he had Paris with him. That is probably why he took prison and exile so lightly. No mere government could crush him. He ran his pen through a censor as deftly as he used his rapier in a duel.

During part of Rochefort's exile, he was the associate of that other immortal proscript, Victor Hugo.

"They have given me another son," cried Hugo, clasping the fighting journalist in his arms.

VICTOR HUGO'S RETURN TO PARIS

The two men had much in common, however different their genius, for they



GENERAL GEORGES ERNEST BOULANGER, WHO COMMITTED SUICIDE TWO YEARS AFTER HIS FLIGHT FROM FRANCE IN 1889

were both soldiers in the cause of the great tradition. Victor Hugo, passionately attached to Paris and to France though he was, remained in exile for nineteen years.

"When liberty returns, I return," he said.

So, although an amnesty had been declared, he remained away until the Second Empire fell. Jules Claretie tells how the aged poet walked up to the ticket-office of the Brussels railwaystation and there asked, with a breaking voice, for a

ticket to Paris. He was sixty-eight years old. He had grown white in exile. He was returning to a city besieged. At Landrecies, he saw their first French soldiers—poor fellows, dusty, muddy, pale, discouraged—soldiers who had been beaten without a chance to fight. They were falling back on Paris before the victorious Uhlans. Still, they wore the beloved uniform and carried the old flag. Victor Hugo's eyes filled with tears, and, leaning from the window, he cried:

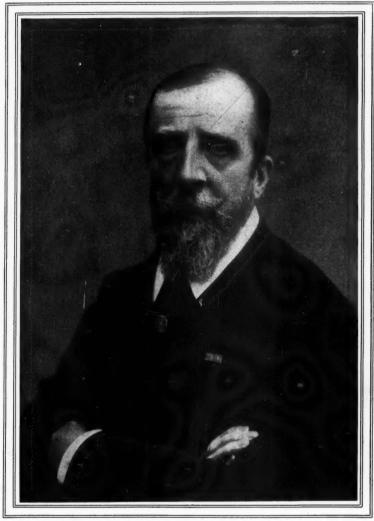
"Vive la France! Vive l'armée française! Vive la patrie!"

These words were a prayer and a shibboleth and an epitaph all at once. Sedan had been fought. Alsace and Lorraine were doomed. "Quand même!"—the French equivalent of "Never say die!" There was many a heroic Frenchman saying "Quand même!" in 1870—Victor Hugo, for example, and Henri Rochefort, and the sad-faced poet of the militant eye who stood among us that rainy night in the telegraph-station of the Bourse. "Quand même" has been the watchword of Paul Déroulède ever since. He wasn't much more than a boy at the beginning of the war, but he fought like a tiger from start to finish. He came

battles were still to be waged.

colonies, instead of thinking forever of into a League of Patriots three hundred

back wounded and decorated. Then, not consecrated. No act of his in forty long afterward, he found that his hardest crowded, tragic years can be traced to another purpose. He used his large for-"Why not devote yourself to our new tune in drilling the youth of the country



PAUL DÉROULÈDE, POET AND AGITATOR, FOUNDER OF THE LEAGUE OF PATRIOTS From a photograph by Wytlacil, Vienna

those lost provinces?" Gambetta asked thousand strong. He is a poet. He hasn't him one day.

two children!" Déroulède replied.

He was already engaged in the propaganda of retribution. His life was

written a verse, a drama, or a story, that "You talk of servants when we've lost was not inspired by the great cause. You should hear a regiment shouting:

L'air est pur, la route est large, Le clairon sonne la chargeand you would know what his poetry

might some day accomplish.

One day, Déroulède happened to have an interview with a brilliant young general who had just returned from the United States, where he had represented France at the centenary of the battle of Yorktown. The general was enthusiastic. There was an ideal republic, which France could well imitate! America wasn't bound hand and foot by her parliament, which, in turn, was bound hand and foot by a foreign power.

Déroulède crushed the young general's hand in his, then dashed away to tell the glad tidings to his coworkers in the League of Patriots. They had found their man. The present government was to be overthrown, the ideal republic—the republic of the *plébiscite*—to be established instead, with the man on horse-back at its head; then on to the frontier,

to Alsace and Lorraine!

THE TRAGEDY OF BOULANGER

One evening, a few years later, Blowitz, the Olympian correspondent of the London *Times*, was chatting with Prince Hohenlohe, Germany's great ambassador to France, and afterward Caprivi's successor as imperial chancellor. Blowitz and Hohenlohe were intimates. They were mutually useful. They were talking of Déroulède's man, who had become minister of war.

"There'll be another conflict between Germany and France, unless you upset that fellow," said the wily Blowitz. "You'd better bring a little pressure to bear. A few leading articles in the Ger-

man press will do it.'

The ambassador accepted the hint. The articles appeared. The French parliamentarians, still hypnotized by the specter of 1870, yielded, and then a great cry arose from the French people:

"To arms! To arms! Boulanger is

betrayed!"

But the consecrated Déroulède and his enthusiasts had counted without their host. The poet had gone home with the general one fateful night while Paris roared for revolution, for Boulanger, and the republic of revenge. While Déroulède pleaded passionately that the hour had come, the rustle of a woman's dress was heard in an adjoining room. Bou-

langer, suddenly ill at ease, begged to be excused. Before morning he and Mme. de Bonnemain sought safety in flight. Déroulède was arrested.

That was the beginning of Boulanger's exile—an exile which lasted until he committed suicide on Mme. de Bonne-

main's grave in Brussels.

DÉROULÈDE AT SAN SEBASTIAN

Some years later, Déroulède himself was sent into exile for a fresh effort to overthrow the republic. Again the old tradition was in evidence. He was fighting, he said, for what France had lost—her civic and religious liberty, her strength, her virtue, her power and place among the nations.

"For the good citizen," he declared, "for the patriot, there is no more noble example, no more noble rôle, than that

of Washington!"

Déroulède fought—so he maintained—for the things that Washington fought for; he fought to save France from being throttled by a foreign enemy. So they exiled him and told him that for six years he would have to stay away from the only thing he lived for. He took up his residence in San Sebastian, just over the Spanish frontier. Every day, year in and year out, devoted friends sent him fresh flowers from la patrie. It was always la patrie!

There was an old Spanish commandant in San Sebastian, who had a discriminating taste for patriotism himself. He gave Déroulède the freedom of the arsenal, out on a jutting promontory, whence, on clear days—if one's eyes did not cloud up too rapidly—a view could be had of the dim blue coast of France.

Most of those in the telegraph-room of the Bourse, that night, had witnessed Déroulède's return, had seen all the mixed elements of Paris—priests, soldiers, laborers, working girls, poets, thousands of them—laughing and crying at the same time while they cheered:

"Vive Déroulède!"

It was a great sight, which the journalists described at length in their newspapers. But if the truth be told, they themselves were more impressed when the great man, alone and sad on a dismal night, brought calm and inspiration to the Place de la Bourse.

THE VIPER

BY JULIET WILBOR TOMPKINS

AUTHOR OF "THE KITTEN AND THE MASTIFF," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTIN JUSTICE

RS. PATTISON was flying through her domain like an energetic guardian angel. At nine she was testing the water for the baby's bath. At ninethree she was in the kitchen, inventing a new dessert from the remnants of two old ones and a stale cake. Five minutes later she was separating two small combatants in the garden and inaugurating a new ex-

periment in penalties for

infractions of the peace.
On her way up-stairs she stopped to telephone to the butcher, yet she arrived at the bath-room in time to receive the dripping baby into a toweling apron, designed by herself, and to send faithful old Maria scurrying to the beds.

She was still rubbing as if at a baby-drying competition when her husband's gentle, considerate step was heard on the stairs.

"I'm in the nursery, Charles!" she called — or, more exactly, shouted; her voice was as vitally energetic as her movements.

The Rev. Mr. Pattison came in, lifting his coat solicitously as he stepped over a small daughter with a train of cars in the doorway, and removed a pile of babyclothes from a chair, holding them on his knee as he sat down. He had brought a troublesome parish problem to submit to

his wife, and his kindly, near-sighted eyes were fixed on her with enormous faith as he set it forth.

"We must not be too hard on the boy, when we know what his father was," he concluded with a sigh when she had passed judgment.

Mrs. Pattison, who was brushing the baby's hair straight up from the back of his neck as he lunged after a box-cover, paused to emphasize objection with the brush.

"Indeed, I have more blame for the virtuous, stupid mother who

brought him up than for the wicked father who died before he was born," she declared. "I tell you, Charles, there is a lot of nonsense talked about heredity. Women don't know how to bring up their children, that's all; they don't give wholesouled attention to it, and they haven't sound theories, or the right kind of inventiveness. Why, I'll bet I could take the worst little slum rat you could pick the worst little slum rat you could pick up, and it would turn out just as sweet and good as our own children. Just exactly!" And she slid a little shirt on the baby without interrupting his enjoyment of the box-cover.

"I wish I could believe that!" Mr. Pattison spoke with troubled intensity. "I wish I could believe it! It would make for hopefulness as nothing—"

"Very well, then, I'll do it. Her tone was so casual that an outsider would have

believed her joking, and wondered at her husband's instant alarm.

"Oh, now, Mary! With five children already-"

She waved all that aside.

"It would be worth trying, you know," she said, her increasing excitement show-

at him from the doorway with a comprehending smile.

"Won't it be a pretty good deed, Charles, to rescue a child? Aren't you ready for your share of it?"

"Yes, dear, yes! But it is you that I

am thinking-"



IT TOOK SEVERAL WEEKS TO FIND A SPECIMEN SUFFICIENTLY UNPROMISING
TO SATISFY MRS. PATTISON

ing only in the accelerated speed with which the baby was whisked into his clothes. "I'll find a baby boy with the very worst inheritance possible — Josie Colman can help me. And if I don't make a good little citizen of him—here, take Charles a moment. I'm going to call up Josie!"

Mr. Pattison received the baby and absently trotted the clean clothes, dismay written on his wide forehead.

"But, Mary! Do you realize-"

Mrs. Pattison spared a moment to cope with her husband's distress, looking back "Oh, me! Nicest experiment I ever had in my life!"

She laughed at herself as she hurried away.

II

It took several weeks to find a specimen sufficiently unpromising to satisfy Mrs. Pattison. Then, one afternoon, she came home radiant, to set up a new crib and to air the present baby's outgrown clothing. Her husband found her telling the assembled family about the new little brother who was coming in the morning

Marian, the eldest, who remembered the coming of the last little brother, was inclined to think that there was a mistake somewhere; but the others jumped for joy, and ran to meet their father with the splendid news of his new son. Mrs. Pattison sent them away while she made her

explanations.

"Nothing could be better," she assured him, her needle flying triumphantly about some little worn flannels. "He is three weeks old, the child of a sneak-thief who is now in the penitentiary for the third time, and of a dissolute servant named Katie Sullivan, who died when he was Josie heard about it through a friend of the Howard Grannises. girl was their cook, and she and the man took away most of the family plate when they cleared out. I'm going to get the story in detail when the Grannises come back; but it's bad enough to satisfy anybody. My dear, he is the most awful little thing! I can scarcely wait to get my hands on him!"

Mr. Pattison's gentle white forehead showed helpless creases.

"You are sure there is no disease?" he

began.

"Why, Charles, he's just a little disease himself — nothing else! But there isn't anything that can hurt the others; the doctor and I have been all over him. Give me five years, and then we shall begin to see where this mighty business of heredity comes in." She glanced at the clock, then sprang up and opened the door. "What child is going to have the cleanest hands for supper?" she called, and smiled at the ensuing scramble. The cleanest hands always sat in the seat of honor, which had arms, and received first service.

For a few weeks it looked as if the experiment in heredity were coming to an abrupt end. Then sun and air, cleanliness, nourishment, and devotion began to

blossom in the tiny form.

Having finally made up his mind to gain, the waif gained generously, putting on flesh and color, and even unexpected charms. At six months he was a pretty baby with large, placid, gray eyes rimmed with black, and a bubbling laugh. At two years he was so splendid, so loving and lovable, that any one but Mrs. Pattison would have forgotten that he

was an experiment in heredity. She loved him dearly, but she loved her experiment as well.

"Not much sign of the jailbird about him yet," she announced to her husband

at happy intervals.

For four years little Joseph proved an ascending climax of sweetness and light. He was chivalrous, he was honest, generous, warm to all his world. His very faults showed nobility. When his fifth birthday approached without bringing to light any sign of the ancestral taint, Mrs. Pattison felt that the time had come for action. The rescue of this one child was only the beginning of her task; it was for all the branded waifs in Christendom that she had been working.

Her husband heard her plans with gen-

tle distress.

"But, Mary," he protested, "do we want people to be told that our dear little

bov-"

"Yes," was the firm interruption. Mrs. Pattison always knew how sentences were going to end. "Yes; we want people to be told that his father was a sneak-thief and his mother was worse—to know all that, and then just to look at him! Why, Charles, that is the very thing that I have done it for!"

"Yes, dear, I understand; and, of

course, you are right. Only-"

"That is his debt to the world—to help free it from the false burden of heredity. I shall make him understand it when he is eight. Now he is simply an unconscious illustration."

Mrs. Pattison threw a kiss from the window to the unconscious illustration, then sat down before a large pad, and wrote firmly across the first sheet: "The

Heredity Bogy."

Mr. Pattison hesitated unhappily for a moment; but she had begun to write, so he tiptoed away without speaking.

III

The Mothers' Psychology Club was full to the very window-ledges. It was not a wholly friendly audience that faced the speaker. More languid mothers were not always in sympathy with Mrs. Pattison and her experiments; but every one always wanted to hear her talk about them. There might be murmurs of dissent, but there was never a stir of inat-

tention after her bright - eyed, headlong

speech was set loose.

This particular address had been preparing for five years. She told them of her hunt for the most hopeless specimen of human infancy; of the sneak - thief, with his black record, and of his accomplice in the theft, who had been found dving in well-earned misery; of the forlorn, sickly waif who had satisfied her worst requirements; of the struggle to keep the child alive, and then of the blossoming heart and soul of this little Joseph, born of the slime, but no more polluted by it than was the sound young oak polluted by the ooze at its root.

"And you can do it, too!" she cried, with a swift glance at her watch. "Suppose each one of you three hundred intelligent women took a waif into your homes -took it bravely and publicly-to fight this bogy of heredity that makes people drop their hands and say, 'What's the use?' What's the use?" She turned slightly toward the door. "I am going to show you right now what's the use!"

The door opened, and old Maria in her best bonnet appeared, leading little Joseph, ruddy and shining with starched whiteness, by the hand. He stared dubiously at the strange faces, all turned his way; then he saw the familiar figure on the platform, and, with a crow of joy, he ran forward, tugged up the two brief steps, and flung both arms about his moth-

er's knees.

No coaching could have produced anything half so perfect. There was a touched gasp in the audience, and then came a burst of clapping. Mrs. Pattison lifted the child to the chair beside her and set him standing on its seat, turning him to the house.

"See how they're clapping, dear," she said to reassure him.

Joseph, seeing the hands go, promptly began to pat his own fat palms together, beaming down at them in his joy at the new game, so sweet and wholesome and unconscious a little figure that laughter and clapping broke out all over again, and several women began to cry. Then they all started to their feet and surged round the platform.

"Ah, if I had not three children already!" sighed one.

"I had five," said Mrs. Pattison.

"But we are not at all well off. We can't be sure what advantages-" began another.

"My husband is a poor clergyman," was the quiet answer.

"But what if it was just luck-this particular angel?" urged a third.

"Try it, and help prove that it was

"Oh, I will-I'll take one!" exclaimed an eager voice. "I'll begin looking tonight!"

"So will I!"

"So will I!"

" And I!"

"My husband will be-oh, but I must do it!

"I'll take two!"

The enthusiasm spread and flamed. They were eager to commit themselves. Mrs. Pattison produced a great sheet of paper, and the names went down with an eager dash. For those who did not know how to go about it, she had lists readyaddresses of foundling homes and maternity hospitals, notes of private cases. Some members went off in their carriages at once to begin on the good work.

Every one had to give little Joseph a kiss, hygienically planted on his wide forehead or the soft nape of his little neck. He bore it with his inexhaustible friendliness; then, when it was time to go, put up his hand to lead his mother down

from the platform.

"I'm right here; I won't let you fall," he assured her.

At this, one wavering soul exclaimed, with tears in her eyes:

"Oh, Mrs. Pattison, put me down, too!"

There were seventy-four names on the list when the meeting was over. Ninemen wrote that night, between regret and relief, that their husbands utterly refused consent; but the remaining fifty-five showed gratifying courage and activity. Baby-carriages were brought down from attics, baby-linen was seen bleaching on the barberry bushes. Twenty copies of "The Young Child and Its Care" were ordered by mothers whose own children had come in the pre-germ days, and by single ladies who had been swept into the movement.

At the end of five weeks there was not an adoptable infant left unclaimed in



HE WAS SO SPLENDID, SO LOVING AND LOVABLE, THAT ANY ONE BUT MRS. PATTISON WOULD HAVE FORGOTTEN THAT HE WAS AN EXPERIMENT IN HEREDITY

the city, and a drag-net had been thrown over the distant metropolis, producing a wan and wailing little bunch of human flotsam. The public guardians, accustomed to an unvarying demand for curly hair, blue eyes, and a sober inheritance, let these undesirables go with astonished alacrity; and if the new mother, confronting her acquisition, felt her heart fail her, Mrs. Pattison was there with an uncompromising photograph showing how much worse Joseph was at three weeks, and a radiantly contrasting likeness of Joseph seven months later. Soon she was making daily rounds like a doctor, to advise, reassure, and congratulate; and the burden of heredity seemed in a fair way to be lifted from the shoulders of mankind.

The newspapers, of course, took up the movement—some humorously, some with genuine enthusiasm. Other local societies begged for addresses on adoptive motherhood. One sweet, summery afternoon, the postman brought a similar request from the great W. M. D. S. itself, a

metropolitan association that amalgamated wife, mother, daughter, and sister, and that paid its lecturers thirty-five dollars and their expenses.

IV

Mrs. Pattison sat down on the porch to consider the request, her eyes bright with excitement, her spirit untouched by a tremor of warning. Honeysuckle bloomed about her, and the two smallest boys were playing happily on the lawn beneath. Joseph's abundant sweetness had just come out in a cheerful—

"I'll be the horse if you like, Charlie!"
Mrs. Pattison was resolving to see that
Charles took no more than his fair share
of the driver's cracking whip, when a
caller mounted the steps. For a moment
she did not recognize the grave, distinguished-looking gentleman whose mustache had acquired a foreign twist and
his bow a foreign emphasis; then she put
out her hand with a glad exclamation.
She had been wanting to see Mr. Howard
Grannis for five years.

"Yes, we are home at last," he said, in answer to her questions. "And, Mrs. Pattison, I have only just discovered that it was you who adopted poor Katie Sullivan's orphan child. I wanted to ask you about it."

Silent in her shining pride, she nodded to the prancing horse on the lawn. Her visitor rose and stood looking down over reasons for keeping it from us-ah, we ought to have taken better care of her! The night of the theft, when she found out what he was, she ran away, brokenhearted, poor soul, by the shame of such a disgrace! We could not find her, and then the consulship took us away. Of course, the police and the newspapers insisted that she had gone with the wretch,



CHARLES TUMBLED RATHER HARD AT THAT MOMENT

his folded arms at the sturdy, joyous little figure. The face he turned back to his hostess was touched.

"Splendid, splendid!" Mr. Grannis evidently meant the word of admiration for her as well. "He will repay you, Mrs. Pattison. His mother was one of the finest, purest, warmest souls I have ever known."

Mrs. Pattison turned white.

"His-mother?" she breathed.

"Yes-Katie Sullivan. She lived with us seven years-my wife brought her up, and I have never known a truer, more generous nature. Too trustful, that was all; and a villain got hold of her." Mr. Grannis's jaw set. "He pretended to marry her-pretended that there were but we knew better-and a sad little letter telling us the whole tale was mailed to us just before her death." He openly wiped his eyes. "I knew the child was in good hands, but I didn't know how good," he added.

Joseph's rescuer sat rigidly still, her face turned toward the couple on the lawn. Charles tumbled rather hard at that moment, and the horse came back to put a stubby little arm over his shoulders and make anxious inquiries.

"Ah, he is like Katie," exclaimed Mr. Grannis. "He has inherited his mother's nature. He will be a great joy to

you, Mrs. Pattison!"

Her look was not joyful. From a neighboring house came the thin, flat wail of early infancy. A baby-carriage was turning in at the gate. The letter from the W. M. D. S. stared up at her from her knee. She drew a painful breath.

"So his mother was a good woman, all

the time!" she stammered.

"A dear, good woman," said Mr. Grannis.

Mrs. Pattison stared dazedly on the ruins of her experiment, on the task before her. Meanwhile, down on the lawn, little Joseph, beaming encouragement, turned a somersault to divert the bruised Charles; and suddenly she laughed.

"The viper!" she cried. "Oh, the

viper!"

OTIS AT BUNKER HILL

Another volunteer aid, not less illustrious than Warren, fought on Bunker Hill that day, and came away scatheless. Since the brutal beating which he had received at the coffee-house nearly six years before, the great intellect of James Otis had suffered well-nigh total wreck. He was living, harmlessly insane, at the house of his sister, Mercy Warren, at Watertown, when he witnessed the excitement and listened to the rumor of battle on the morning of the 17th of June. With touching eagerness to strike a blow for the cause in which he had already suffered so dreadful a martyrdom. Otis stole away from home, borrowed a musket at some roadside farmhouse, and hastened to the battle-field, where he fought manfully, and after all was over, made his way home, weary and faint, a little before midnight.—John Fiske.

What is the rumor of fight through the far camps flying?
Sixteen miles of men around Boston Bay—
Why does Cambridge now, as the day is dying,
Clatter with arms of them who kneel to pray?
Few can tell but these,
Waiting the marching word;
But voice of battle is out on the breeze,
And Otis, you have heard!

Prescott's fellows lined in the trenches, waiting;
Roofs of Boston black with the watching throng;
Flames over Charlestown, bright and unabating;
Guns of the king's ships thundering far and long.
Here, on the slope of the hill,
Huddles a circle of red;
These are the battle's gallant kill;
These are the British dead!

Warren here in the ranks, pro patria mori;
Warren here, and you—are you at his side?
You who have fought this fight to as great a glory;
You who first, in Faneuil, the king defied!
Tottering here in the sun,
Body and brain the same;
But mark his grip on the heavy gun;
Mark now the eye's old flame.

So he looked, when, calm in his rage, replying,
Shamed he the treason call he faced of yore;
So he glared, when, over the Bible, crying,
Spake he, in Old South Church, the word of war.
Crushed by a coward's blow,
That great mind's light is gray;
But ever his country's pride shall glow
For the fight he fights to-day.

New red line on the hill, in the third charge-sweeping;
Powder spent in the trenches, still they stand;
One weak volley—and over the earth-walls leaping,
Plunges the foe upon them, hand to hand.
Struggle and death and flight;
Beaten—but only in name;
And Otis tottering home to-night
Into immortal fame

Chester Firkins

PERIWINKLE

AN IDYL OF THE DUNES

BY WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

AUTHOR OF "BARRY GORDON," ETC.

N the east the open ocean spreads out to the sky; on the west lie vast expanses of sand. The isolation of the spot is remarkable. Not more than five miles inland well-filled trains crawl along the Cape from end to end twice daily, and a village of several hundred souls nestles in a pine forest; yet out here, where the sea forever breaks across the bar, the scene is utterly desolate.

Landward, as far as the eye can reach, the desert is unrelieved save by a few patches of scant, salty vegetation and by immense dunes. Seaward, the waste of waters extends to the naked horizon, seldom broken save by the masts of some

far vessel, hull down.

The mariner gives this bar a wide berth. On the inner beach the bare bones of dead ships lie only half buried; on the outer bar, at low tide, the white froth is strewn in sad profusion like lilies on a grave.

One might imagine oneself at the world's end instead of on the very breast

of a teeming continent.

In the midst of this desolation some six or eight men, banded together under one roof by the ties of their calling, keep

constant vigil against the sea.

The members of this little company are in many ways superior to other natives of the Cape. Their speech, though simple and laconic, is not heavily tinged with the local vernacular. Their manners are courteous and quiet; they are hospitable to strangers, yet they are men of reserve and dignity. In the long intervals of enforced idleness they read, meditate, discuss the weather, religion, politics. They make knickknacks, toy

boats, walking-sticks and small wooden weather-vanes—little painted effigies of sailormen with paddles in hand that spin about in the wind. These they sell to visitors, or in the distant village.

Their isolation from mankind seems only to intensify their human feeling. Under the calm surface their hearts beat to a passionate rhythm. There is something of the primeval sea in them—the race heritage, strong and enduring.

But the sum and substance of their lives is duty, and the keynote vigilance. Even if outwardly they are a workaday lot, horny-handed, weather-worn, and matter-of-fact, there's that about them which, to the seeing eye, proclaims them men of a large and heroic caliber.

Their home is a little building all but lost on the edge of the continent, standing under the lee of a solitary sand-dune. Huddled in that small outpost, these men are the nation's pickets, sentries ever watching the Atlantic. They are the crew of the Crooked Bar Life - Saving Station.

II

A young surfman stood in the lookout above the station. It was a fine January morning, unseasonably mild. A wiry, nervous youth, new to the service and as yet untried, he was thirsting for a taste of his first storm and wreck, fretting for his initiation, his virgin struggle with the surf.

Already he had acquired the habits of a man accustomed to lonely watches. Lacking a better listener, he spoke aloud to himself, and his talk was openly rebellious against the prolonged calm.

"No work this kind of weather!" he

muttered, frowning at the blandness of "It's deadly tame! More like June than the dead of winter. Curse this waiting!"

To his surprise, he was answered. "How's that, Ira?"

He turned and saw the head and shoulders of the station's keeper protruding through the trap-door that gave entrance from below.

The keeper, Captain Sears by name, ascended the ladder into the lookout.

"How's that, Ira? What did you say?"

"I said, 'Curse this waiting,'" was the sullen reply.

Captain Sears nodded.

"I thought you'd be grumbling," he served, not unkindly. "That's why I observed, not unkindly. came up. Fine weather's telling on you, eh? Always does at the start. It ain't the storms that get on a man's nerves; it's the everlasting waiting for them."

He was a man of about forty, and his face had none of the fretful look of his young subordinate. That had long ago deepened into a sort of large, underlying shadow. His shoulders stooped, as if the sea had already begun to beat down his powerful body, but he held his head erect with spirit and authority.

Crossing to one of the surrounding windows, he stood with arms akimbo on the sill. He surveyed the sea with a curious unconscious intentness born of long habit; his gaze not wandering over the water, but ranging across it slowly, with the true sentry look. The glare of the sun on the glassy surface was so intense that he pulled down his vizored cap a little, and lowered his lids.

"Maybe you won't have to wait long,"

he said at length. Ira made a covert grimace of incredulity.

"Couldn't be clearer," he said.

"That's the point," said the keeper.
"It's too clear."

Ira glanced at the barometer. "No change," he reported.
"Wait," said Captain Sears.

Ira turned his back on the vacant pros-

pect and fell to filling his clay pipe.
"Drills and drills," he muttered half to himself, jamming down the tobacco with irritable thumb, "and yet more drills! Beach apparatus, surf-boat, regulations, and then more regulations! Parade the beach all by your lonesome, parade the beach, and then parade again! Watch, watch, watch up here, like a stuffed owl in a glass case, and keep on watchin' till the crack of doom!"

He felt the keeper's eve on him, and looked up sheepishly. The older man

"What's the use of that sort of talk?" he demanded sternly. "Some day your cranky nature'll get you into trouble." He laid a firm hand on the novitiate's shoulder. "Well, it's out of you now. You feel better, don't you? I understand. I felt that way myself twenty vears ago." He paused, straining an ear toward an open northeast window. "Listen!"

Ira listened, but heard nothing unusual. The day was as still as it was clear. Save for the faint lapping of the tide against the beach, there was no sound. Not a breath of air stirred.

"Don't you notice it?" said the

keeper.

" No-what?"

"I don't know. You never can name it. You don't exactly hear it. You feel I'll wager the grass is moving!"

They gazed northeast along the great reaches of sand. Here and there strips of salt hay struggled for life on the crests of the sand-hills. These grasses were all utterly motionless. Everywhere the sand lay untroubled, a deadly golden desert, trackless and empty, and yet full of a magical monotony that might well have turned a man's brain.

"Give me a spy-glass," said Captain Sears, and trained the instrument on one

of the farthest dunes.

After one long glance the keeper smiled and surrendered the glass to his subordinate. Ira, squinting through it, saw on the far dune's ridge a flicker of silver so faint as to be almost imperceptible, and a very slight haze blurring the dune's outlines.

It was the first motion of the salt grasses, the first waking of the sand before a storm.

III

ONE other man on that lonely shore was equally quick to feel the storm's approach.

Two or three miles to the southwest of the life-saving station, the beach made an inward curve, and the face of nature wore a less desolate aspect. The change was abrupt. On the station side of the bend lay desert wastes, but just beyond this sudden curve the land, protected from winter winds by a sandy bulwark, was here and there warmed and softly tinted by increasing vegetation.

The salt hay, so scant to the northeast, here lay spread in fair-sized meadows, while extensive reddish cranberry-bogs, acres of silver-green field-moss, and brown poverty-grass in lengthy streaks, lent varied colors to the landscape. And in the distance, inland, an occasional pine-tree or scrub-oak, half buried in the sand, suggested shade and shelter.

The isolation, however, was no less complete. The expanse was broken by but one human habitation.

Despite the loneliness of its surroundings, this little dwelling, with its connecting barn and sheds, was snugly situated. It lay in one of the secret places

of the dunes. But the buildings had long ago fallen One of the sheds was into disrepair. closely packed with salt hav, which, bulging through the cracks and open corners, seemed necessary to the roof's stability. Indeed, the village gossips had it that the owner had never dared thrust pitchfork into that hav to feed his horse, lest the entire building should topple to the sand. Be that as it may, the old Dobbin had long since died, and the hay was still there supporting the ramshackle shed—a monument to the owner's parsimony and caution.

That person had a strangely morbid taste for decoration. Over the sagging lintel of the shed's entrance hung a board from the stern of a wrecked ship. It still bore her name in faded letters that had once been white:

CYNTHIA JENNINGS, PORTLAND, ME.

Over the door of the dwelling itself hung another:

GRAND TURK, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

And the rambling old barn was similarly named. Above its wide doorway hung a panel, once, no doubt, part of a gallant ship. The gilt letters were badly tarnished by time, but could just be read:

VALKYRIE,

LIVERPOOL.

A glance about the dooryard would have revealed yet more glaringly this householder's queer proclivities. Heaped in the yard or thrown about at random, there were panels bearing the names of many other lost vessels. All around them lay stray timbers of countless wrecks—tillers, steering wheels, stanchions like human ribs, deck-planks and what not, gathered through the years by the avid hands of a beach-comber.

No wonder this man could feel the coming of the storm. In the evening he stood on the headland, watching the murk gather over the Atlantic. From an upper window of their cottage his daughter watched it too. By glancing obliquely through a wide cleft in the sand-bank she could see the ocean. Often, at night, she sought this vantage point.

It was the old story of sea-wife, sea-widow. Her man had gone out with the Provincetown cod fleet once too often. She could have stood that, being a hard woman who had little more than tolerated his easy-going fisher soul; but his loss had robbed her of the thing her bleak heart craved more than it could ever crave a husband's love. Their marriage had been fruitless, and now she was beyond the time of bearing; yet she still thirsted for a child.

She was one of those women in whom, among the crevices of their stony traits, fate has ironically planted the mother-love. Without the touch of the imagined little hands, the sound of the fancied little footfalls, and above all the appealing helplessness of the dreamed-of little bundle, her life was as barren as the shore on which she lived.

In her youth she had been a district schoolmistress, and her education only added to her discontent.

To-night, as the sky darkened, and the storm brewed, and the sea rose and fell, her flat chest rose and fell with a like agitation. The increasing chill of the night penetrated to her heart; the far moan of the gale seemed but the echo of a cry she had been smothering for years.

She had the face of the so-called New England type, cold and sharp-featured; but her hair was a warm brown, and softened her high cheekbones and temples. Her tall body, though meager and ill-nourished, had a certain bending grace like that of a mother leaning over a cradle.

As she stood there, gazing out into the night, she could have wished that the sea might rise and engulf her and this mockery of a home; that it might roll in and bury her alive as it had buried her hus-

band.

It was not impossible. Already she saw the white spume flying above the headland. Already the surf sent its swift wash in through the passage from the ocean. The night was dark, but there were great blotches of cloud, yet darker, moving heavily over the sky. The sea itself was inky, and grew ever more and more turbulent. The sand whirled by in gusts, scratching her window and blurring it.

She could just make out the dark form of her father against the flying spray. As she watched him, he was joined by a second figure, probably the patrol from the

life-saving station.

The sand ground the panes until they were quite opaque, and she could see nothing more in the outer night. As she turned away from the window, she heard a footstep below, and her father called her.

"Ann, gimme some gin and hot wa-

She went down to him and found him shaking with cold, his long hair dank about his ears, his eyes half filled with sand, his rusty old coat soaking, his brogans gone at the toes, and oozing salt water.

He seated himself near the stove and watched her mix his toddy.

"Who's on the beach to-night?" she asked, busying herself mechanically with kettle, bottle, and tumbler.

"Jim Curran," he told her.

"He's so big, I guess it strikes him harder than the rest!"

"Yes, but he's got young blood in him. I wish I had!"

His hot concoction was ready now, and he gulped it down. Then he rose and went to the door. "Father," she exclaimed, "you're not

going out again this night!"

"Yes, I am," he said, huddling up his shoulders and bending his head to meet the blast. "Yes, I am." His voice took on a queer, eager ring that had so often struck on her nerves. "Somewhere off to the nor'east we thought we saw a rocket, and that means business!"

IV

THE men in the station had seen that rocket, too—a faint, yellow light streaking up from the sea. Jim Curran, forcing his way back against the gale, saw an answering signal shoot up from the station.

The patrol was a young giant not long out of his teens, yet he had already worked at a dozen wrecks. What he lacked in initiative, he made up for in discipline; what he lacked in brain, he made up for in body. He had none of the nervous impatience of young Ira, few of the loftier qualities of Captain Sears; but he had a good stout heart, and such a methodical way with him that not a man in all the Cape stations could be more implicitly trusted to do his duty, as prescribed by the regulations of the service.

The invisible vessel, being disabled, as her rocket implied, could not long keep off shore against the force of the present northeaster. If she was helpless, the sea would inevitably cast her up, the only question being where.

Jim struggled heavily forward against the gale, his head bent, his glance frequently cast sidelong at the sea. He carried before his face, to protect him from the biting sand, a surfman's wooden paddle, round and short-handled like a palm-

leaf fan.

He had carried this paddle only a year, yet already the sand had worn it thin as paper. To-night it did little good. The sand beat about it into his face, and the sea-salt from the flying spray was acrid on his lips and in his nostrils. Now and again he paused, half turned, and, with eyes all but shut against the storm, directed his gaze full upon the sea.

Finally, as he came to a point about half-way between the beach-comber's dwelling and the station, he saw the expected sight. Out amid the spray over the bars, several lights caught his eye—two or three yellow blurs, one green, and one red. Then he made out masts and spars above the lights, but the vessel's hull was

hidden by the breakers.

He thought he heard men's cries borne in on the wind. He drew a Coston signal from a pocket in his oilskins, and, sheltering it from the blast, lighted it. The crimson fire flared boldly on the headland, burned several minutes with intense vividness, then went out; and save for the pallid speck of light from the patrolman's lantern, the night was blacker than before.

But soon the gloom was again broken, this time by several other lanterns approaching along the bluff. Jim made out the heavy, familiar shapes, the big black horse laboriously dragging the boat-wagon, the men in their oilskins—yellow fantoms in the lantern-light—urging, struggling, tugging, plunging forward to the rescue. He sprang to them, and took his position in the crew.

Captain Sears stood apart a moment, straining his eyes toward the unlucky ship. He could just make out her masts high against the sky. She had evidently been lifted by the sea and dropped, bow on, diagonally across the bar. She seemed to be holding together. What little canvas she had been carrying flew in shreds from her masts and bowsprit, but the masts themselves rose true, and her hull, though now and then high and stark as the seas were sucked from under it, was still a compact shadow.

Her danger, however, had become imminent. Captain Sears had seen many a vessel twice her size snapped in two on this bar like a lathe across a man's knee.

He glanced up and down along the shore. The sea was hurling itself against the sandy bulwark on which he stood. The concussion of the waves was loud as the fire of heavy guns, and clouds of blinding, smoky spray buried the cliff after each explosion. It was as if the sea lay playing with the captured ship, like a tigress mauling a fawn, and at the same time spat and growled at the little group of would-be rescuers.

Captain Sears took action at once. The training of years had made him resourceful and quick at every trick of his trade. Under all conditions of wind, sea, beach, and wreck, he was full of swift common sense.

He immediately saw that the surf-boat was useless, for there was no beach from which to launch it. The sea would have crushed it like a shell against the headland.

The captain moved past the boatwagon to the lighter cart, with its reel, mortar, and shot-line. He could not issue spoken orders; the crash of the surf was too deafening, and the salt spray and sand were like a gag in his mouth; but the men understood his movements. Instantly they shifted from boat to beach apparatus, each to his place.

They set to work like artillerymen unlimbering a cannon. The task was done at lightning speed. After one swift moment of agile and concerted action, everything was ready—the faking-boxes with their intricate mass of rope ready to spring forth straight and free, the blocks, tackles, breeches-buoy, and mortar, all in

position.

The vessel lay perhaps three hundred yards off shore—a long range for accurate shooting; but the need of haste, hit or miss, was desperate. Already the remnants of her sails were gone, leaving her masts bare, and the breakers, splotched with red and green under her lights, could be seen curling over her like livid fangs striking at her heart. The shadowy forms of men could be made out—or was it only imagined?—aloft on her crosstrees, clinging to her upper rigging.

Captain Sears trained his gun slightly to the north and east of her, a little to windward, measuring instinctively the gale's force, the distance, the elevation. This was a bad business, aiming from the headland. An inch too low, and the projectile would drop out, which meant re-

loading-a moment's delay.

He fired. A tongue of flame from the gun's mouth licked the night, a detonation like a mere hand-clap sounded in the storm, and the long whip-line, visible for a second in the light of the flash, went writhing outward over the sea.

The keeper's aim was true. The line fell clean over the crosstrees and hung there. The surfmen could tell by the feel of it, as a fisherman feels a bite. They could see the shadowy forms in the rig-

ging reaching out for the line. By the binnacle-light in the stern, they could make out other shadowy figures looking aloft from the deck, and waving their arms, as if shouting directions to those above them.

Then there came a pull at the line, and the great block and hawser of the breeches-buoy moved heavily outward to-

ward the ship.

Too late! That rescue was not to be. Those little human shadows out there, working frantically to save their lives, exerted themselves in vain. They were as so many sand-grains in the tempest. The rescuing buoy never reached them. The pythoness sea was quicker!

Suddenly the general crash of the surf seemed to culminate in a sharper crash out on the bar. The masts of the wrecked ship spread apart V-shape against the heavens; her black hull broke in two and tottered into the ferment; her lights went

down into everlasting darkness.

At that last awful moment, there came ashore on the wind a cry of anguish in a woman's voice. The surfmen never forgot that sound in all their years on the beaches. It was like the death-cry of the ship herself, or the voice of the sea suddenly awake to the thing she had done in her frenzy—the mother-sea sorrowing for the sons she had slain so wantonly!

V

THE surfmen, though their hearts were heavy, showed no emotion.

The whip-line now being free of the wreck, Jim hauled it in mechanically, like an angler who has missed a fish. As the last yard of it came ashore, he stooped, took up the line in a mass in his arms, then turned, heaped it loosely in the faking-box, and replaced the box on the cart. Captain Sears, no less methodically, picked up his lantern and led the way along toward a breach in the headland, to gain access to the surf.

Ira, the novice, groaned aloud. He had not yet acquired the stoicism of the service. He stood transfixed at the edge of the bluff. His eyes and nostrils were full of sand and salt; his oilskins were frozen stiff; he ached in every joint, not only from the cold, but from the exertion of the long pull; yet he was scarcely conscious of bodily discomfort. He sim-

ply stood staring stupidly through the void, out toward the ship's grave.

Gradually nature's fever passed its crisis, the delirium of the elements began to abate; the wind hammered against him less violently; the flying crests, instead of drenching him as before, now only doused him at intervals.

The sky had long been one immense cloud, like a black pall; now that cloud was in great fragments, with spaces less black between. The movement of the sea became visible; the world in which he stood was no longer a void, but a sort of tumbling chaos.

But there was no ship out on the bar, no black hull with its little shadows crawling along the deck; there were no masts and cross-trees against the sky, with those little shadows clinging to them for life; and the woman's voice in the wind was forever silent.

Gradually the darkness grew less black, and from over the sea a grayish light, almost imperceptible, began to steal landward through the clouds and waves. Above the bar the crests of the breakers began to show traces of white, and the spume spilled along that far line of sand could just be discerned by its faint pallor. The sea-lilies were already strewn on the ship's grave.

Ira heard a voice in his ear. Turning, he saw the miserable figure of Ephraim

Rawlins, the beach-comber.

"Come, young'un," said Ephraim.
"Captain Sears sent me for you." He stuck a shaking hand in Ira's arm, and hurried him down toward the group of lanterns. "Why d' you hang back here? Guess he'll forgive you this time, but never again. Now's the real work. The bodies'll be washing in — some of 'em alive, maybe. An' then the cargo!" he exclaimed eagerly, as if that meant far more to him than the drowning crew. "Hurry! Now's your chance to get your baptism in the surf."

There was no need to prod the young life-saver. Ira's first benumbing horror had given place to shame at his delay, and now the shame gave way to a fervent desire to redeem himself. He outran the

beach-comber down the hill.

Already the sea was casting up fragments of the unlucky vessel. Broken spars came ashore, and scraps of deckplanking—a section of her gunwale, with gaping holes in it which had once been scuppers; a piece of her bowsprit, with a little rag of jib-sail still clinging to it; a smashed chair, the side of a bunk, the leg of a table, a window-sash, with a few bits of glass still shining in it—all these for the beach-comber's hoard.

How rapaciously Ephraim gloated over his harvest! Hither and thither he shuffled, his hair flapping damply about his ears, his teeth chattering, his hands like talons. The instant anything floated

like talons. The instant anything floated in he pounced on it, fingered it fondly a moment, then scrambled back with it to a place of safety. Full of curiosity and expectation, his every motion nervous and prying, his eye cocked sharply at each new wave, he was like an old magpie hopping about to pick and steal. What a contrast to the deliberate and stalwart

life-savers!

The opening which Captain Sears had selected was like a gateway to the sea. Not wide enough to permit a safe launching of the boat, it nevertheless afforded

passage to the crew.

Ira found them in a close group at this vantage-point, searching the surf for castaways. Two of the men were out beyond their depth, lured by floating timbers from the wreck. They wore cork belts, with life-lines that extended back to the ready hands of their comrades on the beach.

Though the storm was slowly subsiding, the life-savers were in the very teeth of it now, fighting the sea, as it were, in

hand-to-hand conflict.

The waves came combing in so close that their arching hollows were mottled with dim and sickly green spots by the lanterns, and seemed a living pestilence. Everywhere over the stricken shore and the vast sea-tomb the wind intoned a dirge more tragic than its earlier battle-hymn.

But the men, repeatedly lured by those dark objects floating in the froth, went plunging into that tomb to snatch from it, if they could, some human body yet alive. Their defeat with the beach apparatus seemed to have doubled their zeal for rescue. They pitted themselves single-handed against the breakers. Did an object show itself in the cavernous hol-

lows, down they went for it, diving deep into the sea's bowels. Did it show itself on the crests, up they went to the skies, and the sea was like a bull tossing them on its horns, then hurling them to the depths again and trampling them.

And still there was no important salvage—not a single human form, not a clue to the ship's name, home port, or

destination.

Captain Sears, at the water's edge, glanced over this and that piece of wreckage as the sea washed it up to him. His main concern was for his men, but he had official duties. There were many routine details in the captain's business.

Business? Yes. He was the recipient of a new consignment—that was all; and inventories must be made. The sea was delivering to him without invoice a certain parcel of freight — wreckage and dead sailors, probably—and he was the receiving-clerk who had to list what came.

How much more than this did it mean to him? In his intervals of idleness many who saw the underlying shadow in the man's face agreed that Captain Sears had a great soul; but to-night he was only businesslike.

"Darn the luck! They must have all gone down outside the bar. My report won't say much this time!"

" Cap!"

Ira stood beside him.

"Yes." The tone was indifferent-

even forbidding.

"Cap, forgive me for hangin' back up there. The thought of those folks drowning kinder dazed me. That voice—forgive me; will you, cap? Ain't there something I can do?"

The captain eyed the young fellow narrowly to see what stuff he was made of.

"Cap, don't think I was afraid you'd send me into the surf. I wish to Heaven you would!"

Captain Sears replied coldly:

"You'll find a foothold on the beach under the headland. Take a look along there. It'll be a tight squeeze, but perhaps you're anxious for a tight squeeze;" and he turned on his heel to give other orders.

The novice, on fire to prove himself worthy, made off at once through the passage. Turning from the others, he felt his way along the strip of beach under the towering sand-bank. He was so impatient to qualify as a full-fledged surfman that he forgot one of the strictest regulations of the service, and neglected to put on his cork belt. Thus he was again delinquent; but this time he went to the other extreme, and was not too slow, but too hasty.

Rash and impetuous, he plunged along the narrow beach, seeking a vantage-point of his own—one that might give him a chance to outdo his seniors. He made for a spot just below the headland where they had worked with the mortar and shot-line. This was the point nearest

to the ship's grave.

He had to wade to get there. Kneedeep—even hip-deep—in the surf's white lather, he struggled forward along the base of the bluff, step by step, inch by inch; now crouching against the bank, as the breakers reached out to seize him, now laboring on again through the slippery suds they left behind them. He gained his goal at last, and, turning face to face with the ocean, he saw again, straight ahead of him, far out on Crooked Bar, the pale, flowerlike foam that marked the ship's burial-place.

He had his lantern on his arm, but its flame was feeble and wan in the grayness, and cast no helpful beams about him. This was the dim, drab hour before the dawn. Overhead the sky was dull and sullen, with here and there slow, writhing vapors, like the smoke of funeral pyres. The sea was the color of the leaden lining of coffins; the wind's requiem was ending brokenly in sharp gusts that were like the sobs of a woman.

For these were the obsequies of drowned sailors, and few are the dead so honored. The moan of the wind, the sea-sepulcher, the white foam-flowers, the very sky a pall—what prince could have had these last sad rites from nature?

All was death. Could it be possible that out of it life might emerge into the dawn?

That was the miracle that happened.

Ira stood with his back against the bluff, trying to keep a safe foothold beyond the breakers. With narrowed gaze, he keenly scanned the sea. Suddenly he started forward, straining his eyes. Out on the water he saw something that looked human.

Instantly he acted, without another thought for his own safety. He threw aside his lantern, pulled off his rubber boots, tore off his coat, and then, without life-line or cork belt, dashed into the surf.

Now began his virgin struggle with the sea, and the sea was living and female. At first, she repulsed him, flung him back, crushing him against the bluff. Desperately he caught at that embankment, striving to steady himself and keep his footing, but the sand crumbled in his fingers. Then the undertow, that treacherous minion of the harlot sea, tripped him and dragged him out again along the bottom.

Instinctively he struck out again, swam upward, and managed to gain the surface and drew breath. Then he fought to keep out from the bluff, to save his body from being mangled. Not that he cared much—if only he could first lay hold on that other human thing out beyond the breakers!

He dived through wave after wave; but the exertion soon told on him. He found himself at the sea's mercy, and she played with him wantonly. Up, up he went to the very sky, then down and down to the ocean-bed—blind, wounded, helpless—the sea in savage dalliance drawing him into her bosom and stifling him with her caresses.

Suddenly, in despair, Ira summoned his remaining strength and struck out again. This time he gained the unbroken billows that rolled beyond the surf. He was now in deep water, midway between bar and shore; and, though the seas ran high, he was free of the white chaos of the foam.

He opened his eyes, which were filled with salt. As he did so, he seemed to have a dream. He dimly saw a woman's arm reaching up out of the ocean, a woman's hand holding something aloft above the surface. The arm was growing shorter, sinking; the hand was moving downward toward the water, but some intelligence seemed intent on keeping it upraised, as long as possible, for the sake of the thing it held.

In her last moments the woman must have seen Ira coming. He reached out in his dream, and tried to seize her hand. It slipped from him, the waters closed over it forever, and he found a bundle in

his grasp.

He turned and tried to swim ashore with his mysterious prize, but he was too far spent. He struggled bravely to the end of his powers—struggled to save himself and this strange bundle—struggled shoreward, ever more feebly and futilely, till at last he fainted.

This was the young life-saver's bap-

tism in the surf!

VI

IRA was jerked back to consciousness by a hand gripping his collar at the nape of his neck and tugging him through the water. He heard Jim Curran roar:

" Don't struggle!"

Then, without any effort on their part, both men were pulled shoreward, twisting and tumbling through the breakers.

They landed in a heap on the beach at the feet of the crew. They were picked up and laid on the dry sand behind the headland. Then Ira fainted again.

When he came to he saw Captain Sears looking down at him anxiously. As he opened his eyes, the older man, evidently relieved, bent over him and pressed a flask to his lips.

"How do you feel, Ira?"

"All right, cap!"

The keeper helped him to his feet. It was now morning—gray, but no longer obscure.

"You were a fool," said the captain gruffly. "You broke the regulations. You went into the surf without your cork jacket. If I hadn't kep' an eye on you from the bluff—"

"I'm sorry, cap. I saw something out in the water. Now I remember! I got

hold of it."

"Yes," said the keeper, finding it hard to conceal his admiration; "that's why I'm going to overlook your breach of discipline. You got hold of something, and, what's more, you didn't let go. We've been working over her a full hour."

"Her?" Ira's jaw dropped.

"Yes, her."

"But the woman sank; she was drowned."

The captain looked puzzled.

"Woman? Who's talking about a woman? You are pretty previous. Come along and see."

Ira followed him.

The surf-boat had been lowered from the wagon to the sand, where they had partly overturned it and propped it up like a lean-to. Under it they had spread the horse-blanket. The men were peering into this impromptu shelter at a little yellow bundle that lay on the blanket.

Big Jim Curran, in his shirt-sleeves, was kneeling beside the bundle, bending over it solicitously. Hearing the captain's voice, he looked up, his honest face

beaming.

"She's coming to, cap! She's coming to! Would you dare try brandy?"

"A few drops," said the captain, holding out the flask.

Jim saw Ira, and rose.

"Kid, you give it to her," he said. "She's yours!"

Ira, who was still weak and cold, took the flask with a shaking hand. He bent closer to look. The captain extended his lantern to dispel the shadows under the big surf-boat.

The sight that met Ira's eyes staggered him. Wrapped in Jim's oilskin coat lay

a small girl baby.

She could not have been two years old, so small she was; but her features were well formed, and her dark-reddish hair was already long enough to straggle about her ears. It looked like seaweed around a shell.

Ira, bashful and awkward, went down on one knee beside her. With trembling fingers he touched the flask to her baby lips. He waited breathless. After a long moment she opened her eyes and looked at him, and he beckoned excitedly to the others with a hand behind his back.

They tiptoed closer and peered in at her over his shoulder. Her eyes wandered gravely from one to the other; then, gradually, her little oval face—not pretty, but very quaint, with large, grave, blue eyes and a frame of seaweed hair—took on a look that made them hold their breath. The look grew, and every man's oilskins rustled with a sudden thrill. Ira's hand behind his back was frantic with gesticulations to the others. She was smiling at them.

The face of the captain lighted up as it had not lighted up for years.

"Seems to like us," he whispered.
"Ain't she a queer little sea - urchin?

She's a regular little sea-shell cast ashore by the storm, eh? She's a regular little periwinkle!"

VII

Now that the sea was calmer, Captain Sears and five of his crew prepared to launch the boat and pull off to the immediate scene of the wreck. Ira and Jim, meanwhile, were delegated to take the child to the station. They plowed back through the sand, each in turn carrying her tenderly in his arms.

A benevolent society provided the station with warm clothing for shipwrecked men and women, but at the moment there happened to be nothing for little children. So they wrapped her in a sailor's blue flannel shirt, and put a pair of woolen socks, number twelve, on her diminutive feet, tying up the toes in big knots to make them fit as snugly as possible.

It was a sight to melt a rock — those awkward surfmen fussing over their little charge. At first, the child was frightened, and cried; but they soothed her as best they could, big Jim saying sympathetically, "There, there," and humming a baby-song to her in a voice that seemed to rumble upward from his rubber boots.

The strangeness of the proceedings soon awoke a certain wondering interest in the child. The blue flannel shirt, preposterously large for her, seemed to fill her with an awe too deep for tears, and the knots in the giant socks were a source of much curiosity.

She began to look upon her toilet as a game, a kind of masquerade. When it was complete she held up her arms with the long, flapping sleeves, and seemed to demand freedom for her hands.

Jim rolled up one sleeve, Ira the other, as eagerly as if reefing sail in a storm.

Then she fell to playing with the knotted socks; and presently, looking up at the two surfmen, she uttered a little cooing laugh, like a young pigeon. From that moment Periwinkle held their hearts captive.

They replenished the fire in the stove, deposited her in the captain's chair, well within the circle of the stove's warmth, held up commanding forefingers at her, bidding her not to move, and fell to preparing breakfast.

Suddenly a disturbing thought struck Ira. He drew his companion aside.

"Jim," he whispered, "what if she ain't been weaned?"

Big Jim uttered a low whistle.

"Heavens, she must have been!" he whispered. "She's not an infant. Looks to me as much as two years old."

He went lumbering back to the vicinity of the chair by the stove. As if to drop a suggestion to its occupant, which she might regard or not, according to her sovereign pleasure, he said aloud to Ira:

"Do you suppose she could eat an

That tactful hint was rewarded. To their amazement and delight, they heard her say, "Ed, ed," repeating it to herself, not like a parrot, but with a real eagerness, as if very hungry and delighted.

Jim took down a frying-pan from a hook in the closet, but Ira shook his head at him testily from behind her.

"My Heavens, not a fried egg! A boiled one—not over two minutes. Didn't you ever have a mother?"

They put a saucepan on the stove instead.

Periwinkle could talk—at least, she could say a few detached words; and she did so, in a sort of offhand way, to herself, while they prepared breakfast. First, they heard her say "toat" and "'tocks"—words that evidently applied to two articles of her apparel; and they smiled and winked at one another, congratulating themselves on her growing satisfaction with her surroundings.

Ira consulted his watch to time the boiling process.

"Beginning to feel at home," he whispered, as they bent over the saucepan.

"Yes—regular little daughter of the regiment," said Jim, spooning out the egg to see if the shell dried on the instant.

Then she said "'torm," with a little quaver, as if the storm had been naughty to her. The men's hearts grew heavy; and Jim, with spoon and egg in hand, had recourse to his sympathetic "There, there!"

They always remembered that morning.

Life at the Crooked Bar Station underwent a remarkable change in the days that followed. When Periwinkle was asleep.

the men walked on tiptoe and conversed in whispers. The captain transferred his room into a poor apology for a nursery, and shared the quarters of his crew. Their talk was strangely womanish.

"Ssh! You'll wake her!" or "My Heavens, you've got the step of an elephant;" or this from Ira: "I wish we had a cow!" and this from Jim: "Well, anyhow, it's lucky we've got good laying hens."

Naturally, there was much discussion of plans. The sea had yielded up nothing that told the vessel's name or owners. The bodies of three of her crew were washed ashore farther down the beach—one American and two Scandinavians, to judge from appearances—but they were almost naked, and could not be identified. The surfmen had to bury them deep in the sandy desert.

For days the inland villages on the Cape were inaccessible from the Crooked Bar Station. The men were cut off as if on an island, and with them the little seawaif whom they called Periwinkle.

It was the keeper's opinion that they would do well to give the child to Ann Scudder, the beach-comber's daughter.

"Ann's a lonely woman," he said. "She might take to it. Her husband used to tell me she'd never got over not having a child."

The suggestion was not to their liking. The beach-comber's dwelling, with its wreckage and gloom, seemed no fit place for their sunny little charge, and Ann herself was no less somber.

"She's hard—hard as nails," objected Ira, to which the entire crew assented.

"She mightn't feel motherly," said one of them, "with the child of another woman." The speaker was sad and thinfaced, and looked like a schoolmaster. "She's a flinty one, or my name's not Sam Coffin!"

"You're right, Sam; flinty's the word,"

said big Jim.

"I don't know," rejoined the keeper, smoking ruminatively. "She don't show her feelings, of course. She'd rather burn off her hand than let us think she wanted Periwinkle; but, all the same—"

There was a general grumble and shaking of heads at this; and the captain, deferring to their protests, let the matter drop.

Then began a series of strange happenings at the Crooked Bar Station. They received—or rather Periwinkle received—a number of what Sam Coffin called "mysterious visitations." At first, they thought there must be some mistake, and held one or another of their own number responsible for the phenomena; but in the end evidence of an outer agency grew undeniable.

The first suspicious incident was this the baby, who had been left alone one afternoon in the captain's room, playing at driving his chair with a piece of hawser, was found asleep in bed, carefully tucked in under the blanket.

The next queer occurrence came the following morning. They had given her several of their small tin flags to play with—perfect models, in color and outline, of the large signal flags. As a rule, these models were used by new men to learn the international code; now they were a baby's toys, such was Periwinkle's conquest at the Crooked Bar Life-Saving Station.

The bright colors of these little tin signals delighted the child. The men taught her to wave them at Captain Sears. They had left her this morning to play with them alone, the gaily colored little squares and triangles strewn around her on the floor.

The captain's annoyance was keen when, an hour later, he returned and found that some one had gathered up these favorite toys of hers and stowed them away on a shelf beyond her reach. As he entered, she was on tiptoe, stretching up vainly toward her vanished rainbows.

The captain questioned Ira, the only man who had been indoors. Ira knew nothing about it. He said he had been at work in the boat-room. One of the boys might have come in by the back door without his knowledge. Perhaps they had put the things away, fearing that the kid might lick the paint off—they were such old maids these days.

The captain, vexed at this assumption of authority, catechized the others. One and all, they denied any knowledge of the affair. For the first time, Captain Sears could almost have doubted whether his men were telling him the truth.

But that afternoon his doubts were dis-

pelled. He found Periwinkle delightedly

playing with a doll.

Now, if the station had lacked anything, it had lacked a doll. That was the one object above all others least likely to be found in this desert; yet here it was, pink and golden-haired, in Periwinkle's arms.

There was no need to ask questions this time. Neither Ira nor Jim, nor even Sam Coffin, who was queer and secretive, could

have had a hand in this.

The next day brought an even more remarkable phenomenon. The captain, having left his charge clad in her sailor's shirt and socks, came back to find her proudly posing for him in a little white frock, and stockings that fitted, and even shoes.

If the clothes had been made for her, as their fit suggested, some one must have worked himself or herself weary to get them done so soon. But the shoes? Some one must have crossed the miles of treacherous, half-submerged waste to get to town—an undertaking which even the sturdy life-savers would scarcely have cared to try.

It was noticeable that each of these surprising manifestations had occurred while the crew were at their drill, or otherwise occupied. Under the circumstances, it would not have been hard for an outsider to enter by the back way and visit the child uninterrupted.

Periwinkle herself could give no information. Her words at this stage applied only to inanimate objects like her "toat" and "'tocks," or to vague impressions like that quavering "'torm." She was impersonal, and made the men feel quite downcast by evading all their efforts at teaching her their names.

The visitations were therefore a mystery, though one or two of the life-savers surmised the truth. Throughout their discussion in the mess-room that last night, it was Sam Coffin who held to the

most unique theory.

"Maybe," he said solemnly, "it's the

spirit of her dead mother."

And Ira, smoking his pipe and recalling that frail arm lifted above the waves by a love almost superhuman, could almost have believed it possible.

Late that evening Captain Scudder went out on the beach, and by the light of his lantern followed a line of footprints southward along the hard sand. In the morning he announced:

"Boys, you can say what you like, but we'll take the child over and present her to Ann Scudder!"

(To be continued)

SPRING SONG

Wreathe me a garland with gipsy art— Leaves that call to a vagrant's heart;

Ruddy spray of the spring-swept oak, Where the mist-green wave of the young year broke;

Alder twigs from the pool that lies To catch the blue of the spring-time skies;

Bayberry branches, and warm sweet-fern Gathered close by the sandy turn;

Apple-blosson alight with dew
And the glint of the spring sun shining through.

Bind them fast with the roadway's gold When the dawn is young and the night is old;

And weave the whole, with a vagrant's art, With the sweet spring song of a gipsy heart!

Martha Haskell Clark

MARCIA THE DISCONTENTED

BY H. T. GEORGE

AUTHOR OF "WHEN EILEEN CHANGED HER MIND," ETC.

NE understood Marcia at first sight -her profession, her aspirations, her limitations. For nine months in the year she was one of the colorless, conscientious units in a great city's army of school-teachers. An occasional balcony seat at a theater, a Sunday dinner with a married friend - these were the high lights in the dull monochrome of life as girls like Marcia can afford to know it.

She was not strong, and her work was hard for her. Always, by spring, her face was thin and sallow, and her eyes big with

the shadows beneath them.

Then, when vacation brought her home to her father's farm, for a little while the green hills were sweet to her, and for a little while she knew the restfulness and peace of them. But soon the grayness of life came back upon her like a pall; and across the flame of the summer sunsets, the dream-haunted mists of the meadows, she saw only the everlasting dinginess of things-which is a pity when one is still young, and one's hair and mouth are quite passable.

Marcia belonged to the ranks of the

discontented.

To-day, with the June sunshine white about her, with a blush-rose climbing to touch her listless fingers, she saw that the strings of the hammock in which she lay were ragged and faded; that the veranda floor cried aloud for renewal; that a broken top step was indisputably in evidence.

Her mother-large, patient, and wearing her neatly mended after-dinner dress -rocked back and forth on a protesting board as she made trousers for the smallest brother from Marcia's four-wintersold coat.

Marcia closed her eyes hopelessly against it all. There were moments like this when she longed to hurl herself, with hands clenched and eyes narrowed, into instant battle against circumstance; but always she fell back weakly, and, being honest in her own self-scorn, she knew that it was herself that made circumstance the victor. The ranks of the discontented are made up, not of those who have fought and lost, but of those who have

never given battle.

Wherefore, to the mournful creak of the faded hammock, Marcia dreamed bitter dreams, hopeless of fulfilment - her legacy from some far ancestor who had achieved only the dull, burned ash of his desire. Her unhappy young eyes were on the hill beyond her father's boundaries. where rose the aggressively white columns of Mrs. Rosway's country home. Its wellkept terraces and picturesque stables should have been grateful to Marcia's beauty - thirsting eyes; but, in fact, she found in them an added affront and bit-

Mrs. Rosway was a good friend of Marcia's mother; but the girl herself held the fine old gentlewoman definitely away from her, terming her kindly advances patronage, in the fashion cultivated by the unsuccessful. Indeed, in the four summers that had passed since Rosway Place had been built, Marcia had never called

upon its mistress.

Suddenly, across her blurred vision of the road, a horseman flashed furiously. Marcia had but an indistinct impression of something vividly alive and youngof the keen prosperity of well-groomed horse and well-groomed manhood - and then, with a clatter of hoofs and a rain of loosened pebbles, the impression had vanished up the Rosway drive and into the stables beyond.

Marcia remembered that Mrs. Rosway's

nephew was to have come the evening before. Mrs. Rosway, calling upon them in the afternoon, had dwelt fondly upon his perfections—the perfections of an only nephew who petted his aunt. Marcia knew that he was twenty-six, a lawyer who did not need to practise, and a "nicelooking boy," as his aunt said. Even making allowance for an old woman's fondness, it was clear that young Rosway was distinctly "eligible."

Not that Marcia had given a thought to this aspect of the matter. Men had played no part in her twenty-five colorless years. She was one of those women of whom their friends—always women—either gently deplore the fact that they "somehow don't seem to attract men," or glory in stating that they "have absolute-

ly no time for men."

Marcia herself accepted the fact that no man had ever "been nice to her"—no man had ever asked to call upon her—as one of the more or less bitter factors in the somberness of life. She thought of it rather less often than she dwelt upon other misfortunes.

Now, suddenly, a warm flame leaped into the girl's face and played over her slender young body, outstretched in the hammock. For a moment she lay burning in the shame of the thought that had come to her. And yet she could not doubt its inspiration—she dared not deny its opportuneness.

Very deliberately she rose. She felt that a crisis had come into her life; that before her lay—must lie—either the glory of a happy change or the more tangible pain of defeat. Marcia had had the same feeling more than once before—when she had considered applying for a new posi-

tion.

To-day she shut her hands desperately. "It is shameful—shameful!" she told herself fiercely. "But other girls do it every day. I shall fail, I am almost sure, and I shall loathe myself forever, but I shall have tried!"

TI

MARCIA was not a pretty girl, but she was far from bad-looking. She knew what to do with her hair, for one thing, and she knew that her last summer's pink organdy was more becoming than the new lawn which was this season's one

luxury. So she put on the pink organdy, and the flush in her cheeks lingered to match it.

When she came out of the house, her mother was still on the veranda, rocking placidly on the creaking board. All her life Marcia's mother had rocked placidly over the rough places of life; but that did not make her understand her eldest daughter any better, or be exactly a comfort to the girl.

"Why, you're all togged out, Marcia!" she exclaimed mildly. "You go-

ing into town?"

"No, I'm going to call on Mrs. Rosway," Marcia explained. "I always put it off so long that my vacation's over, and I have to go back to work before I return her call. I'm really quite ashamed of myself."

She unfurled her white sunshade—a cheap little affair bought at an out-of-season bargain sale—and strolled up the road over which the horse and rider had

plunged an hour before.

As she stood at the big white door, after ringing, she looked down at the shabby farmhouse and paintless barns of her father's home, and felt a consciousness that she hoped was prophetic of the greater congruity of the pink organdy with the white tiles of the broad Rosway veranda.

Mrs. Rosway herself opened the door hospitably.

"My dear!"

The pleased surprise in her voice brought an almost tearful relief to Marcia. She knew suddenly that she had dreaded a sardonic understanding in Mrs. Rosway's greeting.

"I said to myself yesterday when you called," Marcia was explaining, "that I would come to see you instantly—to-day. Always before I have put it off, not because I didn't want to come, dear Mrs. Rosway, but because in a short summer at home there are so many things to do for mama and the children."

She flushed in finishing the neat speech, remembering too late that her neighbor must have seen her long idle days in the hammock. But good old Mrs. Rosway was as credulous and unsuspicious as she was kindly. She loved youth, and always she had found Marcia's a little pathetic in its unyouthful hardness and reserve.

Now she told herself that never before had she seen the girl so really young, so

truly attractive.

Marcia enjoyed the afternoon. Young Rosway, the nephew, lounged into the shaded, intimate little room whither his aunt had conducted her, and Marcia acknowledged the introduction with gentle surprise.

"I didn't understand that your nephew was coming so soon," she said. "I heard you talking about him to mama, but I couldn't have been listening very atten-

tively."

Young Rosway was not especially entertaining. He was a big, clean, rather wordless young fellow, utterly her inferior in general cleverness and in the more specific knowledge of schoolrooms. Yet she found herself talking fluently and brightly before his pleasant unresponsiveness, above the little cakes and iced tea that his aunt served them. When she came away, she carried with her a half-contemptuous impression of a nice-looking boy too rich to need such a thing as a mind.

Men had never interested her greatly; nor was it at all apparent, as she told herself with bitter humor, that she had inter-

ested this man.

That night, as she lay awake, she remembered the indifferent politeness with which he had accepted her invitation to call. Again she burned in the shame of the resolution she had made; but there was upon her the exhilaration of unwonted effort—of unusual decision.

On the following day he rode past as she sat on the broken top step, reading—and watching. He lifted his cap as he saw her; but when he rode back, half an hour later, he did not glance toward her, though she still sat reading, with a cluster of pink roses drooping artistically in her hand.

The next day he lounged on his aunt's veranda, busied with a broken fishing-rod. She watched Mrs. Rosway stoop over him and brush his hair back tenderly. Her nephew drew the bent face down to his and kissed it.

Tears gathered in Marcia's eyes as she watched them. And then, inexplicably, she found herself wondering how he would kiss another woman—a younger woman, not his aunt. Marcia did not

want to be kissed. She laughed a little at her undesire. It was a correlative fact that no man, so far, had wanted to kiss Marcia.

III

The next morning, while Marcia dressed, she saw young Rosway striding through the wet meadow behind the house, a creel over his shoulder, a rod in his hand. He was taking the shortest cut

to the lake, a mile beyond.

Marcia detested fishing. She detested any form of early morning exercise. She loved to lie in pretty wrappers and read summer novels, and dream her discontented dreams until noon. She was fastening a pretty wrapper now; but after a moment's thinking she slipped it off again, and quickly attired herself in a short skirt, heavy boots, and a neat white shirt-waist with a trim little gentlemanly tie. Then she went out quietly into the bright young morning—quietly, lest the family circle at the breakfast-table should assail her with amazed questioning.

When she reached the lake—a happy, friendly little lake among the rushes—she pushed off her brothers' boat, and seated herself, with more or less writhing distaste, to row. The boat was not very clean and not entirely seaworthy, and even her short skirt lay, she was resignedly sure, in a pool of water. Also, in the stern, a pathetically mummied tangle of angle-worms was revealed by an overturned tin can. She shuddered with fas-

tidious disgust.

The oars were mismated, and she struck her knuckles as she pulled. Moreover, she was hungry, and to be hungry made

Marcia cross.

Presently, however, against the willows that climbed the shore a few rods above, she saw a philosophically patient figure, whose eyes, drawn from his slack line by the spasmodic play of her oars, rested wonderingly upon her. In spite of her ill temper, Marcia beamed upon the young fisherman with all the radiance of delighted surprise.

"You out, too?" she called to him.
"Not that any sensible person wouldn't be out! But I'm so used to being a lonely worshiper at the shrine of our beautiful

lake that you startled me."

A bird flew up from the willows with

an ironic, laughing call. Marcia hated the bird.

"Fine morning," nodded young Mr. Rosway tersely.

"Let me take you across," she begged prettily. "The fishing's better on the

other side, they say."

When they returned, two hours later, he had shown her several useful things about rowing; also, he had said bluntly that it was a wonder she had not drowned herself long ago, if she paddled around that way alone often.

Marcia's cheeks were rose-red, and her staccato laughter frequent, as they came through the high grass of the meadow, sun-dried now and warm, and so up to the farm. Her home had never seemed so fallen to decay as when she approached it now, with this big, prosperous, nice-looking boy beside her.

Under the combined stare of her brothers and sisters, she lightly asked him in; but he shook his head, smiling, and went on. And Marcia, the rose-petals still in her cheeks, picked up the smallest brother

and kissed him.

Then for two days she did not see him, except as he rode by, bowing to her, or as she saw him moving lazily about his aunt's grounds. At the end of the second day Marcia counted the days that were left of her vacation.

"I can't!" she moaned miserably to her unhappy image in the mirror. "Oh, I can't go back to the work, and the backaches, and the dirty little children, and

the-dinginess!"

She thought that it must be very good to be beautiful, or, not being beautiful, to possess that vague attribute called charm, so that men who looked at you should look again, and men who knew you should love you. But she had not the attribute. So she changed her gingham waist for an appealingly girlish one of muslin and lace, and went up the hill in the sunset, to see if by chance Mrs. Rosway subscribed to the *Metropolis*.

Mrs. Rosway did not, but Marcia spent a pleasant evening on the wide veranda. The moon rose over the lake as she sat there, and in the moonlight young Rosway escorted her home politely, and then bade her good night promptly and unlin-

geringly.

But that night she had learned that he

had a hunting-lodge in the Adirondacks, and a yacht, in which the year before he had cruised in the Mediterranean.

IV

As the days went by, Marcia and young Rosway's aunt became very intimate. The girl often ran up for advice as to the afghan she was knitting with one of Mrs. Rosway's for a pattern — Marcia hated needlework — or to take her neighbors some of the currant cakes for which her mother was famous. And sometimes Rosway strolled lazily home beside her, his hands in his pockets, the width of the road between them.

One night he called with his aunt. The dew was heavy, and Mrs. Rosway sat in the close little parlor with Marcia's mother; but the two young people walked in the moonlight up the long white road. Marcia talked softly of the stillness of the starlit night; young Rosway descanted upon the best way of breaking a horse

to the saddle.

Marcia had a firm belief that he had never read a line of poetry in his life, but one day he shamefacedly confessed to a fondness for "Hiawatha" and a leaning

toward "Thanatopsis."

He sent for his own canoe—a dainty aristocrat in its every line. Meeting Marcia in a lonely ramble—she had heard him tell his aunt, the day before, that he was going on the lake next morning—he asked her, rather shortly, to go out with him. And often after that, on the friendly little craft, Marcia talked feelingly of poetry and life and human aspirations, while Rosway demonstrated the different methods of paddling.

Sometimes they drove together in the new cart which, disdaining his aunt's stanhope, he had had sent out from the

city.

Marcia's little brothers began to tease her about him, her little sisters to look on with wide-eyed envy as she dressed to drive or walk or boat with him. Marcia laughed good-humoredly at the teasing, smiled gratefully at the envy, and shuddered only for the barbarism of the phrase when her father jocularly alluded to "Marcia's fellow."

The weeks crept on, and the summer grew old. Marcia's mother began to look over the girl's limited wardrobe with maternal anxiety that it should be "in shape" for her to take away when she went back to work.

Marcia, coming through the livingroom like a fresh pink rose amid its shabbiness, stooped and kissed her mother with the strange new tenderness that was hers of late.

"Don't mend those stupid old rags,

mama dear!" she said.

"But you're going back next week," her mother protested. "I want to get them all done."

"I'm not sure-" Marcia began happily. "I'm not sure what I'll want to take," she finished.

Out in the road young Rosway was waiting for her, with the new cart and his best horse. It was moonlight again, and the scent of the ripening earth was in the air. The horse leaped away into the pearly mystery of the night, and life and love raced beside them.

Marcia looked at young Rosway sideways from under her blown hair, and she saw that he would never be a "nice-looking boy" again. The eyes that met hers were a man's eyes, and the sharp - set mouth a man's mouth. Marcia felt herself trembling very much. A man was going to tell her that he loved her!

It was hard work, with a restive horse to keep in the narrow path of conventional travel. Rosway reflected that for this one night he should have brought out his aunt's calm old white pony; but he finally managed to tell her - one hand, white-knuckled, holding the taut reins, the other touching hers ever so lightly as he talked to her.

"You're going to marry me, aren't you, Marcia?" he pleaded. "There isn't much in me, perhaps-you may be drawing a blank, dear. But I-I love you, Marcia. I-I want you so much! Perhaps you don't quite-love me yet. don't think you do. But you'll marry me, won't you, dear? You'll let me teach you to love me?"

Here the horse bolted diabolically, and he had to take his hand away from hers and grip it beside the other on the reins. Marcia watched him. There wasn't much in him, he had said. Well, perhaps there wasn't; only strength and cleanness and honesty and utter lack of fear, and-just how many hundred thousand dollars she did not know. Perhaps, she told herself, smiling oddly as they swayed behind the plunging horse, it would be wisest to ask

When the horse had at length subsided in rebellious surrender he turned to her.

"Well?" he asked. "Well, Marcia?" And Marcia - who had spent many hours planning the gracious words with which, when the great moment came, she would accept him-said very gently:

" No."

WHEN she came back to the house, her mother still sat there mending.

"If you can make that silk waist last a little longer, mama dear," Marcia said brightly, "I think I'll wear it in the schoolroom this winter."

She saw herself, trim, neat, all the patches carefully hidden, dismissing the children night after night, smiling an endlessly weary welcome morning after morning.

The next day young Rosway asked her again, patiently, to marry him; and the next, and again-always patiently-the

Marcia laughed a little to herself when he had gone.

"It was such hard work to get him started," she told herself; "and now he won't stop. He'll never stop," she mourned with prophetic conviction. "And I-I can't go through it all again!"

She sat for a long time in her room that night, staring at a photograph of "Mona Lisa" above her bed. Of a sudden she understood the smile that has puzzled the centuries. It is the smile of womanhood that has attained its desire-and lost.

After a while she wrote him a letter. It was the first letter she had ever written to a man; but her pen moved without hesitation, in the careful vertical hand in which she put exercises on the blackboard. This is what she said:

DEAR MR. ROSWAY:

I am writing you this letter because I am not brave enough to face you with what I want you to know. And there seems to be no other way than the one I am taking to prevent your asking me again to marry you.

I meant that you should ask me. I planned to have you ask me before I had seen you at all. I didn't know whether I should like you or not, but I knew you were rich. I knew you could give me the things that I have always wanted and never had—beautiful and costly and useless—the sort of things you have lived among all your life, so that you cannot possibly understand how savagely I wanted them. You wouldn't understand—but I do not intend to attempt any excuses for myself, nor for the campaign that I planned.

I knew it would have to be a campaign—perhaps a long siege. Some girls win men easily. They have beauty or the thing called attractiveness. I haven't either the one or the other. I knew that if I won you at all I should have to work. And, Mr. Rosway,

I assure you, I worked.

I wasn't skilful about it. I hope you will believe that I had never had experience in this sort of thing before.

Here Marcia checked her hurried pen and hid her face for one burning moment in her open hands. Then she wrote on steadily:

If you had not been so free from egotism—I think few men can be like you—you would have seen through it all at once, and despised me. As it was, I didn't seem to interest you in the least. I knew that, and it made me hate myself only a little more. The campaign was not an easy one, Mr. Rosway.

And then, all at once, I did interest you. And then—you loved me. And I—it was instinct, not experience—I knew it, and was very happy. I suppose it was mostly due to a despicable sort of pride in myself. I was pleased to find that I could make a man love me as men love other girls.

And then you asked me to marry you. I had planned what I would say to you, very prettily and artistically; but, at the last, I wasn't quite bad enough, quite shameless

enough, to take you.

I have told you all this because it seems that I must show you what I am. You cannot call me by more shameful names than I have called myself. But you will not ask me again to be your wife!

She signed it curtly with the initials of her name; and then, though it was so late, she called one of her brothers and sent him with the letter to the house on the hill. She heard him grumbling half good-naturedly in the kitchen, and her mother's patient rejoinder:

"But young folks must be young folks,

laddie!"

Marcia found herself smiling at the innocent satisfaction in her mother's voice. Love, which had come to Marcia at twenty-five, as the great miracle—a glowing, mystic light in heaven—was to her mother, married at seventeen, only one of the natural phases of youth. She had felt, Marcia knew, deep in her motherly heart, a little ashamed for this daughter who lingered so long unclaimed of any man.

VI

SUDDENLY, rebelliously, Marcia would have recalled her letter. Had she done worse than other women — numberless other women—struggling for the heritage that chance denied them? What other women had so refused success? Why should she alone have chosen the martyrdom of confession? And yet there stirred in her a certain sorrowful pride that love had so wrought in her that she had been brave enough to choose the shame and the denial.

After half an hour her brother returned, grumbling still, since he had been forced to wait for young Rosway to write an answer. Marcia kissed him gently—whereat he merely flamed into greater indignation.

Marcia sat for a long, trembling time with Rosway's note unopened in her hand. She knew that in her heart a hope thrilled that he refused to believe her. She knew, too, that the hope was a futile and unreasoning one

The letter, when she read it, was not what she expected:

Perhaps you were mistaken about my lack of egotism. Or, perhaps, I am not more conceited than the next man. But all men run up against this sort of thing—and, as you say, you lacked experience. Your methods were a little obvious. At any rate, I saw quite clearly. I didn't think-credit me with being not more of an ass than I am, Marcia-I didn't think it was I myself who attracted you. In fact, it was very plain that, although you made it easy for me to see you, I bored you brutally. And that piqued me a little. In spite of the fact that at first-I am being horribly frank-at first I rather resented being made a victim, when I had met you a few times I saw how immeasurably you were above the thing you were doing. And I began dimly to see just what you were doing-doing with your poor little hands clenched and your teeth set, as it were. More dimly still, I saw why.

And then-I forgot it all. Will you be-

lieve that, Marcia? And we will forget it

again!

You see, your letter told me nothing that I did not know, except that you love me. I was not sure of that; but your letter told me. No woman could be so brave, dear, except for love.

To-morrow-early-I am going to ask you

again to marry me.

J. P. Rosway.

All the blood in Marcia's slender body had flamed into her still face as she read Rosway's letter. When she had finished it, she put out her light, with a swift instinct for darkness.

She felt the waters of humiliation close above her head, and fought for breath as she sank deep beneath them. A great and reasonless resentment filled her. That he should have known, and understood,

and kept silent!

Then—had he foreseen it when he wrote so curtly?—resentment came as healing to the bruised pride of Marcia's womanhood. Finally, as she sat far into the night, staring at the waning bar of moonlight across her wall, an inspiration came to her.

She rose, stiff-limbed from her vigil;

and in his room on the hill she saw his light burning steadily.

"Dear," she whispered, "can it be that this atones for my deceit? This is my punishment—that you knew, and for a

time despised me!"

To have had him, even for a little while, see her clearly, judge her without mercy—did not that cancel a lifetime of such blindness as he must know if he was to love her? Perhaps, thought Marcia very humbly, he would not need to be quite blinded, after all. Perhaps she could be, in some small part, the woman he now saw in her.

His light was turned out sharply. The moonlight, too, was gone; but, kneeling in the darkness by her window, Marcia knew that all the dinginess of things was at an end—that with the morning would come the golden glory of life—and Ros-

way!

She had quite forgotten that he was rich. She had even forgotten that in all probability she would never need to teach school again. She remembered only—curiously enough, she remembered only—how he had kissed his aunt when she stooped above him!

MY DEAR LOST LOVE

Last night my old love came to me, with roses in her hands; She came from out the moon-mists, from the shores of dreamy lands.

All the way was blossoming, and all the way was sweet; The jonquils and the bluebells made a carpet for her feet.

All the birds were caroling—the birds we used to know; And I thought I heard the whisper of the winds that come and go

Across the fields of Arcady, and saw the love-light shine In the eyes that looked upon me of that dear lost love of mine.

She laid her hand within my hand, and called me, and it seemed We wandered off together down a pathway I had dreamed

But ne'er before had looked upon—the way that leads to rest; And I held her and I kissed her, with her head upon my breast.

Oh, all the way was blossoming, and all the way was sweet; And where she went I followed her, until her dancing feet

Were lost within the moon-mists on the shores of dreamy lands—
My love who came to me last night with roses in her hands!

Celia Myrover Robinson

BARE FEET AND BEETHOVEN

A TERPSICHOREAN FANTASY

BY WALTER PRICHARD EATON

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON GRANT

CHARACTERS.

Izzy-do-a Cancan.
Maud All-line.
Ruth Sandy-knee.
Ta-ra-ra de Swirlsky.
Gertrude Hopman.
Loie Fool-yer.
The Ghost of Ludwig van Beethoven.
The Boston Symphony Orchestra.
The Philharmonic Orchestra.
The Kneisel Quartet.
Chorus of Muses.

Music kindly furnished by Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, George Frederick Handel, Ludwig van Beethoven, Felix Mendelssohn - Bartholdy, Richard Strauss, Frédéric Chopin, George M. Cohan, and others.

Costumes by the Adam & Eve Com-

PANY, LIMITED, Fig Lane, Garden of Eden.

EXPLANATORY PROLOGUE, spoken by the Ghost of Beethoven.

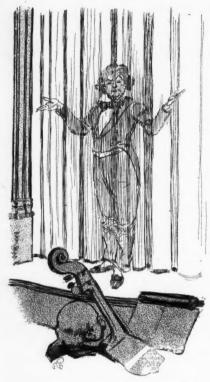
"In my day—which, as some of you may be aware, was a long time ago—silly people were content to listen to music. They did not demand program notes; they thought, poor things, that they understood a symphony without the aid of a dancer to interpret it; they were ignorantly unacquainted with the subtle connection between a thematic melody proclaimed by the wood-winds and wa-

ving arms; between the contrapuntal development of a fugue and bare feet. Those were the elder days of art. What an esthetic darkness we labored in!

"Now, I am happy to say, all this has been changed. Music is no longer simply music. First my good friend Richard Strauss saw to that, and next my equally good friend Izzy-do-a Cancan still further developed the field. Bare feet have at last taken their rightful place in the interpretation of orchestral music. No orchestra is complete any longer without at least one pair. Had I known enough when I composed my symphonies, I should have scored them for strings, wood-wind, drums, cymbals, and ladies' feet.

"Excellent as is the intelligence of those dancers who have interpreted my works, I must, as a conscientious composer, admit that had I written all the parts myself, I should have arranged some of my effects differently. Take the opening of my Fifth Symphony, for example. There, instead of the justly famed knocking of fate being sounded by the kettle-drums and strings, why not have the dancer kick at the door? It would be nothing less than superb! No true artist would object on the ground of being barefoot.

"But I digress. We are met here this afternoon, ladies—and the gentleman in the second row to the left—for a grand musical orgy. Several musicians of some local celebrity have kindly consented to furnish incidental sounds, which will be played by many internationally celebrated bare feet, aided by the Boston



THE GHOST OF BEETHOVEN—"IN MY DAY, SILLY PEOPLE WERE CONTENT TO LISTEN TO MUSIC"

Symphony Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic band. You will also be glad to hear, I am sure, that my friend Franz Kneisel, who hitherto has shown a rather hidebound and narrowly conservative spirit toward the new art, has at last consented to add a pair of legs to his excellent organization, and that that organization will henceforth be heard in bedchamber music.

"The concert will conclude with a grand finale by all the dancers and a chorus of muses, both bands, and the bedchamber quartet, with other attractions

vet to be announced.

"The first number on our program, ladies—and the gentleman in the second row to the left—will be an interpretation by Miss Ruth Sandy-knee of the well-known Buddhist doctrine of Nirvana. Nirvana, I need hardly remind you, means, to the Hindu, annihilation, nothingness. Lights down, please!"

The house is plunged in darkness. The curtains part, disclosing a dimly lighted stage, with one bright spot in the center. Into this bright spot comes Miss Ruth Sandy-knee. As the light streams full upon her, the significance of her dance is apparent. She represents Nirvana—nothingness—by her costume.

As the curtains close again, the ladies

in the audience gasp: "How subtle!"

The Ghost of Beethoven—" Now, ladies—and the gentleman in the second row to the left—we will listen to a dance by Miss Maud All-line, with sounds by Mr. Kneisel's men—my Quartet in C Sharp Minor, Opus 131—the one which has given a century of critics so much difficulty to understand."

The curtains part, disclosing the four musicians scated at the extreme rear of the stage, in a corner. They play. Miss Maud All-line bursts through the heavy draperies at the back. She is clad in a yard of mosquito-netting and a sweet smile, which rapidly changes to a look of unuterable wo. She waves her arms above her head unceasingly, does a few simple steps with her bare feet round and round the stage, monotonously, and finally falls in a heap. The curtains close, and the ladies murmur:

"We never understood Beethoven's quartet before!"

THE GHOST OF BEETHOVEN-" I am sure, ladies - and the gentleman in the second row to the left - that you now grasp fully my meaning in this composition. I did not quite realize myself, before, what I meant. In fact, I thought it was something quite different. will now listen to a dance by Miss Ta-rara de Swirlsky, with incidental sounds by Mr. Mahler's band-the Fifth Nocturn and a prelude, both by Chopin. I regret that the composer could not be present in person. He was unavoidably detained by a bad attack of temperature - I mean temperament. But he sent word that he was glad to learn of his mistake. You see, he thought he had composed these pieces to be played upon the old-fashioned pianoforte!"

The curtains part. Mr. Mahler takes his place before the band, which is con-

cealed in the cellar. Miss Ta-ra-ra de Swirlsky enters, wearing a similar costume to Miss All-line, save that her mosquito-netting is red, and she uses a different brand of dental paste. She waves her arms rather less than Miss All-line, but she interprets much more energetically with her other members. The subtle differentiation of her interpretation is best indicated by the fact that she does not fall down upon the stage at the conclusion. This shows that Chopin, in the Fifth Nocturn, had not yet reached the depth of cosmic philosophy attained by Beethoven when he wrote his great quartet. As the curtains close, the ladies murmur ecstatically.

THE GHOST OF BEETHOVEN—"Next, ladies—and the gentleman in the second row to the left—we will listen to a dance by Miss Izzy-do-a Cancan, with incidental sounds by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. The work chosen for interpretation is none other than my Seventh Symphony."

The curtains part, showing that the stage hangings have been changed to baby-blue. Miss Izzy-do-a Cancan appears, clad in a white lace pocket-hand-

kerchief. She, too, waves her arms and circles the stage, but it may be noted, by careful observation, that she occasionally dances. This is the subtle fragrance of her interpretation, its glorious intellectuality. The symphony is based upon dance rhythms! She occasionally dances!! The ladies explain this to one another after the curtains close again. There is a rustling murmur of excitement. It is almost educational.

THE GHOST OF BEETHOVEN-" And now, ladies-and the gentleman in the second row to the left-why, where has he gone?-well, no matter-now, ladies, I have a regrettable announcement to make. Miss All-line and Miss Hopman were to have interpreted in turn, for purposes of artistic comparison, the dance of Salome. But this number will have to be omitted. The management, you see, seriously objected. They refused to allow any dead heads in the house! So, instead, Miss All-line and Miss Hopman have kindly consented to give, one after the other, interpretations of Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song,' played by the combined Boston Symphony and New York Philharmonic Orchestras, with six auto-



THE TERPSICHOREAN "INTERPRETATION" OF THE "SPRING SONG"—MENDELSSOHN MIGHT HAVE
BEEN PUZZLED HAD HE BEEN PRESENT TO WITNESS THE PERFORMANCE

mobile-horns and a wind-machine for Miss Hopman hops up and down, and realistic atmosphere:"

The curtains part, disclosing Miss All-

she is followed by all the Muses, who also hop up and down. Red paper roses and other vivid flowers are scattered about line modestly clad in a white tulle veil, the stage. Little bare boys enter, playing



AT THE CONCLUSION OF THE CONCERT, THE DANCERS ARE SEEN, WRAPPED IN FURS, LEAVING THE STAGE ENTRANCE IN THEIR MOTOR-CARS

which reaches to her ankles. She runs lightly round and round the stage picking up tacks, which she subtly interprets as wild flowers, and sniffs at ecstatically. The ladies, at the conclusion, murmur:

"Did you see her costume-long and warm? That means that she interprets the spring of a northern clime—a New England spring, perhaps. Is it not wonderful?"

Mendelssohn, however, might have been puzzled had he been present to witness the performance.

Once more the music begins down cellar, and enter Miss Gertrude Hopman.

upon property pipes of Pan. The dance grows animated. The ladies murmur:

" Again wonderful! Hers is the spring of the sunny southland-her costume indicated that, and the red, red flowers. It is a pagan spring; the other was Puritan. Isn't it marvelous that Mendelssohn could thus conceal two meanings in his pretty work?"

THE GHOST OF BEETHOVEN-" Now. ladies, I have a treat for you. Miss Loie Fool-yer will interpret the 'Hallelujah Chorus,' from Handel's 'Messiah,' with her hands."

The house is plunged in darkness. The curtains part, showing a black stage, with the dim figures of the Muses crouching upon it. At the rear, in a bright spotlight shed down from above, stands Miss Fool-yer, in a black robe and cowl, so that only her white arms and hands are visible. As the music sounds, she lifts her arms, the hands flapping loosely from the wrists, and waves them in time to the band. Gradually she raises them higher and higher, finally clapping them together. The Muses suddenly rise, and a spot-light falls upon each. They, too, clap their hands. Everybody claps her hands. The Ghost of Beethoven claps his hands. The curtains close amid a thunder of applause.

THE GHOST OF BEETHOVEN-" I am sure, ladies, that you have been impressed alike by the novelty of this performance, its revelation of hitherto unguessed forms of musical expression, and by its deep religious devotion. It was, indeed, the 'Rhapsody of the Glad Hand'! Our program will now conclude with a grand finale by all the dancers, the Muses, the combined orchestra, and the bedchamber quartet, together with the automobilehorns, the wind-machine, six jew's-harps, and a pony ballet of clog-dancers performing on a sounding-board behind the The work chosen for interpretation is none other than Mr. George M. Cohan's justly admired masterpiece, 'Harrigan.'

"The ladies are politely requested to keep their seats, and not to put on their hats and rubbers until the conclusion of the performance. We wish to preserve the artistic continuity of the mood."

The curtains part, showing bright green hangings, with Irish harps prominently displayed. Over all is draped an American flag, tied with green bows. The music opens with a fanfare of automobile-horns, followed by a moaning andante on the wind-machine, a brace of resonant chords from the jew's-harps, and then the full orchestra, forte, the rhythm accentuated by the clog-steppers in the wings. The dancers enter with a whirl, clad in green gauze, with shamrock wreaths in their hair. In addition to this symbolism of their costume, their interpretation of this difficult and obscure piece of music is of wonderful subtlety. Each dances just as her personal whim dictates. This signifies Home Rule!

The audience goes mad with esthetic enthusiasm, and crowds toward the stage, recklessly hurling bunches of violets, boxes of candy, orchids, powder-puffs, and gold net purses at the dancers, who show their skill by picking up these tokens of appreciation without losing the rhythm.

At the conclusion of the concert, the dancers are seen, wrapped in furs, leaving the stage entrance in their motorcars. The Ghost of Beethoven, in a shockingly bad top hat and a threadbare coat of ancient pattern, is requested to "move on, there;" by a vigilant policeman, and starts, shivering, toward the Subway.

IN OUR VILLAGE

Not many dwellers in our valley
Have looked upon the Alps and Rhine;
But all may walk the woods in April,
Where mountain torrents roar and shine
Along our glens of spruce and pine.

Not many make so far a journey
As in some old cathedral dim
To hear a thousand-throated organ;
Yet oft we thrill in every limb,
When our young choir sings Luther's hymn.

And few cry out, "O altitudo!"

Or wrapped in speechless transport move;
And yet we breed a homely sainthood,
And acts of faith full many prove,
When violets spring on graves they love.

THE SONS OF GREAT MEN

WHY HAVE THEY SO SELDOM INHERITED THE GENIUS OF THEIR FATHERS?

BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

THERE are two popular beliefs which are very widely and very generally held, but which appear at first sight to contradict each other. The first is a belief in the value of ancestry in determining one's character and capacity. The second is an equally deep-rooted conviction that great men seldom or never have great sons. Are these two opinions well founded? And, if so, how can they be reconciled?

The importance of ancestry is attested by physiologists, and is practically denied by no one. We recognize it in the lower animals, in the careful breeding of dogs and horses. We recognize it by implication, also, in our estimate of men and women; and it is acknowledged in many a well-worn phrase of our common speech. "He comes of a good stock," is a saying that we often hear. "Blood will tell," is a maxim of the people.

Nor does this tenet necessarily involve an acceptance of the aristocratic principle. It means only that a man whose parents and grandparents have led clean lives, and have been persons of upright character and intellectual force, has a far better chance of success in the struggle for existence than one in whose progenitors are found moral or physical or mental weakness. "Like father, like son," is another proverb which crystallizes the same belief.

On the other hand, it is also accepted as almost a truism that very marked ability in the father is usually balanced by a marked inferiority in his offspring, as if Nature had exhausted herself in creating one supreme product, and had then rested, allowing, by the theory of compensation, dull mediocrity to offset transcen-

dent genius. Yet, if ancestry be so powerful a factor in the molding of individuals, the son of a great man ought to be still greater, until a race of gods should be evolved to guide and dominate the common mass of our humanity. The son should, as it were, begin where his father left off, possessing the inheritance of his parent's wisdom, experience, and virility, and with these he should press on indomitably to still greater triumphs. This, however, is obviously not the case. Setting aside a few remarkable exceptions, the contrary will be found to represent the general truth. The exceptions are not sufficiently important to do more than prove what is apparently the rule.

Some families, indeed, have shown a sustained vigor, a genetic momentum, which has inscribed upon their records more than one great name; but they are not numerous, and most of them belong to the second or third, and not to the very first, rank of those whom the world calls truly great. In literature, for instance, the name of Dumas suggests a transmission of power. The fighting general of that name begot the great romancer, and the romancer had for his son the cleverest French dramatist of modern times. In statesmanship, Lord Chatham sired William Pitt, an abler statesman even than his father; while in our own country the name of Adams is linked with four generations of honorable achievement. In science, Charles Darwin's father, and especially his grandfather, Erasmus Darwin, are remembered for their own attainments as well as for their relationship to the author of "The Origin of Species."

But how meager is any such list when

set against the instances of deterioration! Where is the blood successor of a Cicero, a Goethe, a Molière, a Dickens, or a Browning in literature, or of a Michelangelo, a Rubens, a Vandyke, or a Murillo in art? Contrast Napoleon the Great, setting his heel upon the neck of Europe, with the puny boy, his son, weak, amiable, and inefficient, fit only to be the theme of a drama of commiseration. Contrast Wellington, the Iron Duke, with his sterile son. A Bismarck leaves as his heirs a profligate and a commonplace young bureaucrat. A Gladstone, whose fiery spirit flamed out as fiercely in his seventieth year as in his youth, begets a peaceful country clergyman and an undistinguished officeholder. Froebel, who taught the world how best to train the young, saw his own son grow up an utter failure.

In our own country, the great Franklin gave his name to an unworthy successor. Webster, the lionlike, transmitted neither his intellect nor his vigor to his male heirs. There has arisen no second Hamilton, no second Clay, no second Lincoln, to recall the unique genius of their fathers.

It would be tedious to extend the list. The great men of all time have often had sons who were worthy citizens and sometimes valuable members of society; but only an insignificant minority have seemed to bequeath the surpassing gifts of heart and brain which they themselves displayed for the enlightenment or the betterment of the world. Not without good reason is it said that great men's sons are seldom great.

THE HANDICAP OF GREAT PARENTAGE

Of this curious fact several explanations have been given, of which two may be considered here, before setting forth a third. The superficially plausible solution is that which lies in the remark that the very eminence of the parent is a serious discouragement to the son. From childhood he is overshadowed by his father's fame. He lives, as it were, in a perpetual eclipse. From the outset, whatever he does is compared with what his father has achieved. His beginnings are contrasted with the other's ultimate results. This, it is said, breeds a certain discouragement, a chronic hopeless-

ness. One can conceive the son of a Bismarck as saying to himself:

"What chance is there for me? My father has carved out a great name for himself in history. If I attempt to follow his example, those who honor him will, from the outset, expect too much from me. Those who are his enemies will belittle all my efforts, and will try to make me fail because they are jealous of his fame. I am handicapped in both ways, and so I must content myself with being just my father's son."

Moreover, in the case of one who has the alleged disadvantage of an illustrious father, the way is often made too smooth. He does not have to overcome the obstacles which others must struggle to surmount. He is exempted from the strife which toughens the aspirant's fiber and excites his intellectual power to an almost preternatural activity. "The son of his father" finds it all too easy, and he becomes enervated at the very time when he needs the stimulus of opposition and the joy of battle to arouse him.

This theory is not entirely unreasonable; yet in its very essence it concedes the point at issue. It makes the son of the great man feel and speak and argue like a man of common mold. The ordinary person would undoubtedly give up in this half-hearted manner. He would feel himself eclipsed and overshadowed. But if he had his father's genius as well as his father's name, he would not for one instant sit down in such unmanly fashion and accept the place of a nonentity. The example of his father would be not a deterrent, but an inspiration. It would nerve him to the most strenuous effort. He would set his teeth and clench his hands, and vow that, instead of living in the light of another's glory, he would, by his own brain and nerve and power, achieve glory for himself.

When the son of a great man fails to do this, he shows by that very fact that he has inherited nothing but his name. He has no part nor lot in what has made that name illustrious.

There is another theory which is decidedly a popular one, in the sense that it rests upon no scientific basis, but is to be grouped with other fancies that spring up in untutored minds. Some say that men who rise to eminence ex-

pend their powers so lavishly that they have nothing to transmit to the second generation; that they put into their ambition, their love, their life-work all of the vitality and mental force which would naturally go into the children of their body. Hence, their achievements are their true offspring. The play, the poem, the painting, the statue, the scheme of statecraft, the victory on the stricken field—these are the real sons of genius, more surely so than are those sons who are begotten, not of the brain and soul, but only of the loins.

It is an attractive notion, this, because it is so picturesque; but it is contrary to all that we have learned of the deep mystery of generation. A different and much more reasonable explanation of the deficiencies of great men's sons is to be found in certain interesting facts.

GREAT KINGS HAVE HAD GREAT SONS

In the first place, I have purposely omitted to refer to one remarkable exception to what otherwise would seem to be almost a rule of general application. Great authors, great artists, great soldiers, great statesmen, and great masters of science do not seem to bequeath their powers to their descendants; but the case is otherwise with great kings of a long-established royal line. If we go back beyond the period of constitutional government, which has reduced the monarch to the position of a figurehead, we shall find that the rulers of nations have often transmitted to their male heirs the masterfulness and the extraordinary gift for leadership which were necessary to the autocratic king who wished his dynasty to endure.

Take, for example, in English history, the Norman and Plantagenet monarchs, and see how, with scarce a break, the power passes on from sire to son unchecked and undiminished. The list includes William, who conquered Saxon England; the fierce but able William Rufus; Henry I, a shrewd and cunning statesman; Henry II, a great lawgiver, one of the most brilliant of English kings; Richard, not only a superb warrior, but a subtle ruler of men; John, evil, but a master of intrigue; and the first and third Edwards, who stand high

above all the rest.

The Tudors and the Stuarts exhibit the same continuity of genius; and while morally they may be readily condemned, their mental powers and the impressiveness of their personality cannot be gainsaid. In Germany, the Hohenzollerns have shown equal tenacity in transmitting the qualities of force and wisdom—from the founder of the royal house, down through the great Frederick and the first William, who made Germany an empire, to the short-lived Frederick and his son, the present Kaiser, who, with all his medievalism, is the greatest personality in Europe.

Yet, why should this be so? Why should that be true of kings which is not

true of other men?

THE INFLUENCE OF MATERNITY

Do we not too easily forget that great men's sons have also mothers? And do we not at the same time forget that, in the main, it is the mother who most contributes to the intellect and character of the son, while the father is more accurately reflected in the daughter? If we bear these two facts in mind, it will help us to arrive at a clearer understanding of the apparent anomalies in our problem.

The great man who is below kingly rank marries as he will—for love, perhaps, for money, or for position, and often at an early age when his discrimination has not been developed. Hence his wife may be any woman—good and virtuous and a "comfortable" wife—but not the picked woman, nor probably the woman to impart exceptional qualities to her sons. Indeed, the less usual the man, the more usual the wife is apt to be.

One recalls the dowdy little grisette with whom Heine mated; the rouged and raddled old woman whom Samuel Johnson's bleared eyes mistook for an enticing beauty; the shrew Shakespeare married; the prosaic housewife whose mind was given wholly to the care of her linen-closets while her husband, the Wizard of the North, was weaving his immortal romances; the decent bourgeoise who bore Victor Hugo's name; the orderly German hausfrau who became the Princess Bismarck; the boarding-house flirt who captured the serious Madison, and with him reached the White House; and the plain

farmer's daughter who was the wife of

Webster's youth.

Men of this type wed as it were by accident, and because of the chances of proximity. It is seldom enough that they give much thought to the selection of a wife, since marriage, with them, is but an episode amid the stress of what appears to them the more important business of their lives. And if they have sons, the sons are the sons of the mother, and only in a physical sense the sons of the father too.

But with the kings of the older line the rule was different. When kingship meant true domination, the king was the fittest man to rule, and he did rule by virtue of his warlike prowess, his craft, his personal gifts. He held his throne by the right of natural selection, even though he may have styled this natural selection the grace of God. And when he mated, he took to himself the daughter of some other king-a woman upon whom was stamped the impress of her father's power, and who represented all the vigor of body and mind which made her male ancestors what they were. Hence, she bore to her husband sons of her own kind, fit to succeed himprinces of a truly royal breed.

This is why the Norman rulers of England and the Plantagenets were so virile, and why their virility was transmitted from generation to generation. What more natural than that an Eleanor of Aquitaine should bear a Cœur de Lion, or that a Philippa of Hainault should be the mother of a Black Prince, the con-

queror of France?

A striking illustration of my thesis is found in the family record of Henry VIII-a man of furious passions and tyrannical temper, yet none the less a great and splendid man. By the mild and virtuous Jane Seymour, Henry had his only son, who afterward reigned as Edward VI, and who was the very replica of his mother—as gentle, as good, as tractable as that estimable lady, and without a trace of his father's fire and force. But the two daughters, Mary and Elizabeth, children of Catherine of Aragon and of Anne Boleyn, were Henry's very flesh and blood, with all his faults and with all his Tudor pride and potency. Mary had her father's obstinacy and his bigotry, but she had his high courage, too. Elizabeth had all his pride, his passion, and his wantonness, but she possessed as well his subtlety, his learning, and his inborn gift for statecraft.

The son, then, resembled his mother and was commonplace; the daughters resembled the father and were, like Maria Theresa, not queens so much as kings.

Napoleon affords another instance. His father, Carlo Buonaparte, was a nonentity; but his mother, Letizia Ramolino, sprung from the old Florentine nobility, was an Italian of the medieval type, strong-willed and masterful, wise, subtle, and far-seeing; and from her the future emperor derived his almost supernatural genius. Napoleon's own son was but a weakling, because he was his mother's child, reproducing the negative, indefinite character of Marie Louise. Had Josephine given a son to the great conqueror, the map of Europe might be different to-day.

THE CASE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

And last of all, out of many curiously convincing examples, I may cite the most remarkable of all. How can we account for the career of Abraham Lincoln, a man born into the most abject poverty, bred under the most depressing and disheartening conditions, and apparently doomed by sheer force of circumstances to perpetual obscurity, and yet one who rose to take his place beside the stately Washington in the pantheon of all time? Lincoln's father was of the extreme type of "poor whites," thriftless, ignorant, inefficient-one who was never able, unaided, to earn even a miserable living. How came such a man to be the father of such a son?

In answering this question, some have invented a legend to the effect that Lincoln was not the offspring of his putative father, but of a member of the Marshall family of Virginia, and that in consequence he had in his veins the blood of the great jurist who interpreted the Constitution when the republic was still young. There never has been adduced a scrap of evidence to support this story; and it is refuted by the fact that in his physical appearance Abraham Lin-

coln bore the stamp of Thomas—in the coarse black hair, the ungainly limbs, and

the abnormal stature.

The true solution was given by Lincoln himself in 1850 to his friend and biographer, Mr. W. H. Herndon. He said that his mother was the natural daughter of an unknown Virginian planter—a man of wealth and good position. "He argued"—so Herndon states—"that from this source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, and his ambition." In a word, Abraham Lincoln was his mother's son,

and from her he drew the qualities which made him what he finally became.

Here, then, is the answer to a question that is often asked; and by it we may reconcile the apparently conflicting views to which I made a reference at the beginning of this paper. Blood will tell. Ancestry means much. Yet great men's sons, nevertheless, are seldom great; for in the male descendants their characters are given, not by the fathers who begot them, but by the mothers who bore them either to the lot of ordinary mortals or to a heritage of imperishable fame.

ISADORE LEVINSKY, DECEASED

BY HOWARD P. ROCKEY

ITH a caution born of unfamiliarity, Isadore Levinsky pushed open the swinging - door of Sullivan's saloon and stepped in. Hesitating a moment, he surveyed the startling array of mirrors and glassware. Then, without so much as a nod to the astonished bartender, the bent, shuffling figure made its way through into the back room.

From his chair by the window the proprietor, in shirt-sleeves and collarless, looked up questioningly. "Levinsky's Gents' Furnishing Emporium," just down the street, was familiar to Sullivan, but never before had the owner entered his saloon, it being against Isadore's principles to spend five cents for beer when soda-water, which could be had for three cents, would quench his thirst quite as well.

"Hello!" Sullivan called in cheery greeting. "How's business?"

Levinsky looked at him sadly.

"Pusiness?" he whined. "Forever I am through with pusiness!" Sullivan watched him with amused surprise as he dug down into the mysterious depths of the pocket in his baggy trousers and drew out a well-worn leather purse. "Meestair Sullivan," he said, selecting a coin, "here is a nickel. For it give to me a glass with beer."

"Beer!" Sullivan exclaimed in astonishment. "Say, ain't you getting kind of sporty, Jerusalem?"

"I am going to the dogs!" Levinsky

answered with conviction.

Sullivan laughed, and laid aside his newspaper, while Levinsky thoughtfully balanced the purse upon the palm of his hand.

"Tom!" Sullivan called to the man in the white coat. "Levinsky's going on a jag. Bring him a goblet of suds, for a starter!"

With a weary air the dissipated one seated himself at the little table and removed his battered derby. As the bartender set the beer down before him, Levinsky's eyes still looked doubtfully at the purse; but he opened the catch again and studied its contents.

"Meestair Sullivan!" He beckoned the big Irishman to his side. "Iss it that you are too busy for to sit down py me for a little while yet?"

"Why, no," said Sullivan.

Levinsky extracted another nickel from the purse.

"Then for you will I buy beer also,"

he said.

"Now, don't get reckless," Sullivan cautioned. "What's wrong? You look like a ghost."

"A-a ghost!" Levinsky stared at him in horror. "I look like a ghost?" he gasped. "Then maybe it iss true that I am dead!"

"Say, look here! Are you batty?"

Sullivan demanded.

"Batty? If it is like that a man iss when he has been buried, maybe then I am," Isadore whispered.
"Dead? Buried? Say, what are you

trying to get at, anyway?"
"It iss this. Look!" From his vestpocket Levinsky took a dirty newspaper clipping, and unfolded it carefully before pushing it across the table. With a puzzled air Sullivan studied the hieroglyphics; then he turned the clipping upside down and inspected it again.

"Sing it yourself," he said. "I can't

read music.'

" Music? Meestair Sullivan, forgive me. It iss from the Yiddish newspaper. Here iss one in English."

"Why, it's a death notice!" said Sulli-

"It iss-mine," Levinsky assented.

"Yours!" Sullivan exclaimed, and read it again, while Levinsky watched him eagerly. "'Levinsky, Isadore, beloved husband of Rachel Levinsky. Suddenly, on the 6th instant. Interment private, from the rooms of the Khevra Shalom Beneficial and Burial Society, Friday, 2 P.M.'"

He stopped and looked suspiciously at Levinsky, who shrugged his shoulders and

nodded.

"Three weeks it iss since that is in the newspapers," he said. "To-morrow it iss three weeks since I have been buried."

Slowly he raised his foaming goblet and inspected it. Embarrassed by Sullivan's scrutiny, he moistened his lips with the beer; then, pleased with the result, he took a long draft.

"You mean to say you have been dead and buried three weeks, and yet you sit here and drink in my place?" said Sullivan angrily. "G'wan, don't kid me!"

Frightened at the saloon-keeper's tone, Levinsky suddenly drank the whole con-

tents of his goblet.

" Please, Meestair Sullivan, be not offended," he pleaded. "It iss the truth I speak. For vy am I dead and buried, you ask? Let us drink again and I will eggsplain."

Sullivan hesitated, and Levinsky again produced the purse.

"I will pay for more beer," he said resignedly.

"Fire ahead, then," Sullivan com-" Tom!" manded.

Nervously Levinsky watched the bartender fill the goblets at the faucet; and not until the man had gone behind the bar again did he begin to speak.

" For vy am I dead and buried, for vy am I a homeless wanderer upon the face of the earth, a living man and yet gathered unto my forefathers?" he began. "It iss because I am in love with my Rachel, because I love my wife-"

"But oh, you kid?" Sullivan inter-

rupted questioningly.

Levinsky shook his head in indignant

"Never have I even made eyes at Miriam, the daughter of Berkowitz, who attends at the soda-fountain next door by my place," he said. "Very beautiful iss Miriam, and her eyes shine like the stars would if they were black, but I do not notice her. I am a model husband, and I have money by the bank. Together Rachel and me we keep the store, we do a good pusiness, and together we are happy until comes by the place one day that Sol Frank-"

"Ho, ho!" said Sullivan. "Enter the villain, as they say in the play, eh?"

Levinsky took another drink and wiped

his lips upon his sleeve.

"A villain he iss, you say, Meestair Sullivan? You are a clever man, but wait until you hear. No good iss this Frank. He iss what you call a sport; his clothes he has made by a swell tailor, and he goes each week by the barber-shop to have his nails manicured. When first he comes by my store he iss a salesman for Einstein & Fiegelbaum, those novelty house. To me he iss very polite, and from him I puy goods. Py and py he comes again, and I see him wink at Miriam as she sits by the soda-fountain next door.

"'She iss a pippin!' this Frank says

"I tell him he iss a sly dog, for when he leaves my store I see him stop and talk with her. But for vy iss it my pusiness if he speaks with Miriam Berkowitz? Perhaps, I think, they will make together a wedding."

Levinsky paused and sipped at his beer

again; then he resumed.

"Next time he comes Rachel iss by the store, and for a long time, when I have bought from him more goods, he laughs with her by the door.

"'That Frank, he iss a funny fellow,' Rachel says to me when he has gone.

"'Look out for him,' I tell her. 'He

iss a sport!'

"But I like him, for he gets me ninety days' dating on the goods I puy, and never before has a salesman from Einstein & Fiegelbaum got for me such good terms.

"After while comes New Year—not your New Year, Meestair Sullivan, but that of the Jews; and comes for Rachel a present—a pair of silk stockings costing three dollars by the stores up-town.

"' For vy do you get these stockings?'

I ask her.

"She says' they are from Meestair Frank. I do not like it, and so I tell her, but she only laughs at me and says:

"'From him you puy goods - vy should he not send to me a present?"

"Vell, I am satisfied, and we go together by the synagogue, and Rachel she wears those stockings. Those stockings! Meestair Sullivan, from them iss it that my trouble all comes, for they are job lots that Frank has picked up by a bargain sale somewhere, and soon they are filled with holes. Then Rachel comes by me in the evening, and she cries. No more will she be admired by the other women at the synagogue, she complains, and it iss a shame.

"'You do a good pusiness,' she says to me, 'and you have money by the bank. It iss right that you should puy me stockings like these which are now worn out.'"

"And the blow killed you—is that it?" Sullivan asked.

Levinsky looked at him reproachfully. "It is not," he said. "Vait and I will tell to you it all." He looked down at the empty goblet before him, and sighed. "Meestair Sullivan," he inquired meaningly, "do not you in your pusiness sometimes give to your customers beer without paying, when they come regularly here?"

Sullivan laughed good-naturedly. "Set 'em up again, Tom," he said. Levinsky smiled expectantly.

"The beer is very pleasant," he murmured. "Vell, I explain to Rachel that pusiness is not good; everywhere there are hard times, and I cannot afford those stockings of silk.

"'You do not love me any more,' she says; and she cries a great deal, until I tell her that gladly would I die for her, so much do I love her, but those silk

stockings I cannot puy."

There were tears in Levinsky's eyes now, and his tongue wagged more freely. Very confidentially he leaned forward to Sullivan and laid his long, thin fingers upon the Irishman's brawny arm.

"When I tell her I would die for her, she quickly dries her tears, and laughs a

great deal.

"'For vy do you laugh at me?' I ask.
"She puts her arms about my neck to

give to me a kiss.

"'This long time you have put by money in that Khevra Shalom Beneficial and Burial Society, iss it not the truth?' she asks of me. 'Then,' she says, 'do as you say, and die for me; for then could

I have those silk stockings!'

"I tell her that she iss a wicked woman, for does not the Talmud teach that a woman shall honor her husband, and that she shall not be covetous. But still she laughs at me, and when that Sol Frank comes in she tells to him what she has said. He laughs, too, very loud, and says it iss a good joke. For a long time I stand it, and then one day, when I go by the bank, I say to her as I leave:

"'Suppose I should be run over as I am crossing the street; you would be sorry you had laughed at me and vished I

should die!'

"' If you vill not keep your eyes in the street for money some one has dropped, you vill not be run over,' she says, and goes back into the store, where a customer

iss vaiting.

"All the way to the bank I think of her, and my heart iss sore. Perhaps, if I should die, she would be sorry, I think; but I cannot die, for then what would it be to me if she regretted what she had said to me? As I come from the bank I think how much I love her, and I say to myself:

"'I will walk by the store, and so save the nickel I would spend should I ride by the trolley-car. Then this evening I vill puy for Rachel a glass of soda-water with ice-cream; and she vill be sorry without

my dying.

"Half-way home I am passing a lot where there iss no building, and there iss a sign which says there iss danger because of blasting there. I hurry along that I may not be hurt by that blasting, when there comes a great noise, and suddenly I see a piece of rock falling. In front of me iss a dago, and I call to him to look out; but I am too late, for that rock hits him and breaks his head just like this!"

With a graphic sweep of his hand, Levinsky struck the goblet in front of him and sent it crashing to the floor.

"Hey!" said Sullivan. "Cut it out!

That'll cost you ten cents."

"I am sorry," Levinsky apologized. "I did not think, so excited vas I. Could you not, Meestair Sullivan, if I bought more of your beer, forget that I broke your glass?"

"You're a queer one," Sullivan laughed, calling the bartender again.

"Go on with your yarn."

"Then you will overlook that glass, and I need not pay the ten cents?' vinsky persisted. "Thank you, Meestair Sullivan, you are a good man. when I look at that dago, he iss dead, and his face you would not know it. Suppose it had been me that was killed, I thought! Then Rachel would have been sorry for what she had said to me. I look around quickly, and there is nobody near me, but some men are running across that lot. Before they can come up to us, I take from my coat-pocket some bills for goods I have not yet paid, and my cards with the name of 'Levinsky's Gents' Furnishing Emporium' on them. These I put in the pocket of that dago; and as the men come up, all excited and yelling, I shout

"'Levinsky is dead! He is killed!"

"Then comes that patrol-wagon, and they take away that Levinsky what iss dead. When they have gone, I stand and laugh a great laugh until I shake all over, such a joke iss it! That dago they think iss Levinsky, and I am not at all dead. Rachel she vill veep—she vill be sorry. Then I vill go back and comfort her, and no more vill she bother me for those stockings of silk."

He sat back in his chair and chuckled

gleefully, until he remembered his present troubles. Then, with a sigh, he went on with his story.

III

"From that place I go by a lodginghouse up-town, vhere I get board py the week for thirty-five cents by the day. By the newspapers I see that Isadore Levinsky he iss killed very dead, and these notices I read. Still I laugh, for it iss such a good joke that I play on Rachel, and she will be so glad when I return. Vhen comes the day for that funeral, I go out to the cemetery and vait. Such a funeral, Meestair Sullivan! That Khevra Shalom Beneficial and Burial Society is a great pusiness, sure! Do they not have a big hearse with two horses of black, then a carriage with six pall-bearers inside of it, each of them vearing a tall hat and gloves of white? Then comes behind it a carriage with the shades pulled down. Such a funeral costs two hundred and twenty-five dollars, already!

"In that carriage with the shades pulled down, I say to myself, iss Rachel, and her eyes will be red with veeping. Meestair Sullivan, I am that proud of that funeral! I could shout for joy, so happy am I! Then the carriage door opens and out steps that Sol Frank! To put his diamond pin in, he vears a black necktie, and very carefully he helps my Rachel out of that carriage. She iss all in black, with a new dress, and she vears a veil like mosquito-netting, also of black,

so I cannot see if she veeps.

"Meestair Sullivan, I am sick at my heart! Such a nice funeral vas it until I see that Sol Frank! Almost could I rush in and spoil it!"

Overcome by the memory of the sight, Levinsky stopped and wiped his eyes. Sullivan leaned forward on the table and buried his face in his hands, his broad shoulders shaking convulsively. Levinsky was touched at the other's emotion.

"Meestair Sullivan," he said, "you are a fine man, but do not veep for me.

Vait!"

Sullivan looked up and covered his face with a red handkerchief, from behind which came uncontrollable explosions.

"Tom," he shouted, "bring some more beer—it's worth it!"

"Vell," Levinsky resumed, "I go home

from that funeral-or, instead, I go to that lodging-house and I stay until last night. Then I think there iss enough of a joke. I vill go back to the store, I think, and Rachel vill be glad again. Maybe, I think, vill I buy for her a pair of those silk stockings, just for a joke; but I must have money. In the morning have I given the keeper of that lodging - house a check to cash for me by the bank, and I go to him for the money. Vat you think? He say the teller by the bank says that iss the signature of Levinsky all right, but Levinsky he iss dead, and he cannot cash that check. Meestair Sullivan, by that bank iss all my money, and I cannot get it because I am dead, when I am not dead!

"It iss enough! No more iss it a joke. Straight to the store do I go, even if it iss late. Vhen I get by the street outside such a shock have I! That beautiful sign of 'Levinsky's Gents' Furnishing Emporium,' for which I pay eight dollars and seventy-five cents to Moe Cohen, it iss gone, and instead hangs one that says: 'Estate of Isadore Levinsky—Sol

Frank, Manager.'

"Meestair Sullivan, I am mad! I go in, and there iss Rachel alone.

"' Rachel,' I say to her, ' I am not dead

-I have come back!'

"' Deceiver!' she calls at me.

"'Rachel,' I say, 'how am I one of those things?'

"Like a voman mad she jumps at me.
"'Go away!' she says. 'You are
dead, and that Khevra Shalom Beneficial
and Burial Society they pay me five hundred dollars because you are buried!'

"' But it iss a dago that iss buried, not

me, Levinsky,' I explain.

"'Levinsky is dead,' she insists, very angry at me. 'You vished to be dead, stay dead!'

"Then I tell her of the money I cannot get by the bank, and the sign, I ask

vat means it.

"'That money iss now mine, for you are dead,' she says. 'That sign means that to-morrow I am making a marriage

with Meestair Frank.'

"Now I am very mad! It iss all for that Sol Frank! He iss a sport, he iss no good! I say I am not dead, and I vill not be dead, but by golly I vill make of that Sol Frank a real dead!"

"Sick 'em, Jerusalem!" Sullivan en-

couraged him.

"And vat you think she say to me then—vat you think?" Levinsky demanded. "She say that if I am not dead I will be put by the jail, because that Khevra Shalom Beneficial and Burial Society it has paid to her that five hundred dollars. She says if I am not dead, I am a swindler!

"' How do you know I am a swin-

dler?' I ask.

"' Meestair Frank told me so,' she says. 'Go away and be dead again, or I

vill call in the policeman!'

"Even as she says it, a policeman stops to laugh with Miriam Berkowitz, and I am afraid. I beg of Rachel that she vill not do this thing. I ask her to give me a chance not to be dead. I offer to buy for her silk stockings so many as she can vear all the time, but she vill not have it, and she drives me out from the store.

"In my trouble I go back to that lodging-house, where it costs me thirty-five cents by the day, vhen I should live by my home for nothing. This morning I come again by the store, but the shutters they are up, and down the street I see go that Sol Frank and my Rachel by one of these taxicab automobiles which you pay by the hour. A kid is standing in the street, and I ask him who iss that.

"'It iss Mrs. Sol Frank,' he tells to me. 'She vas Levinsky's wife, but he

vent and died on her.' "

He stopped and drank his beer slowly, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

"And what are you going to do?" Sul-

livan asked.

"Do? Vat iss there I can do?" Levinsky said helplessly. "If I am not dead, I am in jail. If I am alive, my Rachel iss not married by that Sol Frank, and already iss the wedding over. If I am not who I am, who am I?"

"Perhaps you're the dago that was

killed," Sullivan suggested.

Levinsky shook his head. Wearily he

arose and put on his hat.

"Good-by, Meestair Sullivan," he said. "Some day will I come again and buy more beer."

"Good-by, Levinsky," said Sullivan. With his hand upon the swinging-door

Levinsky paused.

"You are wrong," he said mournfully.
"I am not Levinsky. I am dead!"

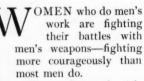


MISS ELEANOR B. ALEXANDER, DAUGHTER OF MRS. HENRY ADDISON ALEXANDER, OF NEW YORK, AND FIANCÉE OF THEODORE ROOSEVELT, JR.

WOMEN IN A LABOR WAR

HOW THE WORKING GIRLS OF THE NEW YORK EAST SIDE HAVE LEARNED TO USE MEN'S WEAPONS IN A STRUGGLE FOR BETTER CONDITIONS

BY ALLAN L. BENSON



Three thousand girls had assembled in the Cooper Union, New York—the building in which Abraham Lincoln made his famous oration in the year before the outbreak of the Civil War. The girls were shirtwaist-makers, They had gathered to decide

whether the thirty thousand young women engaged in the same work in New York should institute a general strike.

A number of speeches were made. There were many "ifs," "maybes," and "buts." All of the speakers seemed to have their minds on the thermometer—for it was cold outside.

Suddenly, a slip of a girl rose in the body of the hall. She asked to be permitted to speak. The chairman didn't know her. She was interrupting the program. He wanted to introduce somebody else; but a ripple of cheers caused him to give the girl the permission she sought.

She threaded her way through the crowded aisles to the platform. The spectators saw that, in years, she was little more than a child. That didn't matter. Most of the shirtwaist girls were little more than children. Few were above twenty; many were sixteen, and even fourteen. So they were glad to listen to another who was little more than a child.

She began in a plaintive tone, speaking simply in her native Yiddish; but her simple words seemed barbed with fire. Outsiders who could not understand Yiddish were unable to comprehend what was happening. The great audience, which had been almost indifferent to the other speakers, suddenly became demonstrative. Every girl was on her feet—cheering more and more enthusiastically.

This is what the little shirtwaist girl said, in effect:

"I am a working girl—one of those who are suffering from intolerable conditions. I thought we came here to decide whether we should all go on a strike. The speakers seem to think that we came here only to talk. I am tired of so much talk. We have only one thing to do—to vote to strike or not to strike. For my part, I offer a resolution that we go on a strike—now."

Then the little girl disappeared through the wings to return to her seat. She never reached her seat. There was too much confusion—too much cheering; there were too many outstretched hands. And one of those hands pulled her into a seat far down in front.

When the tumult subsided, the chairman bethought himself of his parliamentary law. No resolution could be put to a vote without a seconder—and the little girl's resolution to strike *now* had not been seconded. Did anybody care to second it?

Did anybody care to second it? Why, there wasn't a girl in the hall, apparently, who would not have fought her way over the footlights, if necessary, to second it. Everybody seconded it; and a moment later, when the resolution was put to a vote, everybody voted for it.

The strike was on! One small voice had called out thirty thousand girls; called them out at the beginning of winter; called them out when their immediate and imperative needs were calling them back.

The strike was on! But it was not too late to call it off, if, after second thought, it should seem desirable to do so. The chairman told the girls they should be sure they knew what they were doing. An echoing cheer said they were sure.

"Then will you take the old Jewish oath?" he asked.

Up went the hands—one for every girl in the Cooper Union. And, while the hands were up, the chairman slowly repeated the oath:

"If I turn traitor to the cause I now pledge, may this hand wither and drop off at the wrist from the arm I now raise!"

Then the hands went down, and the strike was on to stay.

A TYPICAL IMMIGRANT'S STORY

In order to understand all this, it is well to know the story of Clara Lem-

lich, the girl who spoke in Yiddish. Clara Lemlich was born in Russia, of Jewish parents. Her mother was a peasant; her grandmother was a peasant; her greatgrandmother, all her feminine ancestors, so far as she knew, were peasants. They lived at a time when the world, so far as women were concerned, was all but standing still. Conditions did not change much. The women of each generation earned their living in almost the same way-by attending to their household duties and working in the fields. The domesticity of the hearthstone was in their bones, and the smell of the plowed earth in their blood.

Clara Lemlich was born as her mother and grandmother were born. The smell of the soil was in her blood, too. But, while she was yet a toddling child, something happened that was forever to take her away from the soil. The cruelty of the Russian government toward the Jews caused her parents to flee from the country; and they came to America, bringing with them their little girl.

The family settled in New York, Driven by the blows of poverty, they were wedged into that great East Side which, always bulging, still seems never too full



THE MEETING AT WHICH THE STRIKE WAS DECLARED—SAMUEL GOMPERS, PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF LABOR, ADDRESSING THREE THOUSAND SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS IN THE COOPER UNION, NEW YORK



A PARADE OF THE STRIKING SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS ON CENTER STREET, NEAR THE ENTRANCE TO THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE

to hold another. The father could not earn enough to support the family. Rent was too high, food too high, clothing too high, wages too low. The mother must help. She was used to helping. She had helped in Russia—had followed the horse and the old wooden plow, sickled the grain and milked the cows.

But what could a poor woman from Russia do in the East Side of New York? What could she do in a place where there were no fields, no plows, no cows where there were only elevated railways, piles upon piles of brick and mortar, and such endless tides of surging humanity as she had never believed to exist in all the world?

The East Side quickly told her what she could do. The women of the East Side had felt the spur that was forcing women to do men's work. The East Side told Clara Lemlich's mother that she should take her place in a factory. It told her she should sit before a sewing-machine run by a dynamo, and sew all day. She could make more shirtwaists than she could wear out in a thousand lifetimes, but she could have none of them unless she

bought them. She could have only wages. Other women would wear the shirtwaists.

Clara's mother was like the men who were ordered into the jaws of death at Balaklava. She had no choice. She must obey. Her mother-heart beat out no tunes in economics. It beat out only tunes of love for her little girl. A roof must be kept over the child's head. The mother would help, even if she knew nothing about factories; even if her knowledge pertained only to pots, kettles, wooden plows, and sickles. She would take her place before the all-devouring machine.

CLARA ORGANIZES A UNION

As soon as Clara was old enough to guide a piece of cloth under a needle, she also heard the call to the factory, and, like her mother, answered it without a murmur. But the air of America, breathed in her childhood when her views of life were still forming, had done something for her that it had not done for her mother. It had made her think. It had made her aspire to better things. It had made her want things that her employer was unwilling to give.

Somewhere, she heard that labor unions could make employers give more things. She inquired about labor unions. It all seemed so simple, when she heard it. Everybody should just get together and say:

"Give us such and such things, or we'll

stop work!"

In the mind of this poor peasant girl, the news produced the hot zeal that ever desert sands of disillusioned age. But it doesn't always get what it wants at the first attempt. Sometimes it returns empty-handed—bleeding.

So it was with Clara Lemlich's confidence in her ability to organize into a labor union the girls employed in the New York shirtwaist industry. She approached her task eagerly—almost feverishly. To girl after girl she told in turn how much



A TYPICAL GROUP OF SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS, FORMING A RANK IN THE STRIKERS' PARADE

characterizes a new convert to any cause. She would urge all the girls who made shirtwaists to join the union. She would convert the girls in the factory in which she worked, and then go to the five hundred other factories, in which forty thousand other girls worked. She would—oh, but there was hardly a limit to what she would do. She would make all the girls happy, including herself.

Nothing is more inspiring, more beautiful, than the confidence of youth. It gushes forth like cool waters over the there was to win—how easily it could be won. Just organize; join the union—that was all. No more scanty breakfasts, cold rooms, or clothing too thin to keep the body warm! Every worker would get plenty of the necessaries and even of the comforts of life.

As she told these tales to the girls in her own shop, they looked up at her with tired eyes and vaguely wondered what she was talking about. Like herself, they were mostly Jewish immigrants; hardly more than children—fourteen, sixteen, eighteen

years old. Everything in the New World was still strange. They had only the dimmest ideas of the purposes of a labor union, or of the obligations of membership. The very suggestion that a labor union might order them to stop working sent a shiver through their frames. The connection between working and continuing to live seemed too close. To stop working might mean to stop eating.

Of a hundred girls whom Clara Lemlich canvassed, she found only five who were willing to join the union. She organized the five. She got a charter, and started a branch union, with herself as the sixth member. She rented a little room in the heart of the East Side, where, for the

payment of fifty cents a week, they were permitted to meet every seventh day. She waited for new members as a new lawyer in a country town waits for clients. She did better than that—she worked hard to get new members; but she was rewarded with less success than usually comes to a country lawyer. In two years she made only two converts, and she lost one member by death.

Here was a net gain of one at the cost of a thousand heartaches. Many a time, during the dull seasons, it seemed as if the room in which the union met must be abandoned for lack of money to pay the rent. Fifty cents, to these girls, was a colossal sum. To spend so much for hall-

rent often meant the difference between having breakfast and having none. But they always spent it for hall-rent when hall-rent was due. Their union must live. It was only a little branch of the big union, but it must be kept alive!

THE BEGINNING OF THE STRIKE

It was kept alive. It was alive last autumn, when rumors of the shirtwaist-makers' strike were first heard on the East Side. It was alive when Clara Lemlich led out the girls in her factory, almost a month before the other thirty thousand came out. It was alive because it had lived on the flesh and the tears of the unconquerable girls who composed it.

When Lincoln, a year or so after his great speech in the Cooper Union, called for volunteers, he experienced one sensation that later came to Clara Lemlich. Lincoln was swamped with offers to join the army. After Clara led



CLARA LEMLICH, THE YOUNG SHIRTWAIST-MAKER WHOSE SPEECH AT THE COOPER UNION MEETING BROUGHT ON THE STRIKE OF THIRTY THOUSAND NEW YORK WOMEN



STRIKING SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS AT ONE OF THE UNION MEETING-PLACES ON THE EAST SIDE OF NEW YORK-IN THE CENTER OF THE GROUP IS MRS, ROSE PASTOR STOKES

her fellow workers out of the factory, she was swamped with offers to join the union.

Mind you. Clara was not the whole union. Her little body was only a branch of the main body, which had five hundred members; but, as soon as Clara and her shopmates struck, there was a rush from all of the other factories to become organ-Just as the rumbling of the Civil War could be felt months before the fall of Sumter, so could the rumbling of the shirtwaist war be heard before the conflict became general. Everybody felt that there was to be trouble, and every girl sought the shelter of the union. Applications came so rapidly that, in some instances, it was impossible even to record them properly.

When it was decided to hold a massmeeting to determine whether a general strike should be called, the big hall in the Cooper Union was engaged. To prevent outsiders from occupying room needed for workers, tickets were issued in advance to all applicants who were known to be shirtwaist-makers. On the first day, tickets were issued to more people than the Cooper Union would hold. It was necessary, therefore, to rent another hall. The demand for tickets, instead of slackening, increased. Hall after hall was engaged, until four were hired besides the Cooper Union.

Then Clara Lemlich spoke, and the great oath was taken:

"If I turn traitor to the cause I now pledge, may this hand wither and drop off at the wrist from the arm I now raise!"

This oath is as old as the Jews, and the Jews are as old as the human race, or nearly so; but never until that bleak day in November was it invoked to hold together striking girls.

WOMEN USING MEN'S WEAPONS

Times had changed, and women had been changed by them. The invention of the steam-engine and the introduction of machinery had compelled many women to seek to earn their living in a new way. They found themselves in a tight corner—pressed by hunger, pressed by cold, pressed by unfulfilled desires of many sorts. Concerted action promised the only hope of success. None could win unless all would stand together; and these Jewish girls fitted the old weapon to the new



STRIKING SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS SELLING COPIES OF THE CALL, THE NEW YORK SOCIALIST NEWSPAPER

emergency. They invoked the subtle power of the ancient oath of their race.

Great is the power of Judaism, vast is the strength of the Jewish oath; but neither Judaism nor the Jewish oath is, in itself, powerful among Gentiles. These Jewish girls, however, had something that was powerful among Gentiles. They had the stinging pain inflicted by the spur that drove them from their homes to factories. All women—being sympathetic creatures—could feel that.

Some of the richest women in the country felt it. Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, mother of the Duchess of Marlborough, felt it. Miss Anne Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, felt it. Mrs. Belmont sat up nearly all night in the night court to save some accused strikers from the necessity of spending Sunday in the Tombs, and, at three o'clock in the morning, gave her Fifth Avenue mansion as security for the appearance of the girls in court the following day.

The daughter of another rich woman induced her mother to deed the family mansion to her in order that she might sit in court, day after day, and give bail for

arrested girls. Miss Morgan showed her interest by attending a demonstration given in honor of a poor girl returned from the workhouse. Girls from Vassar—Miss Elsie Cole, Miss Elizabeth Dutcher, and Miss Violet Pike—showed their interest by giving up their holiday vacations, going on picket duty, and doing everything else that they could do to promote the cause of their suffering sisters.

But the spur did more. It caused the women whom it had driven into factories to act like men who work in factories. Men who thus work do not weep or mourn when things in the factories pass beyond what they conceive to be their endurance. They strike. Not only do they strike, but they stick to their colors and battle for their cause as long as they have strength to do so. Yet no man ever gave a greater exhibition of dogged determination to persevere to the end than did these girls not yet out of their teens.

A TYPICAL LABOR WAR

When they "picketed" the factories and tried to prevent other women from taking their places, there were excitement and some disorder in the streets. In the scuffling, some of the girls were grabbed by the hair, and their heads were bumped against the curbstones. Never mind—let the strike go on!

More than six hundred were arrested, and a score were sent to the workhouse. What of it? Merely incidents of industrial warfare—let the strike proceed!

The six thousand who stayed out to the bitter end after the other twenty-four

what they would do. They filled the hall. A patriarchal Jew of seventy began to speak. He told his hearers that he was one of the few men engaged in the shirtwaist industry. He was the father of nine children. He knew what hunger was; he knew what cold was; he knew what work was. Also, he knew what visions were made of, for he himself had dreamed of a happier day when the union should protect them all.



A CROWD OF STRIKING SHIRTWAIST-MAKERS ON ONE OF THE EAST SIDE STREETS OF NEW YORK

thousand had won their victory were actually starving. One day, on a single street, out of thirty pickets, twenty-eight fell in their tracks. It was not magnificent—just industrial war. Forget it, and remember the strike!

Then came the day when the employers of the remaining six thousand offered terms of peace. Back to the Cooper Union—read the terms! What were they?

As terms go, they were liberal. Every demand was granted except one. But that one rejected grievance—no union! Not recognized! Spurned, ignored, thrown out of court!

Starving girls were called upon to say

In the same simple Yiddish that Clara Lemlich had employed at the beginning of the strike, he counseled the most careful consideration. They had struck for the union, it was true; but winter had come. The valiant remnant of the strikers had been reduced to bread and soup. Some of them had only an apple for breakfast, and nothing afterward. If the strike were to be ended upon the proffered terms, conditions would be better than they had ever been before. If the strike were to go on, there would be an indefinite continuation of bread and soup-and, in a little while, there might be no bread. An advance of twenty years had been made in

the last two months; wouldn't it be better to rest content for a while—even without the union?

When he finished speaking, no one replied. Three thousand girls sat in stunned silence. For twenty full seconds, there was not the rustling of a foot nor the sound of a voice. Then, in unison, as if the three thousand girls had been trained for a month to do what they were about to do, there swept over the hall a mighty sob. It was like the scene in Reading Jail when Oscar Wilde and his fellow prisoners knew that the man who "did not wear his scarlet coat" was about to be hanged:

With sudden shock, the prison clock Smote on the shivering air; And, from all the jail rose up a wail Of impotent despair.

The children of Israel were again weeping for their promised land. Everything gained but the union—the union that

meant to them all they knew of liberty! The union for which they had fought and struggled and dreamed and starved!

But the assembled girls had not yet spoken. Having sobbed, they were ready to speak. And, what was the order that these starving strikers unanimously gave? Here it is:

"Burn the proffered terms of the employers and go on with the strike."

And they went out again into the cold, with their shivering bodies, their empty stomachs, and their heavy hearts. They had kept their oath.

Yes, indeed, women have changed.

Fifty years ago, women would never have waged such a desperate fight, in midwinter, against five hundred employers. They hadn't been prepared. They hadn't learned to fight the world as men fight it for a living. But they are learning—learning in the same school in which man learned.

THE WOMAN'S CLAIM

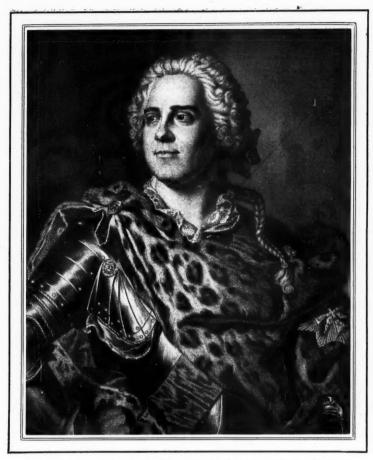
All the world is mine—
Mine and yours, brother;
All the stars that shine,
All the winds that blow;
All the living flowers
God has planted, brother,
For your eye's delight,
And my pleasure glow.

Birth and growth for me,
As for you, brother;
Mighty destiny
Issuing from warm flesh.
Labor, passion, joy—
We shall know them, brother,
Till our carnal life
Feeds the earth afresh!

At your side I stand
Of a right, brother,
Power in my hand,
Glory in my heart.
Where your children dance,
My children sing, brother;
And as you have served,
I have done my part.

Long as life endures,
You and I, brother,
Claiming mine and yours,
Live to be divine.
From the rising sun
To the setting, brother,
All the world is yours,
All the world is mine!

Margueri'e Ogden Bigelow



MAURICE OF SAXONY, OR MARSHAL SAXE, SOLDIER OF FORTUNE AND HERO OF ROMANCE

FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY

XVI-MAURICE OF SAXONY AND ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR

BY LYNDON ORR

T is an old saying that, to every wom-

in return; to suffer, and yet to feel an anly woman, self-sacrifice is almost inner poignant joy in all this sufferinga necessity of her nature. To make here is a most wonderful trait of womanherself of small account as compared with hood. Perhaps it is akin to the maternal the one she loves; to give freely of her-instinct; for to the mother, after she has self, even though she may receive nothing felt the throb of a new life within her,

there is no sacrifice so great, and no anguish so keen, that she will not welcome it as the outward sign and evidence of her illimitable love.

In most women this spirit of self-sacrifice is checked and kept within ordinary Lounds by the circumstances of their lives. In many small things they do yield and they do suffer; yet it is not in yielding and in suffering that they find their deep-

est joy.

There are some, however, who seem to have been born with an abnormal capacity for enduring hardship and mental anguish; so that by a sort of contradiction they find their happiness in sorrow. Such women are endowed with a remarkable degree of sensibility. They feel intensely. In moments of grief and disappointment, and even of despair, there steals over them a sort of melancholy pleasure. It is as if they loved dim lights and mournful music and scenes full of sad suggestion.

If everything goes well with them, they are unwilling to believe that such good fortune will last. If anything goes wrong with them, they are sure that this is only the beginning of something even worse. The music of their lives is written in a

minor kev.

Now, for such women as these, the world at large has very little charity. It speaks slightingly of them as "agonizers." It believes that they are "fond of making scenes." It regards as an affectation something that is really instinctive and inevitable. Unless such women are beautiful and young and charming, they are treated badly; and this is often true, in spite of all their natural attractiveness; for they seem to court ill-usage, as if they were saying frankly:

"Come, take us! We will give you everything and ask for nothing. We do not expect true and enduring love. Do

not be constant, or generous, or even kind. We know that we shall suffer. But, none the less, in our sorrow there will be sweetness, and even in our abasement we shall feel a sort of triumph."

A FAMOUS TYPE OF UNHAPPY LOVE

In history there is one woman who stands out conspicuously as a type of her melancholy sisterhood — one whose life was full of disappointment, even when she was most successful; and of indignity, even when she was most sought after and admired. This woman was Adrienne Lecouvreur, famous in the annals of the stage, and still more famous in the annals of unrequited — or, at any rate, unhappy —love.

Her story is linked with that of a man no less remarkable than herself, a hero of chivalry, a marvel of courage, of fascina-

tion, and of irresponsibility.

Adrienne Lecouvreur — her name was originally Couvreur — was born toward the end of the seventeenth century in the little French village of Daméry, not far from Rheims, where her aunt was a laundress and her father a hatter in a small way. Of her mother, who died in childbirth, we know nothing; but her father was a man of gloomy and ungovernable temper, breaking out into violent fits of passion, in one of which, long afterward, he died, raving and yelling like a maniac.

Adrienne was brought up at the washtub, and became accustomed to a wandering life, in which she went from one town to another. What she had inherited from her mother is, of course, not known; but she had all her father's strangely pessimistic temper, softened only by the fact that she was a girl. From her earliest years she was unhappy; yet her unhappiness was largely of her own choosing. Other girls of her own station met life

EDITOR'S NOTE—This series of articles deals with some of the most interesting personal romances of history, treating them as studies in human nature, and considering the moral and psychological problems which they illustrate. Previous articles have dealt with "The Empress Marie Louise and Count Neipperg" (January, 1909); "George Eliot and George Henry Lewes" (February); "Antony and Cleopatra" (March); "Byron and the Countess Guiccioli" (April); "Thackeray and Mrs. Brookfield" (May); "Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Bothwell" (June); "John Stuart Mill and Mrs. Taylor" (July); "Léon Gambetta and Léonie Léon" (August); "Percy Bysshe Shelley and Mary Godwin" (September); "Abélard and Héloïse" (October); "The Story of the Ruskins" (November); "Charles Reade and Laura Seymour" (December); "The Story of the Hugos" (January, 1910); "The Empress Catharine and Prince Potemkin" (February); and "Dean Swift and the Two Esthers" (March).

cheerfully, worked away from dawn till dusk, and then had their moments of amusement, and even jollity, with their companions, after the fashion of all children. But Adrienne Lecouvreur was unhappy because she chose to be. It was not the wash-tub that made her so, for she had been born to it; nor was it the half-mad outbreaks of her father, because to her, at least, he was not unkind. Her discontent sprang from her excessive sensibility.

Indeed, for a peasant child, she had reason to think herself far more fortunate than her associates. Her intelligence was great. Ambition was awakened in her before she was ten years of age, when she began to learn and to recite poems—learning them, as has been said, "between the wash-tub and the ironing-board," and reciting them to the admiration of older and wiser people than herself. Even at ten, she was a very beautiful child, with great lambent eyes, an exquisite complexion



ADRIENNE LECOUVREUR, THE FAMOUS TRAGEDIENNE, LEADING ACTRESS OF THE COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE FROM 1717 TO HER DEATH IN 1730

From the painting by Coypel, showing her in the character of Phèdre, in Racine's classic tragedy

and a lovely form, while she had the further gift of a voice that thrilled the listener, and when she chose brought tears to every eye. She was, indeed, a natural elocutionist, knowing by instinct all those modulations of tone and varied cadences

which go to the hearer's heart.

It was very like Adrienne Lecouvreur to memorize only such poems as were mournful, just as in after life she could win success upon the stage only in tragic parts. She would repeat with a sort of ecstasy the pathetic poems that were then admired; and she was soon able to give up her menial work, because many people asked her to their houses, so that they could listen to the divinely beautiful voice charged with the emotion which was always at her command.

ADRIENNE'S PRECOCIOUS TALENT

When she was thirteen, her father moved to Paris, where she was placed at school—a very humble school in a very humble quarter of the city. Yet even there her genius showed itself at that early age. A number of children and young people, probably influenced by Adrienne, formed themselves into a theatrical company from the pure love of acting. A friendly grocer let them have an empty storeroom for their performances, and in this storeroom Adrienne Lecouvreur first acted in a tragedy by Corneille, assuming the part of leading woman.

Her genius for the stage was like the genius of Napoleon for war. She had had no teaching. She had never been inside of any theater; and yet she delivered the magnificent lines with all the power and fire and effectiveness of a most accomplished actress. People thronged to see her and to feel the tempest of emotion which shook her as she sustained her part, which for the moment was as real to her

as life itself.

At first, only the people of the neighborhood knew anything about these amateur performances; but presently a lady of rank, one Mme. du Gué, came out of curiosity, and was fascinated by the little actress. Mme. du Gué offered the spacious courtyard of her own house, and fitted it with some of the appurtenances of a theater. From that moment the fame of Adrienne spread throughout all Paris. The courtyard was crowded by gentlemen

and ladies, by people of distinction from the court, and at last even by actors and actresses from the Comédie Française.

It is, in fact, a remarkable tribute to Adrienne that in her thirteenth year she excited so much jealousy among the actors of the Comédie that they evoked the law against her. Theaters required a royal license, and of course poor little Adrienne's company had none. Hence legal proceedings were begun, and the most famous actresses in Paris talked of having these clever children imprisoned! Upon this the company sought the precincts of the Temple, where no legal warrant could be served without the express order of the

king himself.

There, for a time, the performances still went on. Finally, as the other children were not geniuses, but merely boys and girls in search of fun, the little company broke up. Its success, however, had determined forever the career of Adrienne. With her beautiful face, her lithe and exquisite figure, her golden voice, and her instinctive art, it was plain enough that her future lay upon the stage; and so, at fourteen or fifteen, she began where most actresses leave off—accomplished and attractive, and having had a practical train-

ing in her profession.

Diderot, in that same century, observed that the truest actor is one who does not feel his part at all, but produces his effects by intellectual effort and intelligent observation. Behind the figure on the stage, torn with passion or rollicking with mirth, there must always be the cool and unemotional mind which directs and governs and controls. This same theory was both held and practised by the late Benoît Constant Coquelin. To some extent it was the theory of Garrick and Fechter and Edwin Booth; though it was rejected by the two Keans, and by Edwin Forrest, who entered so thoroughly into the character which he assumed, and who let loose such tremendous bursts of passion, that other actors dreaded to support him on the stage in such parts as Spartacus and Metamora.

It is needless to say that a girl like Adrienne Lecouvreur flung herself with all the intensity of her nature into every rôle she played. This was the greatest secret of her success; for, with her, nature rose superior to art. On the other hand,

it fixed her dramatic limitations, for it choly morbid disposition was in the fullest sympathy with tragic heroines; but She went into the provinces, in the eastern

Adrienne would have been delighted to barred her out of comedy. Her melan- act at one of the theaters in Paris; but they were closed to her through jealousy.



HENRIETTE, PRINCESSE DE BOURBON-CONTI, A FRENCH NOBLEWOMAN WHO PLAYED A PART IN THE LIFE OF MAURICE OF SAXONY

From the painting by Nattier

lighter moods and the merry moments counterfeit despair, and unforced tears would fill her eyes; but she could not laugh and romp and simulate a gaiety that was never hers.

she failed when she tried to represent the part of France, and for ten years she was a leading lady there in many companies of those who welcome mirth. She could and in many towns. As she blossomed into womanhood, there came into her life the love which was to be at once a source of the most profound interest and of the most intense agony.

It is odd that all her professional success never gave her any happiness. The life of the actress who traveled from town to town, the crude and coarse experiences which she had to undergo, the disorder

stage and its mimic griefs satisfied her only while she was actually upon the boards. Love offered her an emotional excitement that endured, and that was always changing. It was "the profoundest



ANNA IVANOVNA, EMPRESS OF RUSSIA, WHO OFFERED TO RAISE MAURICE
OF SAXONY TO THE DUCAL THRONE OF COURLAND IF
HE WOULD MARRY HER

Drawn by M. Stein, after the fortrait by Benner

and the unsettled mode of living, all produced in her a profound disgust. She was of too exquisite a fiber to live in such a way, especially in a century when the refinements of existence were for the very few.

She speaks herself of "obligatory amusements, the insistence of men, and of love-affairs." Yet how could such a woman as Adrienne Lecouvreur keep herself from love-affairs? The emotion of the

instinct of her being"; and she once wrote:

What could one do in the world without loving?

Still, through these ten years, she seems to have loved only that she might be unhappy. There was a strange twist in her mind. Men who were honorable, and who loved her with sincerity, she treated very badly. Men who were indifferent, or un-

grateful, or actually base, she seemed to choose by a sort of perverse instinct. Perhaps the explanation of it is that during these ten years, though she had many lovers, she never really loved. She sought excitement, passion, and after that the mournfulness which comes when passion dies. Thus, one man after another came into her life-some of them promising marriage - and she bore two children, whose fathers were unknown, or at least uncertain. But, after all, one can scarcely pity her, since she had not yet in reality known that great passion which comes but once in life. So far she had learned only a sort of feeble cynicism, which she expressed in letters, and in such sayings as

"There are sweet errors which I would not venture to commit again. My experiences, all too sad, have served to illumine

my reason."
"I am utterly

"I am utterly weary of love, and prodigiously tempted to have no more of it for the rest of my life; because, after all, I don't wish either to die or to go mad."

Yet she also said:

"I know too well that no one dies of

grief."

She had had, indeed, some very unfortunate experiences. Men of rank had loved her, and had then cast her off. An actor, one Clavel, would have married her, but she would not accept his offer. A magistrate in Strasburg promised marriage; and then, when she was about to accept him, he wrote to her that he was going to yield to the wishes of his family and make a more advantageous alliance. And so she was alternately caressed and repulsed—a mere plaything; and yet this was probably all that she really needed at the time-something to stir her, something to make her mournful or indignant or ashamed.

ADRIENNE'S TRIUMPH IN PARIS

It was inevitable that at last Adrienne Lecouvreur should appear in Paris. She had won such renown throughout the provinces that even those who were intensely jealous of her were obliged to give her due consideration. In 1717, when she was in her twenty-fifth year, she became a member of the Comédie Française. There she made an immediate and most brilliant impression. She easily took the

leading place. She was one of the glories of Paris, for she became the fashion outside the theater. For the first time the great classic plays were given, not in the monotonous singsong which had become a sort of theatrical convention, but with all the fire and naturalness of life.

Being the fashion, Mlle. Lecouvreur elevated the social rank of actors and of actresses. Her salon was thronged by men and women of rank. Voltaire wrote poems in her honor. To be invited to her dinners was almost like receiving a decoration from the king. She ought to have been happy, for she had reached the summit of her profession, and something more.

Yet still she was unhappy. In all her letters one finds a plaintive tone, a little moaning sound that shows how slightly her nature had been changed. No longer, however, did she throw herself away upon dullards or brutes. An English peer—Lord Peterborough—not realizing that she was different from other actresses of that loose-lived age, said to her coarsely at his first introduction:

"Come, now! Show me lots of wit and

lots of love!"

The remark was characteristic of the time. Yet Adrienne had learned at least one thing, and that was the discontent which came from light affairs. She had thrown herself away too often. If she could not love with her entire being, if she could not give all that was in her to be given, whether of her heart or mind or soul, then she would love no more at all.

A SOLDIER HERO OF ROMANCE

At this time there came to Paris a man remarkable in his own century, and one who afterward became almost a hero of romance. This was Maurice, Comte de Saxe, as the French called him, his German name and title being Moritz, Graf von Sachsen, while we usually term him, in English, Marshal Saxe. Maurice de Saxe was now, in 1721, entering his twenty-fifth year. Already, though so young, his career had been a strange one; and it was destined to be still more remarkable. He was the natural son of Duke Augustus II, of Saxony, who later became King of Poland, and who is known in history as Augustus the Strong.

Augustus was a giant in stature and in strength, handsome, daring, unscrupulous,

and yet extremely fascinating. His life was one of revelry and fighting and display. When in his cups he would often call for a horseshoe and twist it into a knot with his powerful fingers. were his mistresses; but the one for whom he cared the most was a beautiful and high-spirited Swedish girl of rank, Aurora von Königsmarck. She was descended from a rough old field-marshal who, in the Thirty Years' War, had slashed and sacked and pillaged and plundered to his heart's content. From him Aurora von Königsmarck seemed to have inherited a high spirit and a sort of lawlessness which charmed the stalwart Augustus of Poland.

Their son, Maurice de Saxe, inherited everything that was good in his parents, and a great deal that was less commendable. As a mere child of twelve, he had insisted on joining the army of Prince Eugène, and had seen rough service in a very strenuous campaign. Two years later, when he was fourteen, he showed such impetuous daring on the battle-field that Prince Eugène summoned him and paid him a compliment under the form of

a rebuke.

"Young man," he said, "you must not mistake mere recklessness for valor."

Before he was twenty he had attained the stature and strength of his royal father; and, to prove it, he in his turn called for a horseshoe, which he twisted and broke in his fingers. He fought on the side of the Russians and Poles, and again against the Turks, everywhere displaying high courage and also genius as a commander; for he never lost his self-possession amid the very blackest danger, but possessed, as Carlyle says, "vigilance, foresight, and sagacious precaution."

Exceedingly handsome, Maurice was a master of all the arts that pleased, with just a touch of roughness, which seemed not unfitting in so gallant a soldier. His troops adored him, and would follow wherever he might choose to lead them; for he exercised over these rude men a magnetic power resembling that of Napoleon in after years. In private life he was a hard drinker and fond of every form of pleasure. Having no fortune of his own, a marriage was arranged for him with the Countess von Löben, who was immensely wealthy; but in three years he had squandered all her money upon his

pleasures, and had, moreover, got himself heavily in debt.

It was at this time that he first came to Paris to study military tactics. He had fought hard against the French in the wars that were now ended; but his chivalrous bearing, his handsome person, and his reckless joviality made him at once a universal favorite in Paris. To the perfumed courtiers, with their laces and lovelocks and mincing ways, Maurice de Saxe came as a sort of knight of old—jovial, daring, pleasure-loving. Even his broken French was held to be quite charming; and to see him break a horseshoe with his fingers threw every one into raptures.

No wonder, then, that he was welcomed in the very highest circles. Almost at once he attracted the notice of the Princesse de Conti, a beautiful woman of the blood royal. Of her it has been said that she was "the personification of a kiss, the incarnation of an embrace, the ideal of a dream of love." Her chestnut hair was tinted with little gleams of gold. Her eyes were violet-black. Her complexion was dazzling. But by the king's orders she had been forced to marry a hunchback-a man whose very limbs were so weakened by disease and evil living that they would often fail to support him, and he would fall to the ground, a writhing, screaming mass of ill-looking flesh.

It is not surprising that his lovely wife should have shuddered alike at his abuse of her, and still more at his grotesque endearments. When her eyes fell on Maurice de Saxe, she saw in him one who could free her from her bondage. By a skilful trick, he led the Prince de Conti to invade the sleeping-room of the princess, with servants whom he told that she was not alone. The charge proved quite untrue, and so she left her husband, having won the sympathy of her own world, which held that she had been insulted. But it was not she who was destined to win and hold the love of Maurice de Saxe.

THE MEETING OF MAURICE AND ADRIENNE

Not long after his appearance in the French capital, he was invited to dine with the "Queen of Paris," Adrienne Lecouvreur. Saxe had seen her on the stage. He knew her previous history. He knew that she was very much of a soiled dove;

but when he met her, these two natures, so utterly dissimilar, leaped together, as it were, through the indescribable attraction of opposites. He was big and powerful; she was small and fragile. He was merry, and full of quips and jests; she was reserved and melancholy. Each felt in the other a need supplied.

At one of their earliest meetings the climax came. Saxe was not the man to hesitate; while she already, in her thoughts, had made a full surrender. In one great sweep he gathered her into his arms. It appeared to her as if no man had ever laid his hand upon her until that moment. She cried out:

"Now, for the first time in my life, I seem to live!"

It was, indeed, the very first love which in her checkered career was really worthy of the name. She had supposed that all such things were passed and gone, that her heart was closed forever, that she was invulnerable; and yet here she found herself clinging about the neck of this impetuous soldier, and showing him all the shy fondness and the unselfish devotion of a young girl. From this instant Adrienne Lecouvreur never loved another man, and never even looked at any other man with the slightest interest. For nine long years the two were bound together, though there were strange events to ruffle the surface of their love.

Maurice de Saxe had been sired by a king. He had the lofty ambition to be a king himself, and he felt the stirrings of that genius which in after years was to make him a great soldier, and to win the brilliant victory of Fontenoy, which to this very day the French are never tired of recalling. Already Louis XV had made him a marshal of France; and a certain restlessness came over him. He loved Adrienne; yet he felt that to remain in the enjoyment of her witcheries ought not to be the whole of a man's career.

MAURICE TRIES TO WIN A THRONE

Then the Grand Duchy of Courland—at that time a vassal state of Poland, now part of Russia—sought a ruler. Maurice de Saxe was eager to secure its throne, which would make him at least semiroyal and the chief of a principality. He hastened thither, and found that money was needed to carry out his plans. The widow

of the late duke—the Grand Duchess Anna, niece of Peter the Great, and later Empress of Russia—as soon as she had met this dazzling genius, offered to help him to acquire the duchy if he would only marry her. He did not utterly refuse. Still another woman of high rank, the Grand Duchess Elizabeth of Russia, Peter the Great's daughter, made him very much the same proposal.

Both of these imperial women might well have attracted a man like Maurice de Saxe, had he been wholly fancy free, for the second of them inherited the high spirit and the genius of the great Peter; while the first was a pleasure-seeking princess, resembling some of those Roman empresses who loved to stoop that they might conquer. She is described as indolent and sensual, and she once declared that the chief good in the world was love. Yet, though she neglected affairs of state and gave them over to favorites, she won and kept the affections of her people. She was unquestionably endowed with the magnetic gift of winning hearts.

Adrienne, who was left behind in Paris, knew very little of what was going on. Only two things were absolutely clear to her. One was that if her lover secured the duchy, he must be parted from her. The other was that without money his ambition must be thwarted, and that he would then return to her. Here was a test to try the soul of any woman. It proved the height and the depth of her devotion. Come what might, Maurice should be Duke of Courland, even though she lost him. She gathered together her whole fortune, sold every jewel that she possessed, and sent her lover the sum of nearly a million francs.

This incident shows how absolutely she was his. But in fact, because of various intrigues, he failed of election to the ducal throne of Courland, and he returned to Adrienne with all her money spent, and without even the grace, at first, to show his gratitude. He stormed and raged over his ill-luck. She merely soothed and petted him, though she had heard that he had thought of marrying another woman to secure the dukedom. In one of her letters she bursts out with the pitiful exclamation:

I am distracted with rage and anguish. Is it not natural to cry out against such treach-

ery? This man surely ought to know me—he ought to love me. Oh, my God! What are we—what are we?

But still she could not give him up, nor could he give her up, though there were frightful scenes between them - times when he cruelly reproached her, and when her native melancholy deepened into outbursts of despair. Finally there occurred an incident which is more or less obscure in parts. The Duchesse de Bouillon, a great lady of the court - facile, feline, licentious, and eager for delights - resolved that she would win the love of Maurice de Saxe. She set herself to win it openly and without any sense of shame. Maurice himself, at times, when the tears of Adrienne proved wearisome, flirted with the duchess.

THE TRAGIC DEATH OF ADRIENNE

Yet, even so, Adrienne held the first place in his heart, and her rival knew it. Therefore, she resolved to humiliate Adrienne, and to do so in the place where the actress had always reigned supreme. There was to be a gala performance of Racine's great tragedy, "Phèdre," with Adrienne, of course, in the title-rôle. The Duchesse de Bouillon sent a large number of her lackeys with orders to hiss and jeer, and, if possible, to break off the play. Malignantly delighted with her plan, the duchess arrayed herself in jewels and took her seat in a conspicuous stage-box, where she could watch the coming storm and gloat over the discomfiture of her rival.

When the curtain rose, and when Adrienne appeared as *Phèdre*, an uproar began. It was clear to the great actress that a plot had been devised against her. In an instant her whole soul was afire. The queenlike majesty of her bearing compelled silence throughout the house. Even the hired lackeys were overawed by it. Then Adrienne moved swiftly across the stage and fronted her enemy, speaking into her very face the three insulting lines

which came to her at that moment of the play:

I am not of those women void of shame, Who, savoring in crime the joys of peace, Harden their faces till they cannot blush!

The whole house rose and burst forth into tremendous applause. Adrienne had won; for the woman who had tried to shame her rose in trepidation and hurried from the theater.

But the end was not yet. Those were evil times, when dark deeds were committed by the great, almost with impunity. Secret poisoning was a common trade. To remove a rival was as usual a thing in the eighteenth century as to snub a rival is usual in the twentieth.

Not long afterward, on the night of March 15, 1730, Adrienne Lecouvreur was acting in one of Voltaire's plays with all her power and instinctive art, when suddenly she was seized with the most frightful pains. Her anguish was obvious to every one who saw her, and yet she had the courage to go through her part. Then she fainted and was carried home, too weak to raise her arms.

Four days later she died, and her death was no less dramatic than her life had been. Her lover and two friends of his were with her, and also a Jesuit priest. He declined to administer extreme unction unless she would declare that she repented of her theatrical career. She stubbornly refused, since she believed that to be the greatest actress of her time was not a sin. Yet still the priest insisted. Then came the final moment.

"Weary and revolting against this death, this destiny, she stretched her arms with one of the old lovely gestures toward a bust which stood near by, and cried—her last cry of passion:

"'There is my world, my hope—yes, and my God!'

"The bust was one of Maurice de Saxe."

SONG DOES NOT DIE

Song, you say, dies, and leaves no sentient traces, The glory of no golden antiphon; Nay, through the void of everlasting spaces The mellow waves go flooding on and on!

Sennett Stephens

A FIGHT FOR LIFE*

A STORY OF LOVE AND ADVENTURE IN THE NORTHERN WILDERNESS

BY JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

XXIII

FOR many minutes, Howland stood waiting as if life had left him. His eyes were on the door, but unseeing. He made no sound, no movement toward the aperture in the wall. Fate had dealt him the final blow, and when at last he roused himself out from its first terrible effect there remained no glimmering of hope in his breast, no thought of the battle he had been making for freedom a short time before.

Mélisse's note fluttered from his fingers. He drew his watch from his pocket and placed it on the table. It marked a quarter past five. There still remained forty-five minutes.

Three-quarters of an hour, and then—death! There was no doubt in his mind this time. Even in the coyote, with eternity staring him in the face, he had hoped and fought for life; but here there was no hope, there was to be no fighting. Through one of the black holes in the wall he was to be shot down, with no chance to defend himself, to prove himself innocent. And Mélisse—did she, too, believe him guilty of a hideous crime?

He groaned aloud, and picked up the note again. Softly he repeated her last words to him:

"If God fails to answer my prayers, I will still do as I have promised, and follow you."

Those words seemed to cry aloud his doom. Even Mélisse had given up hope. And yet, was there not a deeper significance in her words? He started as if some one had struck him, his eyes agleam.

"I will follow you!"

He almost sobbed the words this time. His hands trembled, and again he dropped the paper on the table and turned his eyes in staring horror toward the door. What did she mean? Would Mélisse kill herself if he was murdered by her brothers? He could see no other meaning in her last message to him.

For a time, after the chilling significance of her words struck his heart, he scarce restrained himself from calling aloud for Jean. If he could but send a word back to her, tell her once more of his great love—that the winning of that love was ample reward for all that he had lost and was about to lose, and that it gave him such happiness as he had never known, even in this last hour of his torture!

Twice he shouted for Croisset, but there came no response save the hollow echoings of his own voice in the subterranean chambers. After that he began to think more sanely. If Mélisse was a prisoner in her room, it was probable that Croisset, who was now fully recognized as a traitor at the post, could no longer gain access to her. In some secret way Mélisse had contrived to give him the note, and he had performed his last mission for her.

In Howland's breast there grew slowly a feeling of sympathy for the Frenchman. Much that he had not understood was clear to him now. He understood why Mélisse had not revealed the names of his assailants at Prince Albert and Wekusko; he understood why she had fled from him after his abduction, and why Jean had so faithfully kept secrecy for her sake. She had fought to save him from her own

flesh and blood, and Jean had fought to save him. In these last minutes of his life Howland wished that he could have had Croisset with him, that he might have taken Jean's hand and thanked him for what he had done.

Because he had fought for Howland and Mélisse, the Frenchman's fate was to be almost as terrible as the prisoner's. It was he who would fire the fatal shot at six o'clock. Not the brothers, but Jean Croisset, would be his executioner and

murderer.

The minutes passed swiftly, and as they went Howland was astonished to find how coolly he awaited the end. He even began to debate with himself as to through which hole the fatal shot would be fired. No matter where he stood, he was in the light of the big hanging lamp. There was no obscure or shadowy corner in which for a few moments he might elude his executioner.

He even smiled when the thought occurred to him that it was possible to extinguish the light and crawl under the table, thus gaining a momentary delay. But what would that delay avail him? He was anxious for the fatal minute to

arrive, and be over. There were moments of happiness when, in the damp horror of his death-chamber, there came before him visions of Mélisse, grown even sweeter and more lovable, now that he knew how she had sacrificed herself between two great loves—the love of her own people and the love of himself. She must have passed through a time of terrible struggle, but at last she had surrendered to him. Was it possible that she could have made that surrender if she, like her brothers, believed Howland to be the murderer of her father-the son of the man-fiend who had robbed her of a mother?

It was impossible, he told himself. She did not believe him guilty. And yet—why had she not given him some such word in

her last message to him?

His eyes traveled to the note on the table, and he began searching in his coatpockets. In one of them he found the worn stub of a pencil, and for many minutes after that he was oblivious to the passing of time, as he wrote his last words to Mélisse. When he had finished, he folded the paper and placed it under his

watch. At the final moment, before the shot was fired, he would ask Jean to take it. His eyes fell on his watch-dial, and a cry burst from his lips.

It lacked but ten minutes of the fatal

hour

Above him he heard faintly the sharp barking of dogs, the hollow sound of men's voices. A moment later there came to him an echo as of swiftly tramping feet, and after that silence.

"Jean!" he called tensely. "Ho, Jean

-Jean Croisset!"

He caught up the paper and ran from one black opening to another, calling the Frenchman's name.

"As you love your God, Jean—as you have a hope of heaven—take this note to Mélisse!" he pleaded. "Jean—Jean Croisset!"

There came no answer, no movement outside, and Howland stilled the beating of his heart to listen. Surely, Croisset was there!

He looked again at the watch he held in his hand. In four minutes the shot would be fired and the tragedy would be ended. A cold sweat bathed his face. He tried to cry out again, but something rose in his throat and choked him until his voice was only a gasp.

He sprang back to the table and placed the note once more under the watch. Two minutes! One and a half! One!

With a sudden taunting cry, he sprang into the very center of his prison, and flung out his arms, with his face to the hole next the door. This time his voice was almost a shout.

"Jean Croisset, there is a note under my watch on the table. After you have killed me, take it to Mélisse. If you fail, I shall haunt you to your grave!"

Still no sound—no gleam of steel pointing at him through the black aperture. Would the shot come from behind?

Tick-tick-tick-tick-

He counted the beating of his watch up to twenty. A sound stopped him then; he closed his eyes, and a great shiver passed through his body.

It was the tiny bell of his watch tink-

ling off the hour of six!

- Scarcely had that sound ceased to ring in his brain when, from far through the darkness beyond the wall of his prison, there came a creaking noise, as if a heavy door had been swung slowly on its hinges, or a trap opened. Then he heard voices, low, quick, excited voices, and the hurrying tread of feet. A flash of light shot through the gloom.

They were coming! After all, it was not to be a private or secret affair, and Jean was to do his killing as the hangman's job is done in civilization—before

a watching crowd.

Howland's arms dropped to his side, and his body seemed suddenly to leap with fire. This was more terrible than the other—this seeing and hearing of the preparations, in which he fancied that he heard the click of Croisset's gun as the executioner lifted the hammer.

Instead, it was a hand fumbling at the door. There were no voices now, only a strange moaning sound that Howland could not account for. In another moment it was made clear to him. The door swung open, and the white-robed figure of Mélisse sprang toward him with a thrilling cry that echoed through the dun-

geon chambers.

What happened then—the passing of white faces beyond the doorway, the subdued murmur of voices—all this was lost to Howland in the knowledge that at the last moment they had let her come to him, that he held her in his arms, and that she was crushing her face to his breast and sobbing things to him which he could not understand. Once or twice in his life he had wondered if realities might not be dreams, and the thought came to him now when he felt the warmth of her hands, her face, her hair, and then the passionate pressure of her lips on his own.

He lifted his eyes. In the doorway he saw Jean Croisset, and behind him a wild, bearded face—the face that had been over him when life was almost choked from him on the Great North Trail. And beyond these two he saw still others shining ghostly and indistinct in the deeper gloom

of the outer darkness.

He strained Mélisse to him, and when he looked down into her face he saw her beautiful eyes flooded with tears, and yet shining with a great joy. Her lips trembled as she struggled to speak. Then, suddenly, she broke from his arms and ran to the door, and Jean Croisset came between them, with the wild-bearded man still staring over his shoulder. "M's'eur, will you be pleased to come with us?" said Jean.

XXIV

The bearded man dropped back into the thick gloom and, without speaking, Howland followed Croisset, his eyes on the shadowy form of Mélisse. The ghostly faces turned from the light, and the tread of their retreating feet marked the passage through the blackness. Jean fell back beside Howland, the huge bulk of the bearded man three paces ahead.

A dozen steps more and they came to a stair, down which a light shone. The Frenchman's hand fell detainingly upon Howland's arm, and when a moment later they reached the top of the stairs all had disappeared but Jean and the bearded

man.

Dawn was breaking, and a pale light fell through the two windows of the room they had entered. On a table burned a lamp, and near the table were several chairs. To one of these Croisset motioned the engineer, and as Howland sat down the bearded man turned slowly and passed through a door. Jean shrugged his shoulders as the other disappeared.

"Mon dieu, that means that he leaves it all to me," he exclaimed. "I don't wonder that it is hard for him to talk, m's'eur. Perhaps you have begun to

understand?"

"Yes, a little," replied Howland. His heart was throbbing as if he had just finished climbing a long hill. "That was the man who tried to kill me. But, Mélisse—the—"

He could go no farther. Scarce breath-

ing, he waited for Jean to speak.

It is Pierre Thoreau," he said, "eldest brother to Mélisse. It is he who should say what I am about to tell you, m's'eur; but he is too full of grief to speak. You wonder at that? And yet I tell you that a man with a better soul than Pierre Thoreau never lived, though three times he has tried to kill you. Do you remember what you asked me a short time ago, m's'eur-if I thought that you were the John Howland who murdered the father of Mélisse sixteen years ago? I did until hardly more than half an hour ago, when some one came from the south and exploded a mine under our feet. It was the youngest of the three brothers. M's'eur,

we have made a great mistake, and we ask

your forgiveness."

In the silence the eyes of the two men met across the table. To Howland it was not the thought that his life was saved that came with the greatest force, but the thought of Mélisse, the knowledge that in that hour when all seemed to be lost she was nearer to him than ever. He leaned half over the table, his hands clenched, his eyes blazing.

Jean did not understand, for he went

on quickly:

"I know it is hard, m's'eur. Perhaps it will be impossible for you to forgive a thing like this. We have tried to kill you -kill you by a slow torture, as we thought you deserved. But think for a moment, m's'eur, of what happened up here sixteen years ago this winter. I have told you how I choked life from the man-fiend. So I would have choked life from you if it had not been for Mélisse. I, too, am guilty. Only six years ago we knew that the right John Howland-the son of the man I slew-was in Montreal, and this voungest brother went to seek him there, for he had been a long time at school with Mélisse, and knew the ways of the south better than the others. But he failed to find him at that time, and it was only a short while ago that this brother heard of you. As Our Blessed Lady is my witness, m's'eur, it is not strange that he should have taken you for the man we sought, for it is singular that you bear him out like a brother in looks, as I remember the boy. It is true that François made a great error when he sent word to his brothers suggesting that if either Gregson or Thorne was put out of the way you would probably be sent into the north.

"I swear that Mélisse knew nothing of this, m's'eur. She knew nothing of the schemes by which her brothers drove Gregson and Thorne back into the south. They did not wish to kill them, and yet it was necessary to do something that you might replace one of them, m's'eur. They did not make a move alone but that something happened. Gregson lost a finger. Thorne was badly hurt—as you know. Bullets came through their window at night. With Jackpine in their employ, it was easy to work on them, and it was not long before they sent down asking for another man to replace them."

For the first time a surge of anger swept through Howland.

"The cowards!" he exclaimed. "A pretty pair, Croisset—to crawl out from under a trap and let another in at the

top!'

"Perhaps not so bad as that," said Jean. "They were given to understand that they—and they alone—were not wanted in the country. It may be that they did not think harm would come to you, and so kept quiet about what had happened. It may be, too, that they did not like to have it known that they were running away from danger. Is not that human, m's'cur? Anyway, you were detailed to come, and not until then did Mélisse know of all that had occurred."

The Frenchman stopped for a moment. The glare had faded from Howland's eyes. The tense lines in his face relaxed.

"I—I—believe I understand everything now, Jean," he said. "You traced the wrong John Howland, that's all. I love Mélisse, Jean. I would kill John Howland for her. I want to meet her brothers and shake their hands. I don't blame them. They're men. But, somehow, it hurts to think of her—of Mélisse—as—as almost a murderess."

"Mon dieu, m's'eur, has she not saved your life? Listen to this! It was thenwhen she knew what had happened-that Mélisse came to me-whom she had made the happiest man in the world, because it was she who brought my Mariane over from Churchill on a visit especially that I might see her and fall in love with her, m's'eur-which I did. Mélisse came to me -to Jean Croisset-and instead of planning your murder, m's'eur, she schemed to save your life-with me-who would have cut you into bits no larger than my finger and fed you to the carrion ravens-who would have choked the life out of you until your eyes bulged in death, as I choked that one up on the Great Slave! Do you understand, m's'eur? It was Mélisse who came and pleaded with me to save your life-before you had left Chicago, before she had heard more of you than your name, before-"

Croisset hesitated, and stopped.

"Before what, Jean?"

"Before she had learned to love you, m's'cur."

"God bless her!" exclaimed Howland.

"You believe this, m's'eur?"

"As I believe in a God!"

"Then I will tell you what she did, m's'eur," he continued in a low voice. "The plan of the brothers was to make you a prisoner near Prince Albert and bring you north. I knew what was to happen then. It was to be a beautiful vengeance, m's'eur-a slow, torturing death on the spot where the crime was committed sixteen years ago. But Mélisse knew nothing of this. She was made to believe that up here, where the mother and father died, you would be given over to the proper law-to the mounted police, who come this way now and then. She was only a girl, m's'eur, easily made to believe strange things in such matters as these, else she would have wondered why vou were not given to the officers in Prince Albert. It was the eldest brother who thought of her as a lure to bring you out of the town into their hands; and not until the last moment, when they were ready to leave for the south, did she overhear words which aroused her suspicions that they were about to kill you. It was then, m's'eur, that she came to me."

"And you, Jean?"

"On the day that Mariane promised to become my wife, m's'eur, I promised in Our Blessed Lady's name to repay my debt to Mélisse, and the manner of payment came in this fashion. Jackpine, too, was her slave, and so we worked together. Two hours after Mélisse and her brothers had left for the south I was following them, shaven of beard and so changed that I was not recognized in the fight on the Great North Trail. Mélisse thought that her brothers would make you a prisoner that night without harming you. Her brothers told her how to bring you to their camp. She knew nothing of the ambush until they leaped on you from cover. Not until after the fight, when in their rage at your escape the brothers told her that they had intended to kill you, did she realize fully what she had done. That

is all, m's'eur. You know what happened after that. She dared not tell you at Wekusko who your enemies were, for those enemies were of her own flesh and blood, and dearer to her than life. She was between two loves, m's'eur—the love for her brothers and—"

Again Jean hesitated.

"And her love for me," finished Howland.

"Yes, her love for you, m's'eur."

The two men rose from the table, and for a moment stood with clasped hands in the smoky light of lamp and dawn. In that moment neither heard a tap at the door leading to the room beyond, nor saw the door move gently inward, and Mélisse, hesitating, framed in the opening.

It was Howland who spoke first.

"I thank God that all these things have happened, Jean," he said earnestly. "I am glad that for a time you took me for that other John Howland, and that Pierre Thoreau and his brother schemed to kill me at Prince Albert and Wekusko, for if these things had not occurred as they have I should never have seen Mélisse. And now, Jean—"

His ears caught sound of movement, and he turned in time to see the girl slip-

ping quietly out.

"Mélisse!" he called softly. "Mélisse!"

In an instant he had darted after her, leaving Jean beside the table. Beyond the door there was only the breaking gloom of the gray morning, but it was enough for him to see faintly the figure of the girl he loved, half turned, half waiting for him. With a cry of joy he sprang forward and gathered her close in his arms.

"Mélisse—my Mélisse!" he whispered.
After that there came no sound from
the dawn-lit room beyond, but Jean Croisset, still standing by the table, murmured

softly to himself:

"Our Blessed Lady be praised, for it is all as Jean Croisset would have it—and now I can go to my Mariane!"

THE END

PHILOSOPHY

If there were no rain,
No rainbow we should see;
If there were no pain,
No solace there would be.

ACADEMIC ANQUESTION

DOROTHY CANFIELD

AUTHOR OF "THE INHERITANCE." "THE KING OF FRANCE." ETC.

HE attitude of his fiancée—and almost bride-about the change in his fortunes was a never - failing source of steady comfort and delight to Nathaniel Alden, a little dizzy from the complete overturning of all his plans. He

told his aunt proudly:

"Laura says she's actually glad I am to be a poor man, because the training she has had from being brought up as the eldest daughter in the family of a poor minister will be of some use to me. She was afraid before that her accomplishments in the line of frugality and thrift would be faults rather than virtues in our

life abroad-the dear!"

Later on, only a few days before the wedding, when the question of his profession was being settled, the young scholar thanked Heaven for having given him such a pearl among women. One of his dead father's associates offered him a lucrative position, perhaps as consciencemoney for a share in the conspiracy which had swept away the small Alden fortune; but Laura would not hear of his accepting it, because his finicky sense of honor revolted at some aspects of the trade. She made him accept, without a qualm of distrust, the offer of an assistant professorship in the French department of a large Western State university.

Her reasoning sounded as convincing and sensible to her lover as it was disin-

terested and generous.

"My dear Nat!" she had exclaimed, in affectionate impatience over his hesitancy. "Why are you marrying a poor girl, if you don't get any benefit from it? I don't want money. I shouldn't know what to do with it if I had it. only want you; and I want you happy and contented in your work, not rebelling and bitter all the time at shady sand," he said fondly, "to insist on my

things your business makes you do. If you went into business, you'd make five thousand dollars right away, and so on up to ten thousand, that hateful fat man told you. But where should we live? In that ugly, unhealthy, unspeakable city, where there isn't a soul who cares about anything but money; and you'd be spending all your time and strength getting ahead of people in ways that are really dishonest, and that would make you hate yourself. What good should we get

from all that salary?

"You see, I'm not sacrificing myself at all-I'm just clutching at what I want; for look at the other side. have fifteen hundred a year right away, and that's all my father and mother have ever had to bring up all our big family on; and for all you've been at home in Denham so little, you must know we've always lived comfortably, and never really lacked anything essential. And we should live in a lovely little college town that's almost like one of our New England villages, so everybody says, even if the country is quite flat; where the social tone of the people is all decided by the university atmosphere, and is correspondingly high and free from snobbishness. And then think! It's what you always wanted to do, to bring the ad-mirable features of French life and thought home to Americans; and here's your chance-and nobody can do it so well as you, who know France so thoroughly. Why, everything points to my being Mrs. Professor Alden!"

The young man was enraptured by the long homily. In his foreign-bred ignorance of the details of American life, he felt that he could advance no argument

against it.

"All the same, you're one in a thou-

taking an academic position when you might have an automobile."

She closed the discussion with a gesture of mock scorn.

"An argument beneath contempt, Professor Alden!"

H

THE letter of acceptance was written and sent on the day before the wedding, and one of the events of their modestly inexpensive wedding-journey was a cordial answer from the head of the French department, welcoming his "distinguished new colleague" and expressing great satisfaction at the news that he was to bring a bride to Clarendon.

"We rather pride ourselves on our agreeable social life in Clarendon," he wrote; "and the arrival of a bride is always a festival occasion with the good ladies of the faculty circles—although, indeed, there is no society outside the faculty in our picturesque little town."

At this Laura looked pleased, but a little apprehensive.

"I'm afraid I haven't clothes enough," she said, and then added: "But we're going to have nearly two whole months before the university opens; and after we get settled I can get time to make some more. I don't suppose there's any real social life until the winter's work begins."

Upon their arrival they found her conjecture correct to a greater degree than they had imagined. The little town lay under the blazing sun of the Middle West—a deserted spot in all the rankly green farm-country about. The last weeks of the summer school were at hand, and, although classes were being regularly continued, the instructors in charge were young bachelors, or men whose families were away at some summer resort.

They greeted the newcomers kindly enough, but were evidently surprised to see them at that time of year. It was with uplifted eyebrows of polite surprise that they met the Aldens' statement that they had arrived to settle down and live in Clarendon during the rest of the summer. They themselves were in a fever of impatience to be away; and the day after the summer session closed the great assembly of handsome, big

buildings on the campus was empty, save for janitors.

"It's all the better," declared Alden to his wife. "We have the whole town to ourselves, and I can get used to living steadily in America before they come back. I want to forget I've ever been abroad—except that I mean to take my classes there in spirit!"

When they began house-hunting, they were horrified at the rents of the houses in the part of the town pointed out to them as the "faculty village." Laura's New England frugality, and Nathaniel's habit of estimating sums in francs, reduced them to despair at the end of three days.

"I won't do it!" Laura declared, as they sat comparing plans and rents in their boarding-house bedroom. "I won't pay a third of our entire income for rent, and then have to heat the house besides. It's preposterous! What do other people do?"

The next day, without speaking to the real-estate agent to whom they had been recommended by the registrar of the university, they walked briskly into another region of the town, and found, to their great relief, exactly what they wanted. Laura was delighted with the pretty little cottage, the big tree over it, and the pleasant view down to the sluggish river and across to the far-distant horizon of the plains. The rent, although still beyond that of their New England home village, seemed reasonable enough after the terrifying demands first made on

The agent, to whom they triumphantly announced their discovery, made no comment on their action.

The young man's latent sense of domesticity sprang into the happiest and most vivid life during the weeks that followed. Accustomed to alternating the impersonal discomfort of foreign pensions with rare visits to his aunt's bare old house and rigidly fixed life in Denham, the business of settling and arranging this new little nest of cheer and warm personal delight was intoxicating to him.

They made one or two trips to the neighboring big city, to buy their pretty and inexpensive furnishings, from a list which had been the subject of infinite pleasant discussions as they sat on their own front porch in the warm summer evenings. Alden could not recover from his surprise at his wife's easy, competent disposal of the housework. She declared that their little house and simple life were "just nothing at all compared to looking after all the children in our family"; and, indeed, her vigorous vitality throve under the homely and homelike routine of their lives.

As he studied and prepared himself for the work he so eagerly awaited, she cooked and sewed, and trained the vines about the piazza, and was always at leisure when he emerged from the little room which they had dedicated to his professorship. They laughed at themselves, sometimes, for being so contentedly and absurdly "1850 domestic," as Laura said; but it was a happy season.

III

THE president of the university was one of the first of the fall arrivals, most of the faculty retarding their return to the latest possible day. The new assistant in French paid his respects promptly to the head of the institution, and came home quite pléased with the cordial, although somewhat vague and absent, greeting he had received.

"A man of a great deal of power—you can see that at once," he said.

He loyally adhered to this favorable judgment in the face of the president's failure to recognize the newcomer the next time they passed in the street. His secretary, who was with him, pointed out Mr. Alden, and the president apologized genially for his oversight.

"There are so many of you young fellows, and you come and go so! See here, don't wait for me to speak. Speak

first, and then I'll be sure!"

Evidently the slight hung remorsefully in his mind; for a few days later his carriage deposited him at the gate of the Aldens' yard, and he paid a half-hour's call on Mrs. Alden, taking his departure with an evident sense of relief at a duty done.

Laura told every detail of the call to her husband when he came home to sup-

per.

"He was very pleasant, indeed, although I kept feeling that he'd be

pleasant that same way to anything and anybody, from his cook to his wife. He seemed surprised to find us over here, and said he couldn't even remember coming into this part of town before; but he thought the house was very cozy. As he went away he kept looking at our next door neighbor—the man with the black beard, you know—and finally said, sort of to himself: 'Oh, yes, I know,' as if he remembered who it was. So he does know some people over here."

The young husband found, on his part, that the surprise as to where they were living was universal. The head of his department, from his semipaternal position, spoke to him frankly about it, in a conversation which left a distinctly unpleasant memory in the assistant's mind. The head approached him, in his genial manner, shortly after he re-

turned.

"I hear, my dear Alden, that you and your pretty little bride were egregiously deceived this summer by an unscrupulous real-estate agent. I should have thought the registrar would have referred you to somebody reliable. Of course, you couldn't know it; but you've put yourself off in a part of town where nobody lives at all."

"You're mistaken, I assure you," said Nathaniel, with a naïveté for which he blushed a moment later. "There are houses all about us—indeed, closer than

we should like."

"I mean nobody of the faculty—except a few tutors in the agricultural department. Nobody in our department would think of living there, for instance. I don't blame you, of course; you couldn't possibly know the conditions of a strange town. It's too bad you came so far ahead of the season, when none of us were here to help you; but you can probably sublet that place and move up into the faculty village. There's a good house not far from where we are."

At this Nathaniel explained, with an honest pride in his frankness, that he could not think of paying more rent than

at present.

"You, Professor Martin, know what my salary is; you can see for yourself that I can afford only a small rent. Besides, the house where we live is perfectly comfortable, and all we need."

Professor Martin looked at him in a dismayed silence, and then said, with a

clumsy delicacy:

"My dear fellow, of course your salary-but I understood you had some fortune of your own - you've lived abroad so much-and never felt the need of earning money before. I took for granted-'

Nathaniel laughed, relieved that he could correct the misapprehension so

"I never had much money - just enough to live on inexpensively abroad and continue my studies; but that was all swept away in the Eldenberry fail-I have nothing but my salary."

The other man spoke in a completely altered voice, as he answered with a dry

briskness, leaving the room:

"Well, I hope that you'll see your way clear to leaving there, in any circumstances. I don't like to have my department confused with the agricultural-At the door he paused for a final shaft. "You may be interested to know that the president himself mentioned to me that his tailor is your next-door neighbor."

Alden could not bring himself to speak of this conversation to his wife-a concealment for which he felt less guilty when suddenly, in a burst of nerves one day, she confessed to a much greater one. It seemed that several of the elder faculty wives, in calling on her, had exhorted her in much the same strain.

"I don't care a thing about it's not being a nice part of town, Nat," she had said, half sobbing; "but they said it would interfere in your work and hurt your standing to live as we do, no maid and all. I'm a hindrance to you-I'm getting in your way. But what else can

I do?'

In the comforting, intimate talk which followed he unburdened his mind of the remarks of his chief; and the two young creatures strengthened and consoled themselves by a mutual righteous indignation. Upheld by each other's sympathy, they felt a burden lifted and themselves stronger for the conflict.

But the very next day, as Alden sat in his study deep in his books and hearing absently the murmur of conversation between his wife and a visitor, he was

recalled sharply by catching a sudden hysterical note of battle in Mrs. Alden's voice. He listened.

"Well, you may call it living like a working man, if you like, but if we only get working men's wages what can you expect? It was good enough for my father, and I'm sure your father always stood in awe enough of mine!"

Nathaniel laid down his book in astonishment. Laura was talking to no stranger, evidently. A smooth, strident voice, with meaningless modulations,

answered:

"My dear little Laura, you mistake I am only doing my duty by you, now that I find we are old friends. There isn't anybody else to tell you what people are saying about you, and somebody ought to. Believe me, you can't fly in the face of an old-established society like ours!"

Laura laughed excitedly at this.

"Old-established!" she said. "Why. my own uncle, when he came out West, drove his boomer's wagon right over the hill where the university stands now, and

there wasn't anything then!"

"The members that make up the society came from old-established places, and have traveled a great deal, and wish to uphold the standards of civilized society here. You'd find your welcome here just what you said Professor Martin foretold, if you'd conform to the customs of the place. I'd be very glad to help you select your furnishings, for instance. You know the town has a very pretty taste in old mahogany and blue china-but there, we won't talk any more about it now! You think over what I've said, and you'll see I'm right. Why, suppose people should entertain for you, how could you reciprocate? The people in the French department are quite puzzled to know what to do to make you feel the least bit comfortable. We're like an army-post, you know-a sort of outpost of civilization."

"Only in an army it's regulated by rank," flashed back the New England girl. "It doesn't make any difference how much money a lieutenant's wife may have, she doesn't dare set herself above the colonel's wife; but here you've both

rank and money to bow to."

Her voice trembled as if she was near

tears, and her companion evidently feared them, for she turned the conver-

sation resolutely in another line.

"I see you have some of those charming Dutch tiles," she said with a gracious accent. "Isn't it the most fascinating occupation picking up odd things in out-of-the-way nooks and corners abroad?"

"I don't know," said Laura bluntly.

"I've never been abroad."

"Oh!" said her visitor disjunctively, and there was a silence. "Well, you don't have to go to Europe for odd pieces of furniture," she went on after a moment, with an air of making an allowance. "Mrs. Martin, the wife of the head of our department, has a great many charming pieces of old mahogany that she picked up at auction-sales in the South. Usually people coming from New England have old family pieces, too."

Laura answered with a short laugh.

"You know what Denham is like, and how nice the old furniture is apt to be there. No, I haven't anything that's older than last summer. We bought everything in one of the big department stores in Hurrytown."

There was another silence, broken by the visitor's voice exclaiming, with evi-

dent relief:

"Oh, there's my carriage now for me. How quickly the time has gone! Goodby, Laura, dear—you don't mind my calling you that? And do believe that I stand ready to help you at any time. Of course, you can't know about conditions here as I do, and I'm sure you want to help your husband in his work. We all hang together, you know, like one big family, and take an interest in one another's lives."

As the front door banged, Alden emerged from his study and found Laura

with red eyes.

"It's not because my feelings are hurt," she said, resentment in her voice. "I just got so angry that I couldn't keep the tears back. Not that I mind what she said—Sallie Parsons!"

She explained that the caller was the wife of another assistant in the French department, and that the fastidiously dressed, sophisticated Mrs. Monroe had turned out to be Sallie Parsons from

Denham, whose father was the laughingstock of the town for his illiterate speech. She had married and gone away years ago, when Laura was a little girl. Her husband had made money in some shady business connected with a big system of bucket-shops, and then had died, leaving his wife a handsome fortune. Laura had not heard of her marriage to a university professor shortly after, and her appearance, snugly ensconced on the highest ledge of Clarendon society, was a complete surprise.

It seemed that Mrs. Monroe had also been surprised to find the little girl she had left in Denham grown up and married, in the West; but she had immediately availed herself of the privilege of free speech, which a previous acquaint-

ance gave her.

"No, you needn't ask me what she said, more than you heard," stormed Laura, "for I sha'n't repeat it. It was beneath contempt. Only she criticized everything in our life, from my not keeping a maid to the way I do my hair and furnish the parlor. She said she'd heard a great deal about the queer way we were doing, but she hadn't dreamed of speaking about it until she found we were old friends. Then she thought it was really her duty to tell me that I was injuring my husband's career by my provincial ideas. Do you think I am injuring your career, Nat?"

Alden drew her to him with a tender

murmur of sympathizing protest.

"It's I who am putting you in a position where you are wounded all the time," he said remorsefully. "I've been thinking half seriously that I'd better take that position with Wellman, after all. It's still open to me—a sort of standing offer, you know."

"Not much you don't!" declared his wife with a homely vigor of phrase, coming back to herself. "Not one step do you go, now that your work is succeeding so wonderfully! One of the college girls I met in the drug-store the other day told me that they never knew what it was to study a foreign language before. She said you were one of the most popular professors in the university!"

Alden's eye kindled at the mention of his work, and he said no more about changing his profession. Indeed, he found himself supremely happy in his classes. He labored and toiled at the task of teaching elementary French, with the creative joy of an artist, which forbids work ever to seem drudgery. He was imbued with missionary spirit, and burned to carry clarity of thought, precision of mental effort, and appreciation of fine shades of meaning, to these fumbling, half-educated young people, as ardently as ever his Puritan ancestors longed to lead a new country to their ideals.

The smallest details of grammar and idiom were irradiated with the light of his large vision of their significance in the spirit of the language. His classes were electrified; they worked as they had hitherto worked only for science courses. His enthusiasm was a mounting fire which kindled the indifferent mass of his heterogeneous students into a flame of interest and appreciation which surprised themselves.

IV

HE became more and more absorbed in his work, conscious, it is true, from time to time, of pin-pricks of annoyance, but genuinely astonished, some months later, to find that they had grown into a bulk of tragic importance. It was as if he had absently observed wisps of cloud passing over the sun, all too small to notice, but which had banked themselves solidly into a sullen and threatening cloud-wrack that startled him as he glanced up from his work.

In other words, his bride of only six months was unhappy. She was ashamed of it, and denied it as earnestly as her transparent nature would allow; but the fact remained that he was not making her happy—or at least, that he was not preventing other people from making her unhappy.

He was aware, suddenly, of the cumulative importance of the details he had considered negligible one at a time. It was, of course, absurd to be unhappy over not having oriental rugs in their home, even though it was explained to them that the sophistication and the traveled culture of the faculty circle were so great and had so effectually permeated and transformed the crude Western town that even the boarding-house keepers now

had only Turkish and Persian floor-cover-

It was certainly childish to repine at having only one evening dress, even if every tutor's wife had several. It was too small to consider—the fact that one of the faculty's wives had apologized to Laura for not calling because her driver did not know the way to the Aldens street. Sensible people, of course, could only laugh at the pretension of a society which could say that dinner without wine was an impossibility, when every one knew that their fathers and mothers served coffee and cream honestly with the main meal of the day.

It was a funny episode, with, of course, no sting in it, when somehow the wires crossed while Laura was telephoning, and she overheard her prospective hostess lamenting the fact that the Aldens did not play bridge.

"Heavens! It makes them simply impossible to entertain. If they weren't in the same department with my husband, I wouldn't think of it!"

Although her lips quivered, Laura had told her husband:

"I haven't any money to pay for lessons in bridge, and I'm sure I should be bored to play it all day long if I knew how already."

These things, and countless others, were insignificant in themselves, but Alden felt a qualm of dismay at their assembled magnitude.

"Why, what's the matter with us?" he cried in astonishment. "How do all these other people manage it?"

And he had set himself to investigate the financial situation with as thorough a purpose as if the problem were one of phonetics. He returned from his voyage of discovery among the men of the faculty in still greater dismay at their plight, and with genuine thankfulness for his own safety.

"Why, it's something awful, Laura, dear," he exclaimed. "I haven't talked to a man among them—even those who have money besides their salary—who isn't worried sick over the question of expense. And as for those who haven't anything else, like us, it would make your heart ache to hear them. They are fairly lying awake nights over it, and going further into debt year by year.

Nearly all of them work at something else—editing, or translating, or writing text-books, or doing hack literary work—anything that'll bring in the money. That's why they haven't more strength and time for their work."

Laura broke in hotly at this.

"Well, the *idea!* What is the matter with their wives? I wouldn't have you do that, just to get things we don't want—never!"

Her husband smiled at her fondly.

"Ah, but everybody can't marry you. You know they all prophesied that I'd break down if I kept up at the pace I began; but I'm the only man in the faculty who still looks fresh and fit, now the end of the year is beginning to come in sight. They are the ones who are all the time complaining so bitterly about the impossibility of living on a professor's salary. They say not one of them has any time for research work in his own line, and they all admit that they've dropped by the wayside, as far as advance in their specialty is concerned. I think we can manage to worry along as we are. We have the best of it a great deal!"

In spite of this brave front, he had been painfully and unwillingly impressed by the vitality of the force which so harried his colleagues, and a little daunted at his own light-hearted and ignorant defiance of it. He felt that he was not assuming his rightful place among his associates. He had declined to join the Professors' Club because of the high initiation and membership fee; but he found that most of the informal councils of the various departments took place over an expensive cigar in one corner of the luxuriously furnished club-room. He felt himself oddly humiliated to be obliged often to wait for the return of a colleague from the club building because he could not go to look for him there.

It began to seem that he had made a mistake—that it was simply good business to put himself on such a footing with those associated with him that he could deal with them with the least waste of energy. But he revolted from the idea of taking money for that purpose from

his scanty income.

"If I'm letting Laura do her own work, in spite of gossiping tongues, I

think I won't indulge myself," he thought with an instant sting of self-reproach.

Another time, smarting under the careless patronage of one of the young tutors, he had wondered vaguely if he could not get some translating to do, the money from which would cover the fees. He had realized, with a start, that he was standing on the edge of the same downward slope of nervous strain and neglect of his real work on which he saw his comrades struggling.

V

Laura kept to herself what annoyance the spring brought her, and between the two there grew up a wall of reserve which Alden deplored, but felt it impossible to remove. He knew that she was burning with a sense of being in a false position, and he feared—and was ashamed of himself for the fear—that any reference to the subject would bring out a flood of complaint.

In the end it was he who broke the silence, shocked out of his stoical endurance by an acute need for sympathy.

To Alden, coming fresh from the non-academic world, with eyes sharpened by enthusiasm, there had come an inspiration for a revision of the system of instruction in French. His belief in it had strengthened with his experience; and when he finally spoke of it to his chief, he could see that it made a strongly favorable impression. Professor Martin was fairly carried off his feet, and a committee was immediately formed to consider and arrange the matter.

To Alden's stupefaction, he was not put on the committee. He waited for several days, hoping that some mistake had been made, and then spoke of it. Professor Martin looked slightly, although not seriously, embarrassed.

"Why, you see, Alden," he said in a tone of complete and sufficient explanation, "you see, the old-established custom of the university"—Alden smiled involuntarily at this, the institution having recently celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary—"is to have the meetings of committees alternately at the Professors' Club and at the homes of the different members. It is one of our ways to promote social good-feeling, you know, with a little collation after the confer-

ence, and our wives to come in for music or something later; an English custom, I believe, in the first place. Of course, with your not being a member of the club, and Mrs. Alden not keeping a maid, and all, we didn't feel like imposing ourselves on her. It wouldn't have been kind."

He spoke with a jauntiness which faded somewhat under the accusing and resentful flame in the young man's eye.

"Of course, Alden, you mustn't think for a moment we are not going to give you credit for your share in the work. The first idea was yours. We shan't forget that."

Alden surveyed him for a moment in silence, with a difficulty in restraining himself so evident that the other sidled apprehensively to the door in an open

The hurt and sore young scholar took refuge in his wife's sympathy, and was pierced with remorse for his avoidance of her troubles by the whole-hearted way in which she comforted him and said no word of her own difficulties.

"It's really not a personal hurt, Laura," he assured her. "It's because of what I hoped to do with that idea. I've been taking notes on it every day, and experimenting with my classes almost since the beginning of work; and all that will be lost to them. They won't take time to find it out themselves-even to see what the real meaning of the change is. They're all so busy and distracted with other things."

He walked apart in a proud isolation after this-an isolation which was pleasantly broken by a letter from an old school friend of his in Paris. Raoul Henriot wrote ecstatically that he had been chosen the professor for the annual lecturing-tour in the United States, under the auspices of the French government.

"A joy untold," he said, "to think I am to see you and your wife and live a little of your life with you! Present my respectful and ardent salutations to madame, and tell her I have arranged my trip so that I may go directly to you after my landing in New York."

Alden's heart beat fast at the thought of meeting his friend, of hearing from his old life, which now seemed so dim and shadowy, and of enjoying some intellectual companionship once more. He felt suddenly that he had been very lonely. Laura was as delighted as he, and they both consulted the calendar, reckoning up, with an eager interest, the days which separated them from the traveler's arrival.

Posters announcing the lectures of M. Henriot were thick about the campus, when Alden overheard, one day, some discussions of the question who was to entertain the distinguished foreigner. The president's wife was ill, and Mrs. Professor Martin was in the South, haunting auction sales in the pusuit of old mahogany furniture. Alden felt a little innocent pride in his heart that Raoul Henriot was an old friend of his, and was to be his guest during the lecturer's stay at Clarendon.

"I crushed them for once, Laura," he "They hadn't a word to say!" said. And then, with a sudden heart-sick shame: "Oh, think of my feeling that way! I'm getting as bad as the rest of them."

VI

THE last week of the university session arrived. It was to be marked by various social events complimentary to the foreign guest. Laura had set her house in spotless order; had gone to the extravagance of hiring a young girl to help her, so that she could be more at liberty, and expectantly awaited the pleasant episode in a life which of late had held few but unpleasant ones.

She saw little of the faculty people in these days, but her husband came into more and more irritating contact with them. On the day when Henriot was to arrive, Alden sat alone in his hot little office, quite dispirited and fagged. Before him lay, applelike, a tempting letter from Wellman & Co., offering a position slightly different from the one he had refused, and with an even larger salary. The young man smiled cynically as he glanced at it.

"Old Wellman's doctor must be telling him his last day is near, to keep his conscience stirred up to that pitch!" he

mused.

The thought and the sardonic impulse behind it were new to him, and he pulled himself up sharply, surprised at the bit-

ter aspect of his worn spirit,

"Good Heaven! I am as petty a creature as the Lord ever made," he said to himself. "Here I am—young, strong, married to the woman I adore, and glorying in my life-work—rebelling at fate, forsooth, because I don't belong to a certain club, and because my wife is clever and strong enough to do her own work!"

He thought, with the glow that the picture never failed to give him, of the eager, upturned faces of his students. He had a vision of what he might accomplish later on, of the leaven of gay sanity and precise thought and intelligent cheer with which he might hope to combat the conditions that he found about him—the hopeless materialism, the groping uncertainty of aim, the sad and imprisoning impulse for material advancement.

A generous fervor lighted his eye, and he looked kindly upon Professor Martin, who came in with an evident discomforting burden. He resolved that he would not take these people so seriously. It was possible that, heralded before his arrival as a man of means, he had fallen among the wrong clique. Perhaps there was a side of this little world that he had not yet seen. In any case, for the sake of his work, whatever new tyranny of smallness was in store for him he would bear lightly.

The other spoke with a palpable resolution to get through with an uncomfortable business as soon as possible.

"I'm very sorry, indeed, Alden, to seem rude to you, but I'm really not acting for myself in the matter. It's the sentiment of the whole faculty circle, and I'm voicing it only because of my official relations to you. We think-they think that you've made a little slip in good taste in inviting M. Henriot to go to your house. Of course, we understood that you didn't mean to be presumptuous-and, indeed, there's no presumption. so far as that goes!-but, of course, Henriot is the guest of the university, in a way, and we'd-they'd like him to have a good impression of the way we live, and all. There are so many establishments that are better calculated for entertaining so distinguished a man. It would really be rather embarrassing

to have his hostess be also his maid. Of course, you and Mrs. Alden would be asked to meet him as often as possible.

You see how it is."

Professor Martin finished suddenly, in a burst of relief at finding his recalcitrant young assistant for once easy to manage; for Nathaniel Alden was smiling. He leaned back in his chair with a long breath, brought his hand down on the table with a gesture of sudden resolution, and smiled encouragingly at the older man.

"Yes, Professor Martin," he assented, in a smooth and enigmatic tone which continued through all he said. "I see perfectly how it is. I haven't really been able to see before, but now I do. Pardon me for my stupidity. Certainly, do as the faculty circle think most to their credit. You may perhaps be interested to know that it will not be hard to impress Raoul Henriot. In Paris he lives in a little apartment of five rooms on the Rue Jacob. His wife keeps no servant, but has a femme de ménage to come in for the heavy work. I've visited him often there, and could even tell you what Henriot's salary is-a little less than mine, I believe. And, by the way, Professor Martin, this is probably as convenient a time as any for giving you my resignation."

He took up the letter from Wellman & Co., and waved it toward the older

man.

"I have just decided to accept an offer that came to me this morning. I'm going into a different line of work in another country."

There was a moment's hush. The air was menacing and heavy with electricity. Professor Martin caught desperately at any tool to break the silence.

"Why-why-where are you going?"

he asked lamely.

"I'm going to take my wife to a healthier climate, where the air is more tonic than here, and where conditions are such that we can be freer in our movements. I'm going to live in the United States of America," continued the young man evenly. He permitted himself a discreet smile at this. "It is sometimes known, I believe," he added, "as the 'home of the brave and the land of the free!"



THE TOMPKINS LAUGHORIUM

BY EDWARD BOLTWOOD

AUTHOR OF "THE CONQUEST BEAUTY BARKER MADE," "THE HONOR OF THE ELKENHEADS," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY GORDON ROSS

N an August afternoon, John Hefferen sat with me in a dismal passenger-car, which dangled at the tail of a freight-train crawling sullenly across the Wyoming desert. Our only companion was a wrinkled Indian woman. She declined conversation, and stonily presented, with a fine, Miltonic effect, the sainted visage of divinest Melancholy.

"Alongside this here coach, a morgue at midnight would be a steady roar of merriment!" groaned John.

We tried in vain to talk, to sleep, to quarrel, and at length we were driven to smoke in moody silence. The aged In-

dian kept her expressionless eyes fixed on the grimy floor. Suddenly, without an instant's warning, or an apparent cause, she broke into a ringing peal of mirthful and mighty laughter. I could not have been more amazed had a party of pallbearers suddenly performed the Virginia reel.

"Well, Mrs. Langtry, what's the joke, ma'am?" said Heffren.

The squaw nursed her chin, and then, as abruptly as she had laughed, she relapsed again into dreariest gloom. John Heffren nodded wisely.

"But what was the joke?" I asked him.

"You can search me," he replied.
"Why does an Injun laugh? That's a hard one. Injuns is rigged onusual for laughin', Injuns is." He paused reflectively and rolled a cigarette. "And that's a fact," he went on. "And nobody knows it better'n me, and Jigstep McHenry, and Professor Socrates Tompkins, a scientific man. I never told you about that time, did I? Well, pass the matches."

Heffren lit his cigarette and plunged into his story.

H

"This McHenry and me was wintering in the town of Scalded Butte," said John. "We was financially non compos, and had to stand off the Widder Briggs, our board-lady, for grub and room-rent. So we spread ourselves to be as pop'lar

with her as a pink fashion-sheet. Mc-Henry, he'd rode in a circus once, and he could tickle the widder with mosscovered clown stories and comic songs, and, conserquently, we was livin' higher'n a couple of murderers under sentence.

"One day, over the beef-stew, the wid-

der says:

"'What do you think?' she says. 'There's goin' to be minsterels at the schoolhouse, for the benefit of the Ladies' Aid 'Ciety,' she says.

"Now, we knew how the widder herself was big chief of that Ladies' Aid outfit, so Jigstep McHenry gave me a quiet

wink.

"'Minsterels?' he says. 'Well, Mrs. Briggs, if I can help to assist, just you holler. When it comes to minsterels, I've got 'em all trimmed, from Dockstader to Richard Mansfield.'



"JIGSTEP, HE LAID ON OUR BED, LEARNIN' JOKES OUT OF A ALMANAC, WHILE I SAT ON THE BUREAU, AND PROFESSOR SOCRATES TOMPKINS ROOSTED ON A CHAIR"

"'Oh, that'll be perfec'ly dear of you!' said the widder. 'Spoon up some more of that jell, Mr. McHenry,' she said.

"Then Jigstep and me had a private war-talk about the minsterels, and Mc-

Henry, he's sure exultant.

"'Why, I'll be the head pin of this performance, Heffren!' he says. 'I'll thereby solidify us with the widder till the spring round-up. There ain't a comedian in Scalded Butte that's on the same reservation with me.'

"But after we'd scouted 'round, things begun to look some diff'rent, and Jigstep McHenry sees he'd been quite some too

numerous.

"It was this way. There was a secretary to the Ladies' Aid, which her name was Ann Lily Mott, and she was fearful jealous of the Widder Briggs, and aimed to grab the president's belt next election. So, when the minsterel scheme loomed up, and Mrs. Briggs threw out her chest, public, 'cause of her star comedian Mc-Henry, this Ann Lily Mott dug up a cousin, who lived in Deadwood, and had took first money, three amychoor nights a runnin', at the Deadwood Vaudeville Opera-House Theayter. He's a plumber by trade, the cousin, but he writes to Ann Lily how he'll win over to Scalded Butte for the Ladies' Aid show, and make any other minsterel on the platform look like a counterfeit two-bits.

"You see, a cow-town in winter fevers up easy, and this maneuver tore Scalded Butte wide apart. It warn't so much Jigstep ag'in' the plumber, as it was the Mrs. Briggs gang ag'in' the Ann Lily Mott adherents, and what you'd call the social atmosphere of the settlement would

'a' fried eggs.

"Well, here it was a fortnight afore

the minsterels.

"'McHenry,' says I, 'if you disgrace the widder in this show, the next performance we give will be in the county jail, for owin' a board-bill.'

"Jigstep, he laid on our bed, learnin' jokes out of a almanac, while I sat on the bureau, and Professor Socrates Tompkins

roosted on a chair.

"Tompkins? Oh, he was a new boarder—a narrer-built old trout, with a plume on his face. He allowed he was a scientific man, and the last science he had worked at was a phonograph hewgag in a Cheyenne restaurant.

"'McHenry,' says I, 'two weeks from this evenin' Ann Lily's cousin will get more laughs in a minute than you will from supper to sun-up, and we'll be ditched.'

"Jigstep is scared, and he'd 'a' backed out, only for bein' a pile more scareder

of Mrs. Briggs.

"'Heffren,' he says, 'you'll have to laugh for me, anyhow, and that'll kind of coax a giggle out of the others—kind of start 'em.'

"' Me laugh?' I says. 'What good'll that do? They'll suspicion me. I wisht to gracious,' I says, 'that Sniggerin' Miller was around to help you!'

"'Who's he?' said Tompkins.

"'He's a friend of mine,' said I. 'He's got the coaxin'est laugh, for a crowd, in the Black Hills,' said I. 'Sniggerin' Miller's laugh,' said I, 'would coax a grin out of the cold side of a tombstone.'

"At that the professor looks wiser'n

blazes.

"'Ah, I see!' he says. 'A contagious laugh, it must be. This Miller's laugh hits a fundermental note,' says Tompkins.

"'Yes, it's funny enough,' I said.

"Then the professor's lingo gets too many for my intellec'. Near's I can remember, he claims how everythin' in nature, from a cathedral to a pill-box, has got a diff'rent fundermental note of music, and that if you can strike up that note—bingo, the thing will fly to smitherens. He said a fiddler could heave down the Cheyenne city hall, if he fiddled the right note in front of it; and that what Miller's laugh done was to hit the fundermental note of your diaphragm, or somethin', and cause you to cackle, joyous.

"Well, me and Jigstep passes up that

scientific stuff.

"'What's the use of such loony talk?' said McHenry. 'I don't much guess we can fetch Sniggerin' Miller to the show, anyway.'

"'No,' said I. 'Seein' how he's on a promenade through Mexico, with three sheriffs after him, I don't much guess we

can.

"But the professor bounced out of his

chair, sudden, and his whiskers bristled

"'I never thought of it before!' he shouted. 'Boys,' said he, 'I'll help you ag'in' the plumber. Why shouldn't a contagious laugh, same as Miller's, be imitated?' said he.

"' With what?' I said.
"' With science,' said he.

"'Science be darned!' yelled Mc-

Henry, a heap disgusted.

"So little Socrates Tompkins got awful warm in the collar, and pranced about.

"'If I only had the makin's of a graphophone,' he jabbered, 'I'd show you ign'rant sheep some science that'd drive your wisdom-teeth out o' the top of your heads!'

"With that, he banged the door, and we could hear him in the next room, rummagin' in his trunk and snortin' to

hisself.

"Well, sir, we didn't see Socrates Tompkins for 'most a week, barrin' mealtimes. But, after a couple of days, the cussedest noises begun to emigrate out of his room that you ever laid your ears to! Mrs. Briggs, her nerves were on end a'ready, 'count of A. L. Mott and the minsterels, and she told Tompkins how that racket would have to quit. But Soc said he was workin' for her own good, so's to ruin the Ann Lily crowd, and advised of her to wait. Accordin'ly, we waited, till one night, sure enough, here comes Tompkins down to the parlor with somethin' under his arm. He plants it on the table.

"'What is it?' said Mrs. Briggs.

"'Tompkins's Universal Laughorium,' he said. It was a tin squeegee, about the size of your boot-leg. 'Guaranteed,' said Tompkins, 'to vibrate the laughin' muscle of the young and old. Suitable for theayters, humorous lectures, and church sociables. Hide her under a seat, and set the auj'ence in a roar, when desired.'

"'Wind her up!' I said.

"The professor wound up a spring contraption, and turned her loose. And by the jumpin' catfish! You can believe me or not, but that phonograph dingus certainly had a powerful queer laugh to her! She took right a holt o' you, somehow, down where you live, and sort o'

wobbled you. Yes, sir, the queerest, quietest laughin' noise she made! Human, too. 'Haw-ruh-haw! Haw-ruh-haw!'—somethin' like that.

"But Jigstep, he didn't laugh back none, nor I didn't, nor Mrs. Briggs, although the widder's face kind of puck-

ered some.

"The professor is cast down for a

minute, but he chirks up, speedy.

"'I know why she didn't get a laugh out of you-all,' he said. 'You-all guessed what was expected of you, so you nat'rally held off, and leaned back ag'in' the breechin'-strap;' and he begs the widder's pardon for that sim'lee. 'The only fair test of the Laughorium,' said Tompkins, 'is to try her on parties that ain't warned of her, none whatever.'

"'How in time can we manage to do that?' said McHenry. 'We can't go blattin' around promisc'ous with the contraption now, or we'll give away the game afore the night of the minsterels,' said

ligstep.

"And right there, sir, when McHenry said that—right there's where me, John Heffren, makes one of the chief misplays

of my whole misplayed c'reer.

"'Listen to me,' said I. 'There's a cabin full of Injuns, just over the divide. What's the matter with packin' the Laughorium over there?' said I. 'We can spring her onbeknownst among the aborigines, and if she raises a gurgle out of an Injun, it's a good bet that she'll erupt mirth out of Scalded Butte like a Yellowstone geyser.'

"Well, the fool deal went through that same evenin'. The four of us, widder and all, we gum-shoe'd over the divide, sly as the Standard Oil Company; and we sneaks up to a window of the Injun shack, without makin' a sound. There sat the Injuns, solemn and rocky, the way they do. You'd 'a' thought a dozen deef-and-dumb orphans was holdin' the obs'quies of a wafted parent.

"Then Tompkins cranked up the

Laughorium.

"I'm tellin' you the truth, straight as we're settin' in this car. One of the bucks dove for the door, but afore he made it, he'd begun to titter! Then another laughed, and another; and the squaws, they giggled; and the papooses crowed continuous. Gai'ty? Glee?

Don't talk! If Tompkins hadn't choked off the machine when he did, we'd 'a' had a dozen merry maniacs trailin' us for life, so help me! As it was, old Charlie Dogcollar, who was the head buck, offers Tompkins a buffalo-hide and two squaws for the Laughorium, 'cause him and his tribe has to pull their freight early the next mornin'.

"'This settles it!' says McHenry in

bourine, that he was no slouch of an impresario.

"Jigstep McHenry, he's the other endman. He aimed to get a snicker right at the start, by means of makin' faces durin' the overchoor. Howsomever, the first face he made crackled up his burned cork, so most of it dropped off of his countenance; and he looked horrid and alarmin', like an ad for a complexion soap.

But that calam'ty don't stampede me any at all. 'Cause why? 'Cause I knows that in a dark corner under the stairs is Professor Socrates Tompkins with the Laughorium.

"After the overchoor, the next items was a warble by the postmaster, and another by the Crescent Grange Quartet; and Abie Holtz. the city marshal, does a dance, and runs a six-inch sliver in his foot, and wants to arrest the janitor. And



"JIGSTEP TOOK A FRESH HOLT, AND LET FLY A RIB-SPLITTIN" VARN ABOUT A TURKISH BATH, BUT THE LAUGHORIUM HEADED HIM OFF"

our bedroom; and he tears up the comic almanac. 'I'll outhold the plumber now!' he says. 'With that laugh - can at work for me in the gall'ry, I'd stack up, fear-

less, ag'in' Chauncey Depew, or any-body, he says.

"Honest, it did seem so to me, too.

III

"Come minsterel - night, and that auj'ence fair bulged the schoolhouse. Mrs. Briggs has her dev'tees herded on the north side, and Ann Lily Mott has hers on the south, like Grant and Lee at Waterloo. You can smell fight half a mile away. The plumber, he's there, safe and sober; and when they slid the curtain, I could savvy, by the style he jerked a tam-

then everybody sits back and draws a long breath, for now comes Ann Lily's cousin, tellin' jokes, and after him, McHenry.

"The cousin done pretty good all through, I'll say that for him. There was one string of jokes about a girl in a sleepin'-car — but never mind. They warn't from no almanac, and Scalded Butte p'intedly howled. It sure 'peared like a big winnin' for Ann Lily and the plumber. But from where I sat, near to the platform, I got McHenry's eye, and he was ca'm and confident as four kings with an ace kicker.



"THERE'S FOUR WEEPIN' COWPUNCHERS INSIDE A SEEKIN' IT WITH GUNS"

"Then followed a kind o' waltz - a minaret, they called it-on the cab'net organ; and then Jigstep, up he rises.

"Good evenin, ladies and what came with you,' he says; and he pulled down his vest, that the widder had rigged comical, with a 'lastic inside.

"The auj'ence grinned, but all of a

sudden:

" 'Haw - ruh - haw! Haw-ruh-haw!'

says the Laughorium.

"'Twarn't loud, understand. Just soft, and kind o' teasin,' like a woman. The folks fidgeted in their seats, and peeked along sideways, nervous, as if they mistrusted somebody was sick, somewheres; and McHenry snapped his vest

"' Haw-ruh-haw!' cooes that scien-

tific device.

"At that, a fat stranger in a green bonnet cuddles up ag'in' my arm.

"'Sakes alive!' she whimpered. 'Is this a undertakers' convention, Mr. Heffren, or

what?

" Jigstep took a fresh holt, and let fly a rib-splittin' yarn about a Turkish bath. but the Laughorium headed him off. men got up and went out, pensive, and a small kid on the front row busts into an ag'ny of grief.

"By this time, I see plain that science had dooped us. That auj'ence is on the verge of bitter tears. I remember the crowd in a Bedelia City saloon, the night the town voted prohibition, and I know what I'm talkin' about. Another minute, and somebody would 'a' reared up and offered to lead the brethren in prayer. So I galloped out o' that schoolhouse under quirt and spur, and on the porch I found Professor Socrates Tompkins.

" 'Hey!' I said. 'Extinguish

that invention!' I said.

"Soc, he's white in the gills as a dead cottonwood, and breathin' hard.

"' Hush!' he says. 'I'm 'fraid to go back to stop it, Heffren. There's four weepin' cow-punchers inside a seekin' it with guns.

But just listen! Ain't it wonderful?'

says Tompkins.

"' Wonderful?' said I. 'It's plumb demolished of us! Do you call this laughter, that you're evokin', you scientific shrimp?'

"'No,' says Soc. 'I didn't quite throw what I roped for. But I got a fundermental note, Heffren-you're bound to own to that. It was the Injuns that fooled us. Their diaphragms is diff'rent, and-'

"But me, I was hot.

"'Gimme that ax!' I bellered. 'I'll diaphragm it!' and I charged under the stairs for that Laughorium, sir, like a thunderbolt o' war."

JOHN HEFFREN looked at me, and then rubbed the car-window with his elbow. Our train was slowing down. The melancholy Indian woman across the aisle was gathering her bundles.

"It was a shame, John," I hinted, "to destroy such a remarkable machine."

"Well, I was too late," said he. "By the time I'd smashed it to suit me, the auj'ence was cheerin' for Ann Lily Mott's cousin, and Jigstep McHenry was hidin' for his life in the lean-to of the schoolhouse, under a pile of kindlin'-wood."

Heffren sighed profoundly, and seemed

to change the subject.

"Look a yonder!" he directed, pointing. "See that water-tank? That's

Scalded Butte. Shake out, son. We get off here. We'll bed down at the Scalded Butte Hotel. It's kept by McHenry and his wife—the widder Briggs that was."

I manifested surprise at the marriage. "It was the only way he had to square himself with her," explained John mournfully.

"Well, I'll be glad," said I, "to meet Mr. McHenry. Do you think he'll tell me a minsterel joke or two, if I ask him?"

"Before you mention it, you'd better leave your name with the coroner," said

Heffren.

A CHEERFUL PHILOSOPHER

I MAKE a point in all my days
To think of pleasant things;
I find it helps to free my gaze
From all the clouds and murky haze
That hover o'er our mortal ways,
And irk our wanderings.

For instance, when my tailor's bill
I have no funds to meet,
I do not let it make me ill,
Or make the prospect drear and chill,
And my small stock of comfort spill
Like apples in the street.

I merely think of joys I had
While running that account;
The waistcoats fine, the coat of plaid,
And other garments gay and glad
In which I was so finely clad—
Quite worth the full amount.

Or if perchance I have a toe
That twinges with the gout,
I do not give way to my wo,
And let my spirits sag so low
That every friend becomes a foe,
And every hope a doubt.

Not I! I think of dinners fair, Of midnight lanterns burned; Of relishes beyond compare; Of canvas-back and camembert, And sundry vins—not ordinaire— By which that toe was earned!

In short, no matter what the cark
That comes to me anon,
Whatever trouble, dire and dark,
Shall haply choose me for its mark,
I'll none of it, but backward hark
To joys that brought it on!

LIGHT VERSE

STUDIES IN NATURAL HISTORY

THE GIRL-BY ONE OF THE BOYS

A BOUT the nicest thing I know
I must admit's a girl; and so,
Though girls sit round and stitch and hem,
I just can't help admiring them.

They keep clean faces, walk just so, They have but very little go; They are afraid of tiny mice, And yet—they certainly are nice!

Of course, it's queer to play with dolls, Or make believe exchanging calls, Or wear long dresses from the attic— But girls are pleasing, though erratic!

At studies girls are rather smart, They go at books with all their heart; But it's on looks they come out strongest— I s'pose because they primp the longest.

You rarely find a girl's a dunce; She looks a fellow through at once; Her cleverness is really striking— Yet clever girls I can't help liking.

The names of girls are strangely pretty— Edith, Edna, Alice, Kitty, Julia, Margaret, Evelina, Thalia, Doris, Rose, Edwina!

Now put by these the names of boys, And all the music turns to noise: Jack and Bill and Bob and Jim, Joe and Hank and Tom and Tim.

Girls, when all is said and done, Surely are not much for fun; Somehow they don't really play, Yet—I like 'em, anyway!

If children all were boys, suppose, Instead of half being girls, who knows?— We *might* get on for some time; only I think we'd soon be mighty lonely!

George Jay Smith

MIRANDA

A LTHOUGH I loved Miranda much,
Upon this tender theme to touch
I did delay,
Until I had to do or die;
So off to tell my tale went I—
'Twas yesterday!

She seemed surprised at what I said; She sadly smiled, and shook her head; Hope died away.

And then—oh, wretchedness and wo!— She said her answer must be "No." 'Twas yesterday!

Harold Melbourne

A CYNIC'S ADVENTURES

THE time was night, the place the street;
I hurried on my way;
I wished my hair cut, then to eat,
And then to see a play.

I saw a car approaching fast; I raised my dexter hand, Fearing to see it hurry past, And brought it to a stand.

"Good evening—kindly step aboard— Oblige me with your fare!" He gently pulled the starting-cord— Such gentleness is rare.

When I had reached the barber's shop I sat down in a chair. "A little bit right off the top; Not much—I prize my hair."

Now when a tip—a silver dime— I offered, from his lips Came this: "To tip, sir, is a crime; I can accept no tips."

And then I found an eating-place Where might have dined a king; To paint its tone I lack the space; They brought me everything.

The dinner eaten—"Where's my bill?"
The waiter, with delight:
"In here you eat and drink your fill;
It's on the house to-night."

Quite dazed, I hurried to the show, And out upon the street A speculator said: "I know You'd like a decent seat. "Why pay my price? It's far too high!
Just buy it at the door."
With open mouth I hurried by,
Astonished to the core.

The acting done, I started out To take a Subway train; Home-going people all about, And overhead the rain.

By deftness I secured a seat, With women standing nigh; It is a fairly easy feat, And one I often try.

But now a wondrous thing took place; I rose up from my seat, And, with a smile upon my face: "Sit, madam, I entreat!"

But then I woke up with a scream, For well I knew it was a dream! Charles Battell Loomis

NAMING THE BABY

SHE studied the directory,
The telephone-book too;
She looked the dictionary o'er,
From "Aaron" down to "Zu."

She sought out all her neighbors, wrote To forty friends or more; She skimmed through tomes of poetry And other books galore.

She studied over sign-boards
And catalogues—until,
In utter desperation,
She simply named him Bill!

Bruce Harland

THE TRIALS OF AN AEROPLANIST

LAUNCHED my machine on the crisp, clean air,

And sailed to the billowy blue, And, leaving behind me all thoughts of care, All over the heavens I flew;

But when I came back from the fleecy roll,
Like a shot from a catapult,
I landed on top of a trolley-pole.

I landed on top of a trolley-pole, With truly re-volt-ing result.

I mended the car, and with spirit elate
Once more sought the beautiful dome;
I sped over city and county and State,
Leagues over the land of my home.

But on the return the machine gave a lurch, A swift, irresistible dash, And punctured a wheel on the Methodist

church, And went through the roof with a crash. Undaunted by this, when the dawn came along.

Repaired and athirst for my wings, I mounted again with a heart full of song, Impatient of groveling things.

I sped on my way with a rush and a roar,
O'er hillock and mountain, pell-mell,
But stove in my bow on the thirtieth floor

But stove in my bow on the thirtieth floor Of the lofty St. Gotham Hotel.

Once more I essayed the fair regions above; Dismay had no pleasures for me.

I gave the old car an impetuous shove To sail the aerial sea.

'Twas then that the bitters o'erflowed in my cup,

And filled all my nature with spleen—
I fell in the hands of the Man Higher Up,
Who swiped my beloved machine!

Wilberforce Jenkins

RELINQUISHMENT

WANT a vote, oh, Polly mine?
All right, dearest, mine is thine.
I don't care who runs the State
Long as you are kept elate,
Happy, free, and satisfied,
With your wishes gratified.

Pick your man for Governor, Make your choice for Senator; I don't care who 'tis you plan For our nice new alderman, Long as you are blithe and gay, Smiling ever on your way,

Cast your ballot straight and fair For the Presidential chair. Choose the fellow you prefer For police-commissioner— All the same to me, my dear, Long as you are full of cheer.

Is the maid a Democrat?
I don't care a rap for that.
Is the sweep a Socialist,
Or a Prohibitionist?
Little care I for their views,
Long as you are free from blues.

Esau sold his birthright good For a pot of breakfast-food; So do I now part with mine, All along the happy line, So that it will leave you free In your mind to cook for me.

Fact is, dear, you've run things here In our home for many a year, And so well the task you've done Since your rule was first begun, That I'm truly quite content To be ruled by Polly-ment!

Carlyle Smith

THE PURSUIT*

A ROMANCE OF TO-DAY

BY FRANK SAVILE

XXXV

RESCUE, liberty, and—not least—triumph over Landon! These were all possibilities—even probabilities—clear to Claire Van Arlen's intelligence as she bent over Aylmer—clear but undefined. Yet the one outstanding, engrossing thought was that her champion had fallen in the moment of victory. The blood was flowing from a deep cut on his forehead; he was unconscious; the color had ebbed from his very lips. An agony of apprehension seized upon her. He was dead—he was dead!

And then — the pulse of that relief will be quick in her to her dying day—the wounded man's eyes opened, and he stirred. He did more than stir—he made efforts to rise.

She held him masterfully; her voice was stern in her command to him to lie still. And he looked up at her with an incredulous glance in which humor had its part. He smiled—a puzzled smile.

Suddenly remembrance came back to him, and his bewilderment became anxiety mingled with hope.

"The gunboat?" he asked hoarsely.
"They saw me—they were slowing down?"

She nodded silently as she looked about her. They had floated within the shadow cast by the towering bulk of the island nearest them. The last red rim of the sun's disk had passed below the western horizon. The dusk was gathering. A mile away the gunboat was turning ponderously.

Rapidly she told him what she saw, and he nodded a satisfied assent.

"They're done, now," he whispered

triumphantly. "We have them in a cleft stick!"

But Fate—listening Fate—shook her head.

It was Muhammed who had taken command of the situation—Muhammed who roared his orders to hoist again the half-lowered sail, to let drift the dingey from the stern, to stand by the halyards for a tack. He leaped upon the tiller, and flung the boat's prow round to point directly for the land.

The freshening breeze from the northwest swelled out the great sail as the panting sailors swung the yard aslant the mast. The water sang and bubbled from the prow. The Santa Margarita leaped landward like a living thing, straight for the cliffs of shadowing stone.

Captain Luigi, completely unnerved by the sudden crisis to which events had soared, wailed protests without attempting interference.

"I call you to witness that I said he had the evil eye!" he cried. "I call you to witness! Capture or destruction—there are no two ways to it!"

"There is one God, and there is one road to safety for a brave man!" answered Muhammed, as he leaned his strength upon the helm. "They call that road courage. Run out the French flag, amigo! They dare not fire on that, here, in debatable waters, for all their claim to these islands as being within the grip of Spain."

A sudden pang of doubt shook Claire. The gunboat was completing its turning movement — slowly — ah, how slowly! And yet how could the felucca, with no more than a fresh breeze to rely on, hope to evade that greyhound of the seas? A

spout of gray smoke burst from the graypainted sides — the sound of a cannonshot echoed down to them among the crags.

Muhammed laughed.

"Blank cartridge!" he said derisively.
"Within five minutes their faces will be no less blank. Sons of dirt, I spit upon

you!"

The girl's apprehensions grew. Confidence rang in the Moor's voice. He smiled as one who had already triumphed over his foes. And still the felucca drove shoreward, relentlessly toward the bare face of stone.

But the torpedo-boat was gaining speed. The white lift of the foam was veiling her bows. She ripped through the waters as a blade rips through calico—directly, cleanly, tossing aside the waves. Another few minutes—seven—six—perhaps less—and she must be alongside. And the island cliff seemed to overhang them now; the great sail flapped as the breeze beat back from the sheer rock against its breadth.

A second time Muhammed roared his orders. The sailors shifted the huge spar around the mast, swinging it as on a pivot. The Santa Margarita came about

dancingly.

The rush and boil of breaking foam on the seaward bow caught Claire's ear. She

glanced over the taffrail.

A comber was breaking on a great tooth of black rock within half a cable's length of the boat. Not far ahead she saw the white after-spume of another, and beyond that a third—a fourth—countless ones. They were within a very labyrinth of reefs. And Muhammed, swerving the tiller delicately from side to side, steered unshaken, his eyes piercing into the swiftly coming gloom, the smile of victory growing round his lips.

She understood, and before she turned her eyes astern she knew that hope was lost. The torpedo-boat was slackening speed; the cream of her wake began to slide past her sides and swirl round her bow as she slowed—went astern—halted on the lips of danger, and then reluctantly turned. A yell went up from the feluca as the crew saw themselves saved

—a yell of defiance.

Again the gray jet of smoke spurted from the gray port, and this time the background of purple dusk showed the red tongue of the flame. The sound of the report reached them, but not so swiftly as another sound — a nerve-rending menace which shrieked in their very ears, as it seemed, and passed — to thunder crashingly against the forehead of the

Again Muhammed laughed and showed his white teeth, and roared to his fellows to swing the yard-arm about as he spun the boat between two waiting jaws of rock, and sent her bounding out into the open before the lash of the favoring breeze. And night fell over them—for Claire Van Arlen the hopeless night of despair.

XXXVI

SHE looked up to find Miller standing beside her, looking down at Aylmer's face with somber, inquiring eyes. She realized for the first time that in that face the eyes were closed again, the lips bloodless, the cheeks sunken. She gave an exclamation — she bent and stanched the blood which still flowed from the wounded temple.

Miller picked up a bucket, seized a rope, attached it to the handle, and slung it overboard. He placed it, brimmed with water, at her feet. She looked up again, eyed him silently and without thanks, dipped her handkerchief in the water, and laved Aylmer's face.

Miller himself remained silent—as if he would force the first comment from her—as if he probed for information by mere inertness. Had he been heard? She guessed that he was asking himself—and, by force of silence, her—this question

A sudden instinct not to betray herself gripped her. Aylmer? Was not he an example of a like reticence? He had not revealed the fact that his hands were free till circumstances had revealed it. She would follow this example and so tell—nothing.

She pillowed Aylmer's head gently upon a coil of rope, and stood up.

"The hope of rescue is gone, then?" she said quietly. "There is no chance of their rounding the island — and encountering us later?"

Her fellow prisoner shrugged his

shoulders doubtfully.

"They seldom carry search-lights—craft of that size, in the Spanish navy, at any rate. No, Muhammed's seamanship has taken the trick this time. Spanish captains do not waste coal lavishly; and what, after all, have they to go on? Merely the words 'Help! Prisoners!' It might easily have been the vagary of some half-drunken sponge-fisher."

She looked at him keenly.

"That was what he signaled?" she

said. "You understood that?"

"I know the international code," he said simply. He looked down at Aylmer again. "His escapade has not improved our position," he added. "When Landon comes to himself—"

"He is not seriously wounded, then?" she cried in quick disappointment. "I

had hoped—I had prayed—"
"What?" the gray man asked, as she

hesitated

"That he had been killed," she answered slowly. "Is there any escape from the net of villainy in which he has us all entrapped?"

Miller looked at her silently, and the dawn of a hard smile glimmered about

his lips. He pointed aft.

"Will you come and look?" he said.
"Perhaps I have undervalued your prayers. I am no surgeon, but I would wager a larger sum on his reviving than I would on the recovery of—this!"

He touched Aylmer with the point of his foot. There was no ungentleness in the action, but it seemed instinctive—the gesture of an autocrat or of a dictator,

seeing all men under his feet.

She gave a gesture of assent, and followed him into the gloom cast by the sail upon the stern. Landon lay within a foot of where he had fallen, his head pillowed upon a tarpaulin. Muhammed had relinquished the tiller to Captain Luigi, and was dropping aguardiente between the set lips. The color was stealing slowly back into the cheeks, which had been as pale as Aylmer's own.

Landon's eyes opened as Claire stood beside him. They met hers, at first, without recognition; then a gleam of feeling flashed in them—a gleam which grew in

fierceness as he gazed.

"I remember!" he muttered. He made a feeble effort to rise, which Muhammed prevented by the steady pressure

of a hand. "By the Lord, he shall pay for it—and you!"

And then, meeting that glance, and stricken by the revulsion from the momentary hope which the events of the last few minutes had engendered, Claire surrendered to a sense of despair. What could the future hold for her except—the worst? As far as she was concerned, the deal with Fate was finished, and she had lost finally.

But even despair could not crush the maternal, protective instinct which had sprung into being in the silo of El Dibh—which had grown into full flower through the last dark hours in the lazaret. She spoke quickly, on the spur of

the moment.

"Him you cannot hurt," she answered. "He is escaping you—he is dying."

Landon struggled under Muhammed's

restraining hand.

"Is he?" he cried, looking at Miller.

"Is he? He's not going before I get my hands on him! For Heaven's sake, man, say he isn't! Say it isn't true!"

Miller shrugged his shoulders more or

less apathetically.

"We'll do all we can, of course," he temporized.

Landon gnashed his teeth and burst

into hysterical weeping.

"Ah, but I wanted to have my will of him!" he cried. "It's he, and all the thousands like him, that have put me here! The cursed hypocrites! I went against their code—and they jostled one another to trample on me when I was down! And I?" Landon shook his fist weakly into the night. "I? I was no worse than the rest of them. I was only myself — simply the natural man — and they flung me out! And I could have repaid every stab—every kick—on him—on him!"

He writhed and then suddenly steadied himself. Again his eyes focused evilly

upon Claire.

"Go to him!" he ordered. "Go to him, and do your utmost for him! Bring him round, and I'll be light with you! I'll save you—the worst of it. Let him slip through your fingers, and by every fiend in the pit I'll make you pay double—double and double that!"

She turned from him silently, and, in

turning, made a little stagger. Miller's hand slipped under her elbow; for an instant she found that he was supporting her. She stirred away from him in un-

controllable disgust.

A moment later she had pulled herself together. Murmuring a disjointed sentence of thanks, she moved away toward the scuppers, where Aylmer still lay motionless. As she reached him, she realized that the gray man was still at her side. He was looking at her keenly, but with an impassive gaze which told her nothing.

She bent her face to the white lips. Faintly, but still distinctly, she felt the breath pass through them. She rose with

a little gesture of appeal.

"You must help me," she said. "We

must get him below!"

For a moment Miller hesitated; then he passed his arms behind the other's shoulders and lifted him. She bent and took his knees. Staggering again at first, but with growing steadiness, she helped to half carry, half drag him to the companion, into the cabin, to lay him, at last, on the floor of the lazaret.

She drew off her jacket and arranged it under his head. She rose and looked

at Miller.

"Now, if they will give me food and water, I will do what I can," she said simply. "Quiet is his best chance—absolute quiet."

He gave a little bow of assent.

"We must hope for the best," he answered. "You must rely on me all you can. Come into Landon's notice as little as possible. I will use my influences—such as they are—for the best."

The hot throb of repulsion—of hate, even—throbbed up in her, knowing, as she knew, that Miller was false to her; but she kept her face outwardly unmoved.

She nodded.

"Yes," she answered quietly, "unless you think my duty is to let him—die?"

His imperturbable face lost its calm for a moment. He was genuinely startled.

"But no!" he cried quickly. "Things are not as bad as that! The threats he used? Those were the results of shock—of delirium. I would prevent that."

She looked at him very steadily.

"Yes?" she said. "You—a prisoner, like myself. How?"

He shrugged his shoulders vaguely.

"He is open to reason," he said. "He could not afford it. I could make that plain to him—I have every assurance that I could."

He was looking at her searchingly—frowning, showing dissatisfaction with himself for his slip. She was content to let it pass.

"Thank you," she answered. "You

give me hope!"

Truly enough, a wild, incredulous hope had just arisen in her heart, for her gaze had been still on Aylmer's pallid face at her feet.

The gray man still hesitated, and then, with the air of one who has probed an enigma the solution of which still escaped him, turned and passed into the cabin. She heard his footsteps echoed along the deck over her head.

Aylmer's eyes opened, and then one of

them closed again-in a wink!

She laid her finger warningly upon her lips. She bent till her lips touched his ear.

"I knew it—I knew it!" she breathed joyfully. "Ah, but you nearly spoiled it all. You smiled—I saw the beginning of it—when he made his slip, and he might have seen it, too!"

Aylmer smiled again.

"The renegade!" he whispered. "I knew it before this last hour. I saw it in his face when Landon came here before. They have some understanding, those two. And it was he that betrayed me with his suggestion about the halyards. I heard him — before they let them go!"

"And I!" she answered. "He is against us! We are alone—against them

all!"

"Where does his profit come in?" he asked wonderingly. "What arguments has Landon used—how can such a man be the gainer?"

She shook her head.

"I have met him—in Gibraltar—in society there," she said. "But do we really know anything of him? Does any one know?"

Avlmer was silent for a moment.

"No," he said at last. "No one knows. I have heard it spoken of—his unknowableness; but no one has supplied a key to the mystery. If we win out of

this, I must set machinery to work in Gibraltar—to find out."

"If!" she repeated sadly. "If!"

His lips set firmly.

"Not if," he answered resolutely. "When! Do you believe that men like Landon win? Didn't you yourself tell him that he would have to pay—eventually? I'm going to present the bill—I! I know it—I have it as a conviction!"

Her eyes glowed down at him. The dead roots of hope began to sprout in her heart. The downhearted—the fainéant—has any natural woman a use for such a one? No! "Nature made you the leader," they cry to the male. "For Heaven's sake, behave as one!"

Claire Van Arlen offered no protest no comment. She did not question his faith; her matter-of-factness only asked for detail.

"Meanwhile?" she questioned.

" Meanwhile?"

Aylmer made a little grimace.

"It is a gray prospect," he admitted.
"I lie here unconscious. I lie physically, and, by implication, morally. I feign myself as one on the lip of extinction. I wait!"

She felt vaguely disappointed. "You wait—till when?" she asked.

He smiled.

"Till a very old friend comes by," he answered. "She has seldom failed me, and then my own laggardness was at fault. They call her Opportunity!"

XXXVII

"What is to be the end?" asked Claire suddenly—wearily. "What is to be the end?"

Aylmer looked up from his pallet on the floor. He looked at the girl, looked at the walls of bare masonry, looked at the shaft of sunlight which slanted through the barred window. For forty-eight hours he had lain there, shamming, shamming, shamming. For three days before he was brought to that place he had lain equally motionless in the lazaret of the Santa Margarita.

Conceive it, you who walk abroad as you list! Nearly a week of inaction, when all the time your blood is coursing healthily in your veins, your feet itch for the road, and, above all, your righteous

wrath is suffering a continual fever of resentment for which no remedy is present-

ly available!

The picture, however, had its other side. Could he, in any other circumstances, have advanced so far in intimacy with his companion? When, in the ordinary intercourse of uneventful life, would the barrier which she had raised against him have been flung down? Where else than in this island prison of Salicudi would he have seen the glorious vision of hope over that barrier's crumbling walls?

Dwelling on these matters, he was able to answer her pessimism with a genuine

smile.

"When I first met you, I told myself that I should have to play a waiting game," he said. "Well, it is proving itself so—literally."

She flushed faintly.

"You must forgive me," she sighed.
"We women are not taught to wait.
And in America we are allowed to be petulant, you know." She smiled. "You Britishers have more sense of discipline. But an end? Surely you yourself must want to see one? How long are you to lie there, paralyzed for action?"

He was silent for a moment, and his

eves were shadowed.

"It is I who must ask forgiveness," he said at last. "Perhaps I hardly realized what it is—for you."

A throb of compunction stung her.

She gave a little cry of protest.

"For me? It is a thousand times worse for you. I have liberty, in a sense. They let me walk abroad, at times. I am not interfered with; I can look out to sea and—and hope. I have you to lean on. But you? You lie within these four walls, and think, and think. Your only support is within yourself. And I am a drag upon you!"

And then she turned her face from the sudden passion in his eyes.

"Claire!" he said. "Claire!"

She did not answer in words. She made a little gesture which seemed to plead for forbearance, for a postponement to an inevitable but as yet far-distant morrow. She rose and walked to the window

"There is a ship passing now," she reported. "Half a mile from land. I

can see her flag-the Union Jack. A Newcastle collier, I expect, by her bulk and her grime. I suppose there are a score of unwashed deck-hands and heavers in her forecastle who would sweep this island bare of the human vermin that infest it if we could let them know our need-if we could signal-wave-act! Act? But to go on waiting! To have not so much as a plan!"

Avlmer rose cautiously.

"There is no one in sight?" he asked. She looked right and left keenly, sus-

"No," she said at last. "I watched Luigi back to the houses after he left our food. He and half a dozen more are at the landing-place. Two or three are on board the felucca, working her with sweeps into the shelter of the little breakwater. Mr. Miller? He is sitting on a boulder, watching, and-like us, I suppose-waiting. What, indeed, are any of us doing but that? Fate is to be the arbiter for all of us. We can offer no interference!"

He came up beside her, keeping in the shadow and peering cautiously between the bars. His glance was directed at the Santa Margarita as the toilers at the sweeps slowly worked her to her moor-

"They are making it the more difficult for us," he said slowly. "While she lay out there in the open, she represented the weapon with which we might have defeated Fate-if Fate is against us. Inside the breakwater, the edge of the weapon is blunt. Did Fate read my thoughts?"

She looked at him anxiously.

"You have had a plan?" she asked. "You have not been leaving all to

chance?"

"Wind—that is all I asked," he said. "A storm, a moonless night, and a little luck. If I could have got on board the felucca with you, and cut her from her moorings, we would have played a deal with Fate then. We would have enlisted her on our side, to take us where she willed!"

Her eyes grew vivid with hope-and with anxiety.

"But to get on board? We are locked in at night-bolted; and those dogs of theirs are loose."

"That is it-they are loose," he said. "A few handfuls of food saved, and we can attract them to the window, and they will be quiet enough when they are fed. It is merely a question of the getting out."

"And how can we get out?"

He pointed to a corner of the unmortared wall.

"Their bars are sound enough, and their bolts are out of reach of our tampering; but the building itself? Its foundations date from the days of Augustus, as likely as not. At night, while you slept, I tried its stability, course by course. It was in that corner that I found the weak spot. The lower stone I can remove at will. The one above it will fall when the support of the first is removed; and I put pressure enough upon the outer stones to know that a strong effort will The road is open, thrust them away. when we choose to take it!"

She clapped her hands softly. Her

face glowed.

"Why not now?" she cried. "Why not choose the passing of a ship, and then signal, as you did to the torpedo-boat?"

He shook his head.

"A war-ship is one thing," he objected; "a merchant ship another. We should be poising our all on the intelligence of a lookout-man who would be scanning the water, not the land, or of a third officer who might not know the international code."

She sighed.

"So-we wait," she said despondently. "So we wait," he agreed; "but not for long."

He was looking westward at the sky. "You see something?" she said quickly. "What?"

"I see wind clouds," he answered. "Cirrus. Fate may be making her prep-

arations for to-night."

"To-night?" She repeated the word faintly - incredulously. "I wonder!" she said slowly. "I wonder if, after all my yearning for action, I shall be brave when it really comes to - tonight?"

He looked down at her.

"And I?" he said. "Have I as good a chance as you to show courage?"

"You?" she answered wonderingly. "You are a man!"

"Yes," he answered, "I am a man. And you—a woman—are dependent on me, and I am taking you into perils that I can only guess at—dangers that lie absolutely in the hands of chance. For which of us is it easier to be brave—you or me?"

Her eyes dropped from his.

"What do you hint?" she temporized.

"For me—why should it be easier for me? The—the cases are equal, are they not?"

"No," he said quietly. "No, Claire, they are not equal. And you know that they are not. Not because you are a woman, but because you are the woman! Because you are you, and I—am myself—

and love you!"

This time there was a note in his voice which she had not recognized before, vibrant, unrestrained, passionate. The thrill of it pulsed through her—she felt it in her nerves—her very veins. She flinched from it—she gave a tiny gasp—the womanly instinct of evasion, of flight from pursuit, made her draw back from him a startled pace.

"Isn't that the truth?" he asked, his voice hoarse with its intensity. "Isn't it easy to be brave for oneself alone—easier than to be brave for another?"

She stood looking at him strangely, doubtfully, the shadow of dumb entreaty in her eyes; but in her heart other shadows were fading, to disclose realities hitherto faintly suspected and only half defined. Was this the true meaning of the fear which had suddenly been born in the moment of hope? Was it for his sake that she paused upon the threshold of danger? The protective instinct which she had recognized in herself with wonder—had that grown into something more? Was it death with him, or life without him, that she pictured as the worst that fate could give?

The silence grew in tension, but she could not break it. What was only then revealing itself to her—could she reveal it to him? She drew back another pace; she held out her hand as if she warded

off the inevitable.

"I cannot tell," she said weakly.

"But—but I think I could be brave for myself—alone."

He made an exclamation; his arms went out to possess her; his eyes shone.

"No!" she cried passionately. "No! Is it fair—is it right—to take advantage of our position? Is it honorable?"

She regretted her words in the very speaking of them. The passion faded from his face—a shadow veiled his eyes—he made a gesture of contrition. And she? With feminine inconsistency, she opened her lips to undo what she had done—to make her victory defeat.

Again fate intervened. Aylmer whispered warningly, slipped across the flags, and stretched himself upon the pallet.

One look through the barred window explained his action. A hundred yards away a couple of figures were advancing toward the building. Claire recognized Landon and, in his companion, Miller, talking vehemently.

She left the window and waited, sitting on the rough stool which was placed at

the pallet foot.

XXXVIII

A MINUTE later the sound of bolts withdrawn and a key turned in a lock echoed under the stone arch. Landon entered alone, debonair, smiling, but with eyes which were ominous of intention. He looked down at the pallet.

"Our sufferer-our patient? Do we

perceive no signs of progress?"

There was danger in his voice; Claire read it unmistakably. She shrugged her shoulders.

"He is no different," she said apathetically. "He has spoken—once or twice.

I see no change.".

"That is the misfortune of it all," said Landon. "You see no change! Can your nursing be at fault—not from want of care, let me say at once, but from want of knowledge? Must we call in further advice in consultation?"

His face was white and haggard below the soiled bandage that crossed his forehead. The sharpness of his jaw, his sunken cheeks, made of his smile a very evil thing. She flinched before it.

"I cannot tell," she answered wearily.
"His movements, now?" grinned
Landon. "Do they give no indication
of his condition? Has he no conscious
interests?"

The eyes below the bandage glittered, and fear stabbed her suddenly. Were they betrayed?

She shook her head.

"You see for yourself," she answered, and made a gesture toward the motionless form on the pallet.

Landon laughed.

"No, I do not see," he said. "I am not a physician. I cannot walk to a bed-side and deliver sentences of death or reprieves to life, like the miracle-mongers of Harley Street. Unconsciousness? How is it diagnosed? Sometimes by actual experiment in corpore vili, is it not?"

He leaned over the bed. His hand slipped into a pocket, and reappeared holding an open penknife. He thrust it suddenly into Aylmer's arm.

She gave a cry of indignation—she seized his hand—she dragged him back.

He laughed savagely and tried to fling her off. She threw her whole weight

upon his wrist, clinging to it.

And then he laughed again, with malignant enjoyment. He changed his tactics. He no longer evaded her grip. He jerked her toward him; and this time the penknife point found a new sheath. Deliberately he stabbed it against her shoulder, and held it there!

She shrieked. There was a stirring from the pallet bed. With a mighty leap Aylmer was on his feet. His face was convulsed—his eyes were lightnings.

For the third time Landon laughed triumphantly. In the same motion he released his prisoner and sent her spinning against Aylmer's outstretched arm. He himself was at the door and outside it, slamming it, locking it, flinging home bolt after bolt, before the two inside had recovered from the sudden shock. A moment later he reappeared—at the window.

"Well, my early convalescent!" he mocked. "Have you no thanks for such a sudden recovery? And you, sister-in-law, for such a lesson in the healing art? Think of the efforts wasted on that malingerer! Aren't you blushing for the ease with which you were deceived?"

And then the twinkle of wicked laughter faded from his eyes. He drew near the window-bars and glowered down at

them evilly.

"Or are you blushing for yourself, you wanton?" he cried. "You who deceived me into leaving you with him as a nurse—and knew that he needed none!

A little paragraph with hints, or more than hints—the truth—about such a matter, and where do you stand? Are there society rags in London and New York ready to accept that sort of matter? Yes, virtuous cousin and sister-in-law, I think there are—I think there are!"

Neither of them flinched. They looked at him fixedly, and, in the girl's case, almost wonderingly. Landon read the message of her incredulity with a chuckle

of enjoyment.

"I keep on presenting surprises to you, do I not?" he grinned. "My versatility—the quickness with which I seize new points of humor—impresses you?"

For a moment she was silent; and then, as if a force beyond her control urged her to speak, she answered him.

"I did not believe in the possibility of there being a thing as vile as yourself," she said. "I did not think God allowed such as you to live!"

The satyr-like grin broadened across his haggard cheeks. He leered down at

them.

"I revel in it!" he answered. "I tell you that till you've tried absolutely unrestrained wickedness—till you've thrown off every sort of control—till you're one with the devil, and proud of it—you don't know what enjoyment is!" His eyes glowed; he smote his fist ecstatically on the stones. "It's great!" he cried. "Great!"

A gray figure came suddenly into view behind him. Miller's face showed white against the shadow of the dusk, which was heralding its coming by the deepening azure of the sea and sky. His glance seemed to hold a significance which the prisoners were meant to read, but for which they had no clue.

Landon heard him and wheeled. He surveyed him slowly, and then he laughed.

"I'm beyond you now, teacher!" he said derisively. "I used to admire you for the callousness, the relentlessness, that you could put into a job! But I'm away up above you. Decency had to be part of your stock in trade!"

He laughed again, and there was a note in his harsh, cackling merriment which struck a new chord of fear in Claire's heart. It was inhuman, unintelligent, this laughter. It fell poignantly, horribly, on

the ear

"To-morrow," chuckled Landon, "I'm coming back with all my friends. We'll give hours of daylight to the job, and we'll make a good one! Think it over—give it your attention through the night! My terms, every word of them, or—well, try and guess the persuasions I'll use! Meditate on them—paint them up in your imaginations, and then you'll fall short! And as for restraints, remember that in my particular case there isn't such a thing—not one!"

Landon stood staring down at them through a moment of leering self-satisfaction, and then slowly, reluctantly, turned away. He took Miller's arm, and drew him insistently down the path. His evil laughter came back to them shrill

upon the evening breeze.

Inside their prison the two turned and confronted each other. Then Aylmer

spoke.

"He has defied God, and the judgment of God has fallen on him. He is insane—that is evident! Insane with malice—with his surrender to Satan and all his works!"

Claire's lips were parched. She could

only whisper.

"And to-morrow?" she questioned thickly. "To-morrow we shall have to surrender, too—to him!"

He clenched his fists.

"No!" he said. "No! Not while fate has given us to-night—to-night!"

XXXIX

The presage of the afternoon sky was amply fulfilled by midnight. A western gale howled through the window-bars, and the sound of the sea's thunder rolled

up from the beach.

For the Mediterranean, it was a gale beyond the normal—one that had borrowed strength from its Atlantic kin. It lashed the green islands of the archipelago with unaccustomed violence. The vine-poles fell in ranks before its blast—the lava-dust whirled up in spirals—the pebbles clattered along the face of the shingle.

And yet there was something strange, noticeable, almost ominous, about the tempest. It had none of the northern breath of ice. It was a hot wind; in spring or summer, and had it risen in the south, one would have called it a sirocco,

and would have kept in the shadow throughout its blowing. But this wind blew from the north, and the month was December. The islanders mused over the

phenomenon debatingly.

Inside the prison, the storm muffled sounds which, however, no listener was abroad to detect. A common table-fork his only implement, Aylmer was levering the massive corner-stones inch by inch from their seating. The lower one had already been removed, but the upper one had not fallen from its place, as expected. He panted as he put forth his strength upon it. The ebb and flow of his pulses swelled in the half-healed scar on his temple. Blood was flowing from a few superficial cuts upon his fingers. ground his teeth and tugged at the stone savagely-worrying it as a terrier might worry a defiant rat. And then, with an unexpected jerk, it fell out upon him bodily.

He dropped backward, the stone's weight upon his leg. He gave a half muffled cry, not of pain, but of satisfaction. The rest was easy; the road was

open.

Then, as he panted in the relief of accomplished effort, fate rebuked his satisfaction with a sudden threat. A step

sounded coming up the gravel.

Aylmer's temperamental coolness and presence of mind never stood a test better. He stood up, raised each stone in quick succession, and placed them swiftly, carefully, and silently beneath the coverlet of his companion's bed. She flung herself down beside them. He drew his own pallet into the corner from which the stones had been removed, and lay, his face to the wall, the huddle of the bed-clothes hiding the opening.

A moment later a light shone through the window. The light of a lamp illuminated a wrinkled Italian face.

The watcher blinked at them suspiciously, grunted, and then, with a half-articulate expression of satisfaction, turned away. The light bobbed slowly off into the distance, flaring and guttering before the force of the wind. Inside the prison a sigh went up—a chorused echo of relief.

"Landon is taking no chances," said Aylmer, in a whisper. "We are to be visited at intervals. That is evident."

He heard something like the sound of a sob in the darkness.

"It means defeat - this?" asked Claire. "Fate is setting her face against We are not even to have our chance!"

"No!" he said grimly. "Fate is not against us-I feel it-I have believed it all along. And if she is, then it is our duty to defy her. After all, we can use the chief source of danger to defeat suspicion; that is easy."

He rose cautiously and plucked the remaining stones from the hole. He placed them in his own bed; he arranged matters carefully. And then he made a motion toward the new-made opening.

"Will you lead?" he said quietly. "Will you be the first to confront-

She gave a little gasp.
"I?" she said, and hesitated, fear in

her eves.

"You, if you will," he answered simply. "Make your way out and hide yourself in the nearest convenient shadow. Then, if he returns before I can join you, await me. If not "-he shrugged his shoulders-" I shall be at your heels."

She still paused, and her fingers clenched and unclenched.

"I did not expect to be separated!" she breathed. "My strength-I did not realize it at first-is coming-all from you."

His hand went out into the darkness

and touched her.

" From now on, it will be used in your service," he said quietly. "For you and you alone." She felt the hand quiver. "Whether you ask it or not - whether I am to be all to you in the future, or nothing - it will be there, for your asking."

And then, because the need of that strength came upon her with a force which she could not control, she gripped the protecting hand between her fingers and-Fate alone knows why-raised it to her lips. The next instant she had slipped past him in the darkness and was drawing herself through the opening.

She rose to her knees - to her feet. She stood out upon the wind-swept earth, free-free of the material prison behind her. Had she not laid upon herself new bonds? It was a thought too new, too indefinite, too strangely sweet. The tumult of her feelings was in accord with

the tumult of the night.

She stood expectant, her ears alert for sounds. There was no grating of pebbles upon the path; but from the hole at her feet sounded the faint rip of clothing torn against the angle of the stone. The next instant Aylmer had emerged, but did not rise. His hands, returning to the opening, still worked at something within.

And then she gave a little gasp. A light shone at her feet. It made a tiny yellow splash in the darkness, and fell-

on Aylmer's face.

Terror paralyzed her. She stood as if turned to stone, her hands clutching into the clothing upon her breast. Aylmer lay as motionless, the golden gleam falling directly into his eyes, which did not even blink.

A sound broke the stillness-a sound which came from the far side of their prison-and the light disappeared. She heard footsteps which retreated; she recognized again the grunt that told of another inspection made to the inspector's But what had saved themcontent. what?

Avlmer rose and stood beside her. His hand gently gripped her elbow and drew her out into the roar and beat of the tempest. He headed inland; the path which the sentinel had taken was the one that led toward the shore.

A minute later she breathed her question, and he laughed lightly in the dark-The sound, incongruous as it seemed to her sense of ever-menacing fear, thrilled her strangely. If he could laugh, was not Fate laughing with him? Was there not a smile on the face of Hope?

"I was only just through the hole when he came-when he flashed his lantern at what he supposed was my body, recumbent on the bed. I was holding up the bedclothes from outside; I had not had time to push the stones back into

place."

She shuddered at the nearness of the hazard. Supposing the man had come to their prison at the very moment of escape supposing?

"But the light?" she protested. "The

light shone upon your face!"

He laughed again.

"The bedclothes had a hole in them!" he said. "I held them up into the form of human shoulders, and through a rent his lantern beat directly on my face. Of course, he could not see me, but I got a good view of him. It was Luigi himself, this time. Has Fate been whispering to him, do you think? Has she made him suspicious?"

She stumbled and caught at him to steady herself. He looked down in sud-

den, quick compunction.

"It has been too much for you!" he said anxiously. "You are feeling faint?"

"No!" she said quietly. "I am trying to think of it as a nightmare from which I shall wake directly, but it is real. Whenever that comes home to me it—it is a pain. Well, it will not be a long ordeal now, will it? We meet Fate at the landing-stage, and she will give her decision. Can we unmoor the Santa Margarita from inside the breakwater, or can we not? She will know."

He nodded.

"In five minutes we, too, shall know. We are circling for the Marina now. A couple of hundred yards and we shall be there!"

They strode on into the darkness, with eyes and ears alert. They heard the battling of the waves against the stones of the tiny pier, but what they did not hear was the sound of singing cordage in the felucca's rigging.

Aylmer halted with a sudden muffled

exclamation.

"They have unshipped the mast!" he cried sharply, and this time she recognized, even in his voice, the note of defeat.

She echoed his exclamation; she followed at his heels as he ran out upon the little breakwater. No, there had been no room for mistake. The great mast, with its cross spar, lay along the stone flags. The hull was snugly berthed alongside it within the tiny harbor.

The dingey? There was none—they had cast it loose when they fled from the torpedo-boat through the island channel.

For a moment he did not speak. He stood, looking silently at the dismantled boat—the raging sea—the swinging lights of a passing steamer. Then he turned, and shook his head.

"To step that mast into place again

—that is beyond one man's strength," he said. "To fling ourselves out into that whirl on a mastless hull—that is to court death inevitably. What is the alternative? We could stand in front of the shed here, screened from view inland, and signal some passing vessel with flares, if we had the means of making a light. That would not be a good chance, but it has possibilities."

"Ând I have matches!" she said eagerly. "I have my chatelaine still. I have even my purse yet. So far, they have not

robbed me."

He turned as she spoke, and, without comment, ran back across the shingle. He began to pluck handfuls of the dry bent grass which found a sparse livelihood in the belt of sand between the shore and the vineyards. He returned, rummaged among the litter around the shed, broke up some stray pieces of driftwood into chips, and thrust a lighted match among the bents.

A flame shot up, passed from the tinder to the wood, and within a minute was a well-lit fire. He twisted the remaining handfuls of grass into spirals, wetted them slightly in the sea, and held them

to the flame.

They burned slowly, with a red glow, as he swung them to and fro in the wind. In dashes, in dots, in circles, Aylmer spelled messages into the night; but no answering lantern or rocket came from the sea.

Claire watched impassively. For her hope was dead again—the hand of Fate had closed. This was action; this helped them to avoid thinking, to avert anticipation; but success was a matter outside her calculations. The sense of nightmare closed down upon her again. The storm—the red flashes against the purple darkness—the wild unaccustomedness of everything—heightened the illusion. But when would she wake?

XL

And then she rubbed her eyes. A light—surely this was no freak of her fevered eyesight!—danced into view within a couple of hundred yards of the shore. For a moment it swung to the lift and surge of the waves alone, but a moment later it rose half a dozen feet into

the air, and flashed and circled as the charred torch in Aylmer's hand was circling—an answer to their message of despair.

Claire gasped with eagerness—she cried aloud. Was it fancy, or did another cry reach them through the thunder of the

waves?

The light stayed motionless for an instant, and then swung toward them. Whatever vessel was bearing it had turned its prow toward the shore. Aylmer caught up another glowing handful of bents, and ran out to the breakwater's end. Claire's heart beat in suffocating throbs as she followed.

Again a cry reached them, and Aylmer waved his beacon vigorously. A sudden shaft of moonlight sank through a rift in

the flying clouds.

They saw it then—a dark mass which plunged and heaved among the white crests, and drifted nearer and nearer. There was no sail set, but they could see the rise and fall of a couple of great oars, which steadied the boat as it advanced by drifting only. It was less than a cable - length distant now — passing through the ring of rocks which guarded the harbor entrance.

They held their breath. Ten seconds would do it, but ten seconds held an infinitude of possibilities. If the boat broached to—if its prow, indeed, deflected a couple of yards from the straight course—would not that give Fate another chance to fling her scorn upon their rising

hopes?

Their eyes were strained. Claire's hand was clenched till her nails seemed to sink into the flesh of her palm. And then she gave a sigh of relief. The boat had passed the outer rock—was heading straight for the inner harbor and the calm.

Fate laughed harshly.

A gust stormed in from the sea, caught the boat's prow, and swung it, causing the port side rower to meet its strength too swiftly with his own. They heard a crack—heard it distinctly above the uproar of the gale. The oar had broken between the thole-pins—the rower was down.

There was another crashing sound, louder this time, and menacing. A great sea raced beneath the laboring keel, lift-

ed it, shook it, and flung it aside, full upon the rock. The white gleam of the new-made splinters reached them through the smother of the foam fifty yards away.

Aylmer cried out and raced back along the stones. His hands plucked at the cordage which was folded about the felucca's mast, and drew out a rope. He came back at speed, unwinding the coils as he came. He thrust the loose end into her hands.

"Get a purchase against a stone and then hold on—hold on!" he ordered.

He flung off his coat.

She cried out in protest—she clung to him.

"No!" she cried. "No!"

Very gently, very firmly, her hand was drawn aside. He bent over her; faintly—very faintly—something touched her lips. The next instant he was gone. He had leaped far out into the grip of the tide.

She caught her breath—she clutched the rope — she flung herself down and wedged her limbs behind a boulder. Fate was relentless, she told herself—was cruel beyond even her darkest anticipations. For now her one support was to be denied her; she was to be left alone.

She set her lips grimly. No, she would never see Aylmer again, but she would defy Fate! She was to be crushed, but she would go down fighting. She would be worthy of herself—and of him.

The vagrant shaft of moonlight was gone again; the darkness was well-nigh impenetrable. The rope swung between her fingers unstraining. The minutes passed one by one; the tension of expectancy plucked at her nerves. She shivered, but not with cold. Even if it was the worst that was to come upon her, she wanted to know—to know.

The rope grew taut. It was as if an electric shock thrilled her. She braced herself against the stone; her muscles tightened. Slowly, using her strength to its utmost, but with steady effort, she began to haul the rope in foot by foot. It came heavily but unceasingly, the coils unwinding fathom after fathom at her side.

And then the strain ceased as suddenly as it had begun. A voice hailed her out of the darkness, almost at her feet. A dark bulk rose at the breakwater's edge.

Aylmer staggered toward her and laid something on the stones—something which stirred uneasily but unavailingly, clogged, as it seemed, by the weight of its sodden clothing.

She knelt beside it. She brushed the lank hair from a dripping face. Aylmer

waved her back.

"There is another!" he shouted.
"Hold on, if you can! Hold on!" and

so plunged back into the surf.

For the second time she braced herself to endure the strain—to wait—to agonize with expectation. And again Fate played with her—racked her between hope and fear—drew out the strain—and then, as suddenly, relaxed it. Aylmer crept out upon the stones, gasping, doggedly clinging to a new burden.

This time it was the bearer who staggered and fell, the burden who rose unsteadily, and peered into his rescuer's

face.

She dropped upon her knees beside him. Pale, clean - cut, ascetic features were lifted to hers. Two dark brown eyes inspected her with startled incredulity.

And then the man rose, and—the act was obviously an instinctive motion of

courtesy-doffed his hat.

"Signora," he said in Italian, "signora, this is Salicudi, is it not? I am at a loss—I do not understand!"

For a moment she hesitated, looking at him. The long black garment which clung about him reached to his feet. Suddenly she recognized it, and, with recognition, a little cry escaped her. It was a soutane. This was no sailor. She was confronted by a priest!

As she opened her lips to find a reply, something clattered behind her — something rushed, calling upon the names of innumerable saints, out of the darkness, and seized her shoulder. A harsh voice rang into the echoes of the night.

"To me—to me, all of you! They are escaping! The prisoners are loose!"

The man in the soutane whirled fiercely upon the newcomer. As he turned, the moon broke through the scurry of the drift, and fell upon the group in cold brilliance.

"Prisoners!" The voice was incredulous, wrathful, and, above all, full of command. "Prisoners! You speak of

-whom?"

The hand upon Claire's shoulder dropped. Her captor fell away as if struck by a physical blow.

"Padre Sigi!" he stammered, and his voice was convincing of his amazement.

" Padre Sigi!"

The other nodded imperiously.

"Padre Sigismondi," he agreed. "At your service, my good Luigi — at your service!"

(To be continued)

THE CALL

There's the song of a storm on the old hill trails, And the lure of a vanished day; There's the sound of the waves that are never still, As they roll on the open bay.

There's the white, still hush of the waiting woods,
And the call of the deer at eve,
And the sough of the pines that forever tell
Why the ancient oceans grieve.

There's the camp-fire's gleam on the dusky trees,
There's a pipe and a bit of song,
While the stars above through the branches smile,
And the big moon dreams along.

And here are the streets with their hordes of men
That the gleam of the gold pursue;
Oh, give me the gold on the pines at dusk—
My hills, how I long for you!

Arthur W. Peach

THE STAGE

WHEN LONDON AND NEW YORK DISAGREE

ISN'T it about time managers realized that the tastes of England and America in-plays, as in many other things, are widely different, and do not seem to get nearer together as the years pass? The present season has proved once more that Charles Frohman takes almost as much of a gamble in bringing drama from east to west across the Atlantic as do his

fellow managers who have been shipping plays the other way, and burning their fingers in almost every case.

fingers in almost every case.

"The Sins of Society," "The Flag Lieutenant," "The Earth," "The Fires of Fate"—all big winners of the previous winter in London—have fallen flat in America. "The Earth" did not even last long enough to get into New York. Then take Marie Tempest in "Penelope." She played that comedy in London for an



MRS. HENDERSON, WHO IS THE VAMPIRE, WITH ROBERT HILLIARD IN "'A FOOL THERE WAS"

From her latest photograph by the Misses Selby, New York

entire season. New York got enough of it in four weeks. Indeed, the whole quartet of Maugham plays—"Lady Frederick," "Jack Straw," "Penelope," and "Mrs. Dot"—have been distinctly cold-

most an entire season in New York. This was not an American play, being an adaptation from the French, and Miss Burke, although born in the United States, had long been a favorite in London; yet that



JANE WHEATLEY, WHO IS THE DUCHESS, WITH DALLAS WELFORD IN "MR. HOPKINSON"

From her latest photograph by Terkelson & Henry, San Francisco

shouldered on Broadway as compared with their enthusiastic reception in the West End.

On the other hand, take "Love Watches," in which Billie Burke played for al-

capital could not see her for a minute in "Love Watches" last year.

"Mid-Channel," the latest play by Sir Arthur Pinero, could not be made to last two months at the St. James's, even with



ETHEL BARRYMORE, WHO HAS MADE A BIG HIT AS ZOE BLUNDELL IN PINERO'S LATEST PLAY, "MID-CHANNEL"

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

Irene Vanbrugh in the cast; while here, with Ethel Barrymore, it has scored a sensational success, and may hold the bill at the Empire for the remainder of the season, instead of the four-week period

don Globe in the early autumn, achieves what has come to be known as a "Merry Widow" line at the New Amsterdam boxoffice in New York.

It is not necessary to enumerate all

the failures of American successes on the Strand and in Shaftesbury Avenue. Their number is legion, the latest additions to the list being "The Great Divide" and "The Servant in the House." the latter written by a British playwright, with its scenes laid in England. Although the critics of the London press have said kind things of many of these productions, the people have refused to act on their advice, so that good notices meant as poor houses as bad ones.

It is fair to mention the fact that there may have been a special reason for the marked difference between the cold reception of " Mid-Channel " in England and its prompt acceptance in America. Arthur Warren-the successor of William Winter as dramatic critic of the New York Tribune - frankly lays the blame for the London misfire on Pinero himself. It is well known that the playwright is a theatrical martinet.

and that when a play is produced under his own eye he insists upon rigid adherence to his wishes in every detail of the production. According to Mr. Warren, he insisted that Miss Vanbrugh, the London *Zoe Blundell*, should emphasize the



BLANCHE RING, STARRING IN THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY, "THE YANKEE GIRL"

From her latest thotograph by White, New York

which was all that Mr. Frohman had the courage to announce for it.

To give one more case of international disagreement, "Madame X," the French melodrama, which eked out a miserable existence of a month or so at the Lon-

heroine's slanginess, "smartness," and semi-fashionable vulgarity qualities which Miss Barrymore elected to soften.

"Consequently," Mr. Warren adds, "instead of repelling her audience, she won it, and the play gains."

Two of the people in the New York cast were also in the London production, and Miss Barrymore's leading man is an Englishman, H. Reeves - Smith — which suggests that it cannot be any general prejudice against things British that has caused the failure



MALVINA LONGFELLOW, WHO IS THE NURSE IN "THE WATCHER," A PLAY THAT MIGHT EASILY HAVE PROVED A WINNER

From her latest photograph by Webb-Keary

of so many London successes here.

English leading men on this side of the water are as plentiful as strawberries in June. Enemies of the New Theater have harped on the fact that Matheson Lang and Louis Calvert were imported for its roster, apparently overlooking the fact that the same practise has been followed by other managers in cases too numerous to mention.

A feature of "Madame X" is its practically all-American cast—a thing that one would seldom find



VIOLET DALE, WHO IS IN "THE FLIRTING PRIN-CESS," A CHICAGO MUSICAL PLAY

From a thotograph by Morrison, Chicago



CHRISTINE NIELSON, PRIMA DONNA, WITH FRANK DANIELS IN "THE BELLE OF BRITTANY"

From a thotograth



MR. AND MRS. ROBERT EDESON AT THEIR HOME—WHICH THEY HAVE NAMED "STRONGHEART"—
NEAR SAG HARBOR, LONG ISLAND. MR. EDESON IS NOW ON TOUR WITH HIS NEW
PLAY, "A MAN'S A MAN," TO BE SEEN IN NEW YORK NEXT AUTUMN.
MRS. EDESON, WHO IS NOT AN ACTRESS, IS THE DAUGHTER
OF ALBERT ROSS, THE NOVELIST

From a copyrighted thotograph by Moffett, Chicago

nowadays, with a list of eighteen people. Admittedly a melodrama, written by the Frenchman Bisson, formerly addicted to farces, this play of mother-love persistent through all straits grips you in spite of everything. It is superbly acted by Dorothy Donnelly and William Elliott, as mother and son. These are showy parts, to be sure, usually the sort that are easiest to play, but in this case it takes no small skill to give a proper interpretation of the woman who has to show a tender motherlove cropping out through her drug-besotted degradation. As to the son, he must put such feeling, emotion, and tears into the voice with which he makes his plea to the jury as will sway twelve men to bring in a verdict of "not guilty" against a damning presentation of facts.

Dorothy Donnelly formerly played utility parts in the Murray Hill stock company, which her brother, Henry V. Donnelly, managed for several years at the theater on Lexington Avenue, and from which not a few actors have migrated to the Broadway stage. Among other Murray Hill graduates are Robert Drouet, now with Miss Donnelly as the husband in "Madame X"; Frances Starr, and Charles Waldron, leading man with "The Fourth Estate." William Elliott, a Bostonian by birth, was the adopted son who caused



FRITZI SCHEFF, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN "THE PRIMA DONNA"

From her latest photograph by Moffett, Chicago



HENRIETTA CROSMAN, STARRING FOR HER SECOND SEASON IN THE COMEDY "SHAM"

From her latest photograph by White, New York

Warfield so many tears in "The Grand Army Man."

The leading lady in the original Paris production of "Madame X"-December 15, 1908, at the Porte St. Martin, where Rostand's "Chantecler" is now running -was Jane Hading, and in London the part fell to Lena Ashwell, who gave up her management of the Kingsway to head a company for Mr. Frohman at the Globe. As I have said, Londoners did not care for the play, and it was soon withdrawn,

in spite of favorable criticisms.

This point again emphasizes another difference between London and New York. In the British capital the newspaper notices of a new play may be ever so favorable, but the people decide for themselves. On the other hand, a writer for the English John Bull, who was among us last winter, told his readers that the critics in New York exercise an "amazing" power. This is perhaps a little more than the fact warrants. Indeed, we could point to cases where the opinions of these sapient gentlemen have been decisively overruled by the public. Yet it is true that when they unite in praising a new production, the piece is tolerably sure of good audiences for at least a time.

Reverting again to "Madame X," it is rather refreshing to see a play in which no recourse is had to the telephone-one of the most useful devices of science that ever became first aid to the dramatist. the same token, it is the telephone which puts out of date faster than anything else certain plays of the Victorian period which otherwise might have survived.

"Why doesn't he telephone?" we ask ourselves, in witnessing these revivals, when the hero is unable to summon a friend or explain a broken engagement.

Only too often, if he had had this resource, the props would have been knocked right from under the plot.

SING SING DRAMATIZED

At last Wallack's has a success—a real success, I mean, not one merely claimed by an overoptimistic management. "Alias Jimmy Valentine," as the lucky venture is called, is founded on a short story by O. Henry ("A Retrieved Reformation"), and is interpreted by a clever cast with young H. B. Warner as a new star at the head of it. The play was written by Paul Armstrong on a hurry call after "These Are My People," a sequel to "The Squaw Man," failed to help Mr. Warner to prosperity in Chicago. It is packed full of action, the prison background proving so appealing to the public that I am predicting an imitative flood of prison plays. And for all the hero is a crook, the moral trend is in the right direction.

William Archer would probably observe that "Alias Jimmy Valentine" defies several of the laws of dramatic construction; but I know from Mr. Armstrong's own lips that he never troubles himself about these rules. The play held my attention as it has not been held very often in the ninety-odd plays I have seen this season. The curtains are all clever ones, particularly that at the end of the first act; and the fourth act contains even a bigger thrill than the third.

H. B. Warner gives a capital performance as the jailbird, innocent of the crime for which he is imprisoned, but guilty of another, for which he is being tracked down. This complication gives a delightfully novel twist to the story, and the loveromance between the convict and the banker's daughter is very prettily acted by the star and Laurette Taylor, who came into prominence with "The Ring-

Mr. Warner is an Englishman, son of the late Charles Warner, famous in He was leading man with " Drink." Eleanor Robson in "Salomy Jane," and

master" early in the season.

last winter he scored heavily with Wilton Lackaye in "The Battle." It is an odd coincidence that his first grown-up appearance on the stage was made as the prison chaplain, the Rev. W. Eden, in Charles Reade's "It Is Never Too Late

to Mend.'

"Immy Valentine" is a play calculated to make the most jaded theatergoer sit up, not because it is a model of construction, but because there is "something doing" all the time, tense interest being interspersed so cleverly with comedy that you are never led to suspect that the one element is introduced merely to offset the other.

BACHELORS WHO ARE JOLLY INDEED

Following the overwhelming triumph of that famous pair, the "College" and the "Merry," the "Widow" appears to have dropped into the discard as a winning play-title. No fewer than three of her tribe have lost out during the present season—"The American Widow," "The Widow's Paradise," and "The Widow's

Might."

"Bachelor" would seem to be the lucky card to play just now. I have already referred to the undoubted, if deplorable, triumph achieved by Francis Wilson with his "Bachelor's Baby," and "The Jolly Bachelors" has just scored a hit which needs no apology. Aspiring to be nothing more "classy" than a musical spectacle, it succeeds in providing good and innocuous entertainment—something of a feat in these days of threadbare wit and questionable equivoke.

After the enormous hit of "The Midnight Sons," which ran at the Broadway from May to January, Lew Fields ordered the same men-Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell-to turn out a new piece as good or better. Such a policy is seldom a safe one. It is difficult to make a hit: it is vastly more difficult to score twice in succession on the same lines. Nevertheless, with the able assistance of the same "stager"-if I may be allowed the term -Ned Wayburn, the feat has been accomplished. "The Jolly Bachelors" is a bright, breezy farce, with a thimbleful of plot and a trio of vaudeville stars in its cast, who would all fight for the biggest type on a two-a-day program, but who seem quite reconciled to having their names on "The Jolly Bachelors" bill no larger than the rest of the cast.

Here we have Nora Bayes—over whose services managers were at loggerheads all last autumn—and her clever husband, Jack Norworth; Stella Mayhew and her liege lord and coworker, Billee Taylor; Al Leech, still with his trick of a drunken man's ascent of a flight of steps; to say nothing of Josie Sadler, as funny as when she was the fat drummer girl with the incorrigible appetite in "A Waltz Dream," and Walter Percival, who loved Fritzi

Scheff in "Mlle. Modiste."

A SUMPTUOUS "TWELFTH NIGHT"

Although its chief personage fell short—not of expectations, but of the highest level of achievement—"Twelfth Night" at the New Theater was much more satisfying to a discriminating public than

was this same stage's first Shakespearian offering, "Antony and Cleopatra." I say "the discriminating public" because, unhappily, facts still seem to point to a preference on the part of hoi polloi for names rather than works. While the departure of Sothern and Marlowe from the Central Park West palace of drama may have left better team-work to go forward on its stage, it also left many vacancies in the auditorium. But as there is ample money behind the enterprise to carry it on until the people really learn that it is not necessary to wear evening dress, that seats at the New Theater cost no more than at the Bijou or Weber's, and that the best all-round acting in Manhattan may be witnessed there, I do not despair of seeing this notable enterprise eventually come into its own.

It was universally conceded that "Twelfth Night" had never before achieved such a glorious setting. From the singularly beautiful seacoast of the first scene, with its dash of color in the storm-clouds, to the box-hedge effects in Olivia's garden, the best of taste was combined with the unequaled resources of this wondrously equipped stage. While, as has been hinted, Annie Russell was not acclaimed as the paragon of Violas, it was chiefly her speaking tones that were at fault. One could see that in spirit she understood the dash, the verve, the buoyancy that Sebastian's sister should possess, and fifteen years ago Miss Russell might have given an altogether different

account of herself in the part.

Her husband, Oswald Ŷorke, the Malvolio of the play, divided the critics as to his ability, but must have been much better on the second night, when I saw the performance, than at the première. Leah Bateman - Hunter's Olivia also created discord among the reviewers, but the Maria of Jessie Busley and the Sir Andrew Aguecheck of Ferdinand Gottschalk found none to dispute their dramatic worth. Louis Calvert, who staged the production, also came in for a high degree of appreciation for his Sir Toby Belch.

Matheson Lang was fain to content himself with *Orsino*, which, although it may be the leading part in the common acceptation of the term, is by no means a showy one. But that is the beauty of the system prevalent at the New Theater. Big people are quite willing to play small rôles in one offering, getting their reward in another. For instance, we find Henry Stanford, who was the prince in "The Cottage in the Air," doing excellent work in "Twelfth Night" in the humble part of Fabian, one of the servants to Olivia. Jacob Wendell, Jr.'s, clown was a carefully carried out conception, his song at the close bringing the final curtains together on as pretty a scene as any New York stage has seen this season.

A LONE WOMAN IN A WINNING FARCE

"The Inferior Sex"—a play in which a confirmed woman-hater is brought to book by one of his pet aversions. This was all that I knew in advance about the new piece in which Maxine Elliott was to make her annual New York appearance. The picture that rose in my mind was that of a play full of tiresome references to suffragettes and thrice-told ti-

rades about women's rights.

Imagine my relief, then, when "The Inferior Sex" proved to be a farce comedy, with all its three acts played on board a yacht. Miss Elliott, who is the only woman in evidence, does not view life at all seriously, except for a moment or two when she thinks she has shot a man. This new angle of vision on an outworn theme has been hailed with delight by the newspaper men, and the public laughs heartily at the absurd complications that result when a woman-hater picks up a member of the despised sex at sea and is obliged to give up to her the only cabin on his boat.

"The Inferior Sex" is on view at Daly's, Miss Elliott's own theater being occupied by her brother-in-law, Forbes Robertson, with his great all-season success, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back." It was written by an Englishman, Frank Stayton, and it is his first hit, so far as I can recall. In London, two years ago, Oscar Asche—who made such an impression as the truculent Maldonado in "Iris," with Virginia Harned—vainly tried to make a go of the same author's "Two Pins."

"The Inferior Sex" aims at nothing but entertainment. Incidentally, it gives Miss Elliott a great deal to do, and she does it better than she has done anything else of late. She is ably assisted by Arthur Byron, who began the present season on another yacht, in "The Ringmaster." O. Clarence is the traditional British butler to the life.

Speaking of yachts, "The Inferior Sex" is the fourth offering since August in which a boat has figured prominently. "The Dollar Mark" and Willie Collier's "Lucky Star" were the other two. Miss Elliott's craft, however, is much more realistic and elaborate than the others. It is built on a false stage about three feet above the footlights, and all the details are most carefully attended to.

WHY THE BETTER PLAY LOST

Two plays by women at the Comedy Theater—"The Watcher" and "A Man's World"—might well serve as text-books for the would-be dramatist.

"The Watcher," by Cora Maynard, fell foul of the critics, and lasted but ten nights at this house, while "A Man's World," by Rachel Crothers, with Mary Mannering as star, evoked many good notices and the cheering line in the advertisements-" seats four weeks ahead." And yet, at bottom, "The Watcher" is much the better play, so far as dramatic construction goes. If the author had been content to regard it simply as a piece of theatrical property, and not as a vehicle to convey certain private ideas of her own, it might have landed as big a hit as " Paid in Full" or "The City." Its third act has a climax which, if sensational and luridly unpleasant, can scarcely be matched for dramatic effectiveness in the season's output; while the reality of the people in the middle-class environment betrays a keen sense of observation and a sure touch in character-drawing.

The play's handicap was the psychic element by which it was—well, not permeated, for there are whole blocks of action without any reference to the subject, but at least partially flavored. To the New York critics, this element in the piece was like a red rag to a bull. At the point where Percy Haswell, as the heroine, suddenly proclaims that she sees her dead mother, one of the reviews told how she thereupon fixed her eyes upon an oldlady seated in the first balcony, while another would-be humorist said that her gaze was riveted on a small boy in the family circle. Of course, such comment

was not calculated to send people to the theater, and yet one could hardly expect newspaper writers to neglect such an op-

portunity to poke fun at a play.

There was another reason that impelled some of them to treat "The Watcher" contemptuously. It seems that it is the fixed editorial policy of one or two New York newspapers to decline to take seriously anything that savors of the psychic, so that the critics on the staff would not dare to praise a play in which this

element was prominent.

But the pity of it all! With very little change, and another title, Miss Maynard might have made her drama a faithful and effective picture of modern conditions. It tells the story of a dressmaker's daughter, who throws over one lover's offer of marriage because he has not money enough to suit her, and marries another man, who has. The latter, however, loses his fortune, while the other makes one and reappears as a suitor for the hand of her sister-inlaw. Here, you see, is a theme of the simple, every-day sort that comes home to the average theatergoer; and the fact remains that those who went to see "The Watcher" liked it immensely, in spite of the "seeing mother" episodes.

The play was splendidly acted, not only by Percy Haswell—leading woman with Otis Skinner in "The Honor of the Family," and who in private life is Mrs. George Fawcett — but also by John Emerson as the cad brother, gambler, and reprobate in general. Mr. Emerson staged the play—a service which he also rendered

for Clyde Fitch's "The City."

There is a purpose in "A Man's World," also—catch an unmarried woman dramatist writing a play without one!—but happily for Miss Crothers it does not partake of the spiritualistic. The character-drawing is excellently sketched out and capitally executed, and the comedy quite unforced; but when the heroine, Frank Ware—a novelist with a masculine name—refuses to marry the man she loves because he proves to be the father of the motherless illegitimate child she has adopted, she may uphold a principle, yet just as surely she loses the sympathy of the audience.

Charles Richman, Miss Mannering's leading man, divided the critics into two camps as to his management of the rôle.

I thought him very good in a difficult part. Helen Ormsbee — who, I believe, is a daughter of the Brooklyn Eagle's dramatic critic—was excellent as a discouraged old maid trying to make a living out of miniature-painting.

THE ARRIVAL OF ETHEL BARRYMORE

It was about nine years ago—to be more precise, in the early part of February, 1901, at the Garrick Theater—that Ethel Barrymore made her début in New York as a star. The play was Clyde Fitch's comedy, "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines," which had fallen short when tested the month before in Miss Barrymore's native town, Philadelphia But Mr. Fitch set hastily to work, toned down the caddishness of his hero, and rewrote the last act, with the result of a metropolitan hit for both play and player.

Of the star, one critic said the next morning that "she did not quite rise to one or two moments of emotion, but that did not seriously mar the rôle." Another averred that "though she lacks finish, she is sincere and delightful." A third, after mentioning a fault or two, went on to declare that "Miss Barrymore, at the present stage of her career, impresses a careful observer as being a young woman who will bear a good deal of watching in

the future."

Well, the careful watcher aforesaid might have felt his vigilance rewarded on the 1st of February, 1910. On that morning, after playing the previous evening in "Mid-Channel," Miss Barrymore now Mrs. Russell Colt and a motherawoke to find herself famous, if I may be allowed the time-honored phrase. All she had done in the years between had been of the sugar-candy school compared with her work as the much-stressed heroine of Sir Arthur Pinero's latest play. It is not alone her charm, but her genuine dramatic work, that counts now. Only a woman who had real histrionic ability could so successfully grade the emotions of Zoe Blundell.

Zoe and her husband have drifted apart after fourteen years of marriage. As their friend Peter puts it, they have reached that choppy stretch of water in mid-channel which all couples have to encounter, and beyond which there is plain sailing again, just as is the case on the passage

between Folkestone and Boulogne. The relation of this little allegory almost patches up the hurt, but a quarrel about the choice of a hotel in Paris rips it wide

open again.

Zoe goes abroad, and in Italy—a favorite stalking-ground of Pinero's—falls in with one of her "tame robins," named Leonard Ferris. She hears that her husband is going about with Mrs. Annerley, a woman of shady reputation; and in her resentment she allows herself to drift with Ferris, though she really has no deep feeling for him, and though she knows that a girl friend of hers, Ethel Pierpoint, is in love with him.

Presently, wretched in mind and body, she returns to London, where *Peter* again steps in with some good advice, and *Zoe* gives *Ferris* his congé, sending him back to *Ethel*. She herself then goes to her husband, forgives him for his relations with *Mrs. Annerley*, which he freely admits, adding that he has paid the woman off. In turn *Blundell* insists on knowing what went on between his wife and *Ferris* in Italy. When she confesses the truth, just as he did, he is furious. He declares that she must marry *Ferris*, and that he will not oppose her suit for divorce.

Zoe thereupon goes to Leonard's flat, where she finds that Ethel and her mother have just been taking tea, Ferris having lost no time in acting upon her advice. Leonard manages to prevent a meeting between the women; but while he is talking matters over with Zoe, Blundell arrives with Peter, and Zoe goes into an adjoining room. When Ferris finally admits that she is there, she is called, but there is no response. Ferris goes to fetch her, and comes back with the report that she is not to be found, though the room has no other door. Thereupon arrives his servant, to say that there has been an accident outside. The men rush to the balcony-one can see the top of the Albert Hall through the windows-and it develops that poor Zoe, in a desperate effort to unravel the tangle, has thrown herself to the street below.

An unpleasant story, truly, but one which carries a moral more clearly defined than you ordinarily find in a play. It will be seen that there are many swift transitions of emotion to be denoted by Zoe, and not one of them escapes the

proper touch from Miss Barrymore, while she always manages to elude the temptation to overact. She has most effective support from Charles Dalton—first famous in New York for his hero in "The Sign of the Cross," and latterly the Rev. William Smythe in "The Servant in the House"—who acts the part of Blundell, and from H. Reeves Smith, the Captain Jinks of nine years ago, as the well-meaning Peter. Eric Maturin (Leonard Ferris) and Nina Sevening (Mrs. Annerley) both played the same parts in the London production last autumn.

I could not help noticing that the audience was as deeply attentive through the scenes with the men on the stage as when Miss Barrymore was there, too, so that the acceptance of the play in New York would not appear to be wholly due

to her splendid acting.

WHY BLANCHE RING STANDS ALONE

Blanche Ring may—if you will pardon the vulgar phrase—be a peach; she is certainly not an olive. In other words, she is not an acquired taste. If you don't like her, you never will, and there's the end of it. But most people do like her, in spite of the fact that she has been so unfortunate in finding suitable mediums for her peculiar talents.

The daughter of an actor in the old Boston Museum stock company, with two sisters-Frances and Julie-also on the stage, Blanche Ring first came to the notice of Broadway when she sang "In the Good Old Summer-Time." The song was a life-saver to a mediocre musical comedy, "The Defender," a hot-weather production some eight years ago at the very Herald Square Theater where Miss Ring is now starring in "The Yankee Girl." A little later she made another hit with "The Belle of Avenue A," which was the one redeeming feature in "Tommy Rot," a well-named concoction produced by the late Mrs. Osborn at her unlucky playhouse.

Then somebody sought to star her in a play of her own, which at first was called "The Gibson Girl," but when the artist entered protest the name was changed to "The Blonde in Black," without, however, bettering the fortunes of the piece. Nor did "The Jersey Lily" meet any happier fate, although Miss Ring made

a personal hit in both productions. After that she was content for a while to assist other musical-comedy stars, among them James T. Powers, Lew Fields, and Frank Daniels.

It is Lew Fields who is presenting her in "The Yankee Girl," which, although some of the New York critics railed, seems to please the public. It certainly gives Miss Ring abundant opportunity to display her talents-prominent among which is her gift of perpetual good nature. No matter how many times one may see her in the same part, she always gives one the impression of playing it for the first time, and of being intensely interested in the novelty of the whole thing.

"The Yankee Girl," written by George V. Hobart, is laid in a Spanish-American island. How fond the librettists are of these vague Castilian colonies, and what strange things happen there! Most of the story is mere foolery, reeled off by an

unusually capable cast.

One of the leading players is Frederick Paulding, who once figured prominently in tragedy, and who puts real acting into his impersonation of a Japanese agent anxious to get control of a nitrate-mine. William P. Carleton, son of the W. T. Carleton of the early Casino days, makes an attractive figure of an American consul, and Harry Gilfoil, a link with the old Hoyt farces, is a large factor in the comedy end of the game. Silvio Hein's music would never take a prize for originality; but after all, its reminiscent quality makes it all the more enjoyable to the people who like their musical comedy with the accent on the last word, rather than-as is the case with "The Dollar Princess," "The Chocolate Soldier," and "the Arcadians"on the first.

EUGENE WALTER PLEASES HIMSELF

That Eugene Walter should fail to knock in a home run with his "Just a Wife," as he had done with "Paid in Full," "The Wolf," and "The Easiest Way," is, after all, nothing to occasion surprise. His batting average has been quite up to the mark of the other leading American playwrights, if not ahead of them. The ups and downs of Augustus Thomas have been dizzving; Tarkington and Wilson have made more misses than hits; and the critics are not likely to let

Paul Armstrong forget his "Society and the Bulldog."

If Mr. Walter had not been the author of a series of winners, it is not likely that he would have written such a play as "Just a Wife"; but no doubt he felt that he could afford to enjoy the luxury of pleasing himself. It was hard that his own wife. Charlotte Walker, must be sacrificed to make this playwright's holiday; but as she is made to say in this very piece, and as Rachel Crothers reiterates in her vehicle for Miss Mannering, this is a "man's world," and woman must bow to her master's behests. Miss Walker may

find consolation in knowing that she does better work, with the handicap of a dull play, than she has ever done before. What is the matter with "Just a Wife,"

you ask me? One of its salient defects is its lack of cumulative interest. In other words, it reaches its highest dramatic level with the close of the second act, and tapers off from that point-which is fatal in a four - act play. But I believe Mr. Walter did this with his eyes open, declaring that he wanted to write something along lines that were rather human than dramatic. It could not have been much of a surprise to him to read what the papers had to say on the day after the

opening at the Belasco.

Miss Walker is well supported by Edmund Breese as the husband whom she has frankly married for money, while he has taken her for the position assured him by his union with a woman of good family. Excellent work is that of Amelia Gardner, as the mistress who comes boldly to his home and precipitates the tense situation of the second act. Bobby North, recruited from vaudeville, makes rather a unique study of a Jewish bell-boy who has risen in the world along with the wife's brother, played by Ernest Glendinning, son of the John Glendinning who was the original Laird in "Trilby." The sixth member of the short cast is Frederick Burton, Bub of "The College Widow," who is proving to be wonderfully versatile in a day that runs so strongly to types in players.

" Just a Wife" is a study, not a play. To those interested in humanity as it is, not as molded to suit the average playwright's purposes, it repays a visit.

Matthew White, Jr.

STORIETTES

A Rung on the Ladder

BY BLANCHE I. GOELL

I WALKED out of the office, grinding my teeth at the fate which bound me nine hours a day to uncongenial clerical work. I have it in me to do bigger things; but no man can climb the ladder of success without a start.

I boarded a car, sat down, and began to read the advertisements pasted above the heads of the passengers. Because I have long studied the art of writing advertisements, because my applications for a chance to prove myself have been refused by half a hundred firms and corporations, because I still believe that I could do good work, I studied each card, as is my custom, long and carefully.

The one directly opposite me read thus:

THE GIRL SITTING NEXT TO YOU IN THIS CAR WILL BE DELIGHTED IF YOU SEND HER A BOX OF WINSOR'S CHOCOLATES.

I turned and looked at the girl sitting next to me. I'd never seen her before, but she was good to look at. It occurred to me that, whether or not she would be delighted to receive the box of Winsor's chocolates. I would be delighted to send it.

I have some characteristics common to great men. With me, to think is to act. I reached a swift decision. I drew forth a note - book and a safety ink - pencil, and turned to the girl.

"Your name and address, please," I said in businesslike tones.

For one instant surprise and disdain played on her features. Then she shrieked. "Oh—oh—oh!" she screamed.

Even at this crisis, I noted that she had a sweetly feminine and very charming scream; not one to make your hair stand on end, but rather one to coil tenderly about your heart-strings. All this I felt, but did not reason out on the flash.

Now, it was not anything in my appear-

ance that caused the shriek of terror from the girl sitting by my side—the girl who, the advertisement told me, would be delighted if I sent her a box of Winsor's chocolates. It was a threatened collision between a heavily laden auto-dray and the electric car in which we were riding. The collision came, the shock threw the girl heavily against my shoulder; a fuse blew out underneath the car, and instinctively I held the girl in my arms and shielded her from the frantic beasts of passengers, who, crazed and senseless, fought their way over one another toward the exits.

The excitement soon abating, and the car being half empty, I immediately rose to the official duty devolving upon me. I am an underling in the legal department of the street-railway company. Still keeping an observant eye upon the girl who would be delighted to have me send her a box of Winsor's chocolates, I advanced upon the remaining passengers, secured their names and addresses, their opinions as to the responsibility for the accidentwhen such was favorable to the company -their freedom from injury, disclaimers of damages, and so on. Then, smilingly, all peril and confusion over, I returned to the girl who had sat by my side.

"Your name and address, please," I repeated; but she placed a trembling hand upon my arm.

"Oh, will you see me off this dreadful car to the sidewalk?" she implored.

She was shaking from head to foot. With a second swift glance, I realized that she was unused to travel in the mode of conveyance common to the proletariat. I instantly acceded to her request to pilot her across the danger-zone lying between the car-track and the curb.

I felt the girl quiver on my arm and breathe a deep sigh of relief when we gained the sidewalk.

"Thank you!" she murmured, withdrawing her hand and moving as if to dismiss me. Then she turned with a little gesture of apology. "I—I am unnerved to-day," she explained. "I was driving home from the East Side-there was a manhole with a loose cover - my horse fell and broke his leg-a policeman had to shoot him. I'd had poor Bobs eight years!" Something caught in her throat, and she forced back a sob. "So I took a car. Then this collision-"

"Shall I call a cab - put you in a

taxi?" I volunteered

" No, I will walk," she decided. " The

air will refresh me."

She seemed too nervous and exhausted to be left alone, stranded thus on the perilous reefs of a great city's swirling streets.

"Will you permit me to escort you?" I

asked, presenting my card.

She scrutinized me closely, then acquiesced. We walked up the avenue together. Once, as a speeding taxicab skidded and dashed against the curb, she shuddered and clutched my arm. To me it seemed but a second before we turned off the avenue, and she stopped in front of a handsome house on a side street.

"My father will thank you for your

kindness to me," she said.

A fine limousine had drawn up in front of the house just before we reached it, and I had seen a distinguished - looking man ascend the steps. Expecting dismissal, yet doggedly faithful to my first intention, I again whipped out my note-book and inkpencil.

"Your name and address, please," I said, resuming my businesslike manner.

"Oh!" she cried in alarm, "you don't mean to summon me in any court?"

"No," I reassured her. Then I looked gravely into her brown eyes. "I will explain. An advertisement in the car in which we were riding declared that the girl who sat next to me would be delighted if I sent her a box of Winsor's chocolates. You were the girl who sat next to me. You see, your name and address are essential."

Bursting into a merry peal of laughter, she ran up the stone steps, then turned and called to me:

" Come!"

I needed no second invitation.

In the broad hall stood the distin-

guished - looking man who had left the

"Father," she cried, "here is a young man who interprets the advertisements in the street-cars literally!"

"Young man, explain yourself," ordered the father, turning to me with great severity.

But I was not to be cowed by him. I

stood my ground.
"Sir," I. returned, "under the sign, seal, and name of Alfred H. Winsor, I was this day assured that the girl sitting next to me in the street-car would be delighted if I sent her a box of Winsor's chocolates."

"Have you dared to annoy my daughter?" he exploded, advancing threateningly.

The girl quickly interceded.

"Oh, no, father! Why, he saved me in an accident!"

I cast her a grateful glance, but mustered all my dignity to meet the assault of the father.

"Sir," I said, with the moral courage inherited from generations of self-respecting ancestors, "sir, Alfred H. Winsor is considered a man of standing in the community. I have but acted on his advice. If you object to my manner of procedure, you should interview him."

At this the girl began to laugh again, but the man bit his lip and blustered.

"I shall see Rollins about this!" he sputtered.

Rollins's fate was no concern of mine. I drew myself up for my ultimatum.

"Sir, I shall send your daughter a box of Winsor's chocolates."

"Which she will be delighted to receive," put in the girl, flashing another splendidly loyal little smile at me.

"That advertisement-" he began an-

"Mr. Winsor employs a poor advertisement - writer," I announced. "I could write better things myself. I am trained to the art."

" Father, he saved me!" interposed the girl again. "There was a car accident."

Suddenly he flung back his head and laughed, a great boy's bellowing laugh. The girl chimed in. I didn't see the joke. Then he turned toward me abruptly.

"Young man, would you like such a position?" he demanded.

"At a proper remuneration, yes," I re-

"Well, I think I'm going to give you a chance to prove yourself," he said. "Wait a moment."

He disappeared through one of the big rooms opening from the square hall. The girl and I looked at each other for a moment. Then her long eyelashes fell. I took a step toward her.

"What is your name and address?" I

repeated.

"I am Dorothy Winsor," she replied. Then her brown eyes brimmed over with mischief. "But you have put away your note-book!"

"Because I have written your name on my heart," I answered very slowly and clearly.

For another instant we looked at each other. Then her father reappeared.

"Here's your appointment for to-morrow, young man—at my office." Then he added, as an afterthought: "You see, I happen to own Winsor's factory, roof and basement, and every chocolate in it."

Then I saw the joke. He nodded goodby to me, and the girl shook hands. I walked down the steps and along the street, not treading on mere matter. My head was held high, my heart was happy. I had firm hold on the first rung!

The Dispute

[FOUNDED UPON AN IRISH FOLK-LORE IDEA]

BY SEUMAS MACMANUS

NELLY MOLLOY and her man Denny were a model couple—the best that the parish of Calhame ever knew. For five and twenty years, to the world's knowin', they had lived without either of them hearin' the other's ill word. But on one Christmas Eve, at last, Johnny the Stroller came round to make sale of a string of birds he had caught in the snow, and Nelly Molloy bought a pair of them, which she broiled that same night for Denny and herself.

"Thanks be to God and you, Nelly," says Denny, says he, as he brushed the crumbs from him and smacked his lips, after finishin' his supper. "Them was the sweetest pair o' blackbirds ever came

under my tooth."
"Amen, and thanks be to God," says

Nelly, says she. "They were certainly a sweet pair of birds—thrushes they were," says Nelly, says she.

"Blackbirds, Nelly," says Denny.

"Oh, but Denny," says Nelly, "I tell you they were thrushes. I ought to know, that plucked them."

"But, Nelly, sure I tell you they were blackbirds. I ought to know, that bought them."

"Have I eyes in my head, Denny, or have I not?"

"I used to think you had, Nelly; but

whether you have or no, people accuses meself of a pair of eyes."

"I'm sorry you don't use them, Denny, to learn to know a thrush from a black-bird."

"If my neighbors used theirs," says Denny, "they might some time come to know a blackbird from a thrush."

"Denny," says Nelly, "you'd provoke St. Pether! Sure I tell you the birds were thrushes."

"'Tis yourself that's provokin', Nelly," says Denny. "Sure I tell you they were blackbirds."

"Thrushes!" says Nelly.
"Blackbirds!" says Denny.

Then Nelly began to hum to herself in a provokin' kind of way, as she went about washin' the dishes; and Denny immediately struck up a whistle, as he drew out his pipe and began teasin' the tobacco for it. And the pair of them, who had never cross word or quarrel afore, didn't speak to each other for a month.

Well, that fared well, and it didn't fare ill, as the story-tellers say; and the year wore round till Christmas Eve again. Nelly had a fine Christmas Eve supper for herself and Denny; and when they thanked God, and sat down to it, Nelly she put a hearty laugh out of her, and says she:

"Denny, avourneen, do you mind the pair of fools we made of ourselves this

night twelve months?"

And Denny laughed, too, and says he: "Aye, Nelly, who'd ever believe that the pair of us could make such idiots of ourselves?"

"About nothing," says Nelly.

"About nothing," says Denny. "The more shame for us," says he. "A miserable pair of blackbirds-bad luck to them!

"Aye, thrushes-bad luck to them!"

says Nelly.

"Nelly, dear," says Denny, lookin' at her reproachfully, "sure you aren't goin' to begin it all over again, for the sake of them weeshy blackbirds?"

"Indeed, then, I'm not, Denny," says Nelly; "only ye know well that they were

thrushes."

"Have raison with you now, Nelly! Sure you know as well as I do that they were blackbirds."

"Have raison yourself," says Nelly, "and say like a man that they were thrushes."

" Blackbirds!" says Denny. "Thrushes!" says Nelly.

Denny, he began to whistle, and Nelly, she began to hum; and after that a word from wan to the other of them didn't cross their lips for three months, till their friends come and brought them together.

That fared well, and it didn't fare ill, as they say in the old stories; and the year wore on, and Christmas Eve came round And as Denny and Nelly once more. thanked God, and sat down to a lovely supper that Nelly had cooked for the pair of them, Nelly she broke into a laugh, an 1 says she:

"Denny, do you mind the omadhauns we made of ourselves last Christmas Eve

and the wan afore it?"

"Oh, don't I, Nelly!" says Denny,

"Complete omadhauns," says Nelly.

"The laugh of the worl', an' no wondher," says Denny.

"Sometimes I can hardly believe it of us," says Nelly.

"Foolish childher couldn't act so," says

"Childher would have more sense," says Nelly.

"You might call them birds thrushes

from now till mornin'," says Denny, " and I'd only smile at it, Nelly."

"Thanky, Denny," says Nelly; "but why should you smile, when they were

thrushes?"

"Nelly, Nelly, Nelly!" says Denny. "Sure you know I don't want to dispute it with you, but I tell you the birds were blackbirds.'

"I'm not disputin' it meself, either," says Nelly, says she; "but you shouldn't contradict the known truth—the birds

were thrushes."

"Who's conthradictin' the known truth?" says Denny. "They were blackbirds an' you know it."

"Thrushes, they were," says Nelly; "and right well ye know it, only the con-

thrariness is riz in ye."

"The morrow is holy Christmas Day, so tell the truth and shame the devil. Say they were blackbirds and have done with it!"

"The morrow is holy Christmas Day," says Nelly, "so tell the truth yourself.

Say they were thrushes!"

"For Heaven's sake, don't keep contentionin' about two scrawny blackbirds, Nelly."

"It's you that is contentionin', Denny;

the birds were thrushes!"

"You'll brak' my temper, out an' out. I say they were blackbirds!

"I say they were thrushes!"

" Blackbirds!"

"Thrushes!"

Denny turned round, then, and drew out his pipe and tobacco and began whistlin', leavin' his supper untasted. And Nelly, turnin' her back to it, too, took up a stockin' she had been darnin' and began hummin' very tauntingly.

That minute the latch was lifted, and who should step in but Johnny the Stroller, with a string of birds over his shoulder. Denny and Nelly jumped to their feet and ran for Johnny, who looked

bewildhered at them.

"Johnny," says Nelly, "it's delighted

I am that you've come."

"It's delighted meself is, Johnny," says Denny, says he, "that you've come at this minute."

"For," says Nelly, says she, "I want you to show this man o' mine the fool

he's been makin' of himself."

"Johnny, agra," says Denny, "you've

come in the nick o' time to let this woman see the omadhaun she is."

"In the name o' patience," says Johnny, says he, lookin' moidhered from one to the other, "what's this all about, anyhow?"

"'Tis about the two little thrushes we bought from you this night two years," says Nelly. "You'll hardly credit it, but this man o' mine actually argues they were blackbirds."

"Ha, ha, ha!" says Denny, says he.
"Johnny, if ye hadn't heard it with your own ears, ye wouldn't take it on St.

Pether's word that that woman has been for two years maintainin' them two blackbirds ye sold her were thrushes. Tell her now they were blackbirds, and prove her a fool to her face."

"Johnny," says Nelly, "tell this man o' mine that they were what they were—thrushes—and shame him outright."

"Musha, Nelly and Denny," says Johnny, says he, "it's mortial sorry I am, if the pair of ye have been fightin' about that for over two years. "I'm mortial sorry for the pair o' ye, for the birds I sold ye were starlin's!"

The Mortimer-Morris Pearls

BY FRANCIS W. CROWNINSHIELD

IN George Morris's life everything seemed to be as he wished it. Destiny had always coddled and mothered him in a really outrageous way.

His wife was one of the most beautiful and most popular women in the fashionable life of New York. People often hinted that Janet Morris was a trifle worldly; but, on the other hand, metropolitan society could boast of few women so elegant and so distinguished.

Morris's daughter, too, Susy—what a charming girl she was growing to be! How simple and sweet she was in her schoolgirl dresses!

Mr. Morris was the president of a popular club in New York and of another in Newport. His valet was notoriously a marvel of industry and invention. His brokerage business was one of the largest on Wall Street. The one private speculation that he had ever permitted himself to go into—Blue Knob Copper—had been boomingly successful. From all the foreign-bred hunters exhibited at the horseshows, his Gray Lady had five times been singled out for the blue. Physically, he was in the most perfect health.

Yet, with all these blessings and privileges, George Morris was very far from being a happy man. A gentle malady had taken hold of him. For nearly two years he had been pleasantly tortured and broken on the wheel of fate. In short, he thought himself in love!

The specific bar to his entire tranquil-

lity was none other than the coquettish young widow of Alfred Mortimer, one of Morris's earliest and stanchest friends. He was not exactly infatuated, but, little by little, captivation had led on to fondness, and fondness to the verge of something very like passion.

It was half past four on a May afternoon, and Morris was alone in his little private office, looking, with a dismal sort of despair, at the hurrying crowds that surged up and down the narrow pavements of Broadway. Why couldn't he drive the gray eyes of the flirtatious Polly Mortimer out of his life?

The whole situation, he saw, was undignified and preposterous. His wife knew Polly intimately; his daughter and hers were close friends. Fortunately, it had not gone too far. He could still pull up. He would do it. He owed it to Janet and Susy.

"Package for you, sir. A lady's-maid. She won't deliver it except to you, sir."

Morris went to the outer office and took a parcel from the hands of the waiting maid. He recognized the handwriting as Polly Mortimer's. When he had returned to his office, he sat down at his desk and carefully untied the parcel. It contained a perfectly plain chamois jewel-bag, and a tightly folded note, which he opened and read with some little curiosity.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

A very cruel disaster has befallen me. My poor child's lungs are threatened. The doctors insist that it is nothing really serious, but they advise me to take every precaution. I am offering the house at Westbury for rent, and leaving, with Connie, to-day at four o'clock, for Arizona. She is all I have in the world, and you must pray for her, like the good friend that you are.

Will you be good and kind and look after this string of pearls for me? Put them in your safe against my return—in six months or so. They were my mother's, and they are almost the only precious things that are left to me. I have not worn them for years. I was keeping them as a surprise for Connie, when she grew a little older. The middle pearl—the pink one—was my grandmother's.

I shall think of you sometimes. Yes, a thousand happy memories will be mine. Think, also, sometimes of me. Good-by.

P. S.-Please say nothing of this to Janet.

George Morris rose slowly from his chair; lighted a long cigar; looked at the shimmering pearls in the bag; tore up Mrs. Mortimer's note; marked the parcel carefully—" For Mrs. Alfred Mortimer"; locked it in his private drawer of the office safe; sighed; put on his hat, and started wearily on his long walk uptown to his club.

II

A LITTLE less than six months after Morris had received that chamois bag, Blue Knob Copper stock took a sudden and tremendous tumble. At the end of its descent Morris took account of his worldly possessions, and found that he was not quite one-third as rich as he had been a week before. At noon of the next day he received, at his office, a letter—the first in three weeks—from Arizona.

In this note Mrs. Mortimer told him that Connie was so much improved that they were coming home at once—in less than a week. She added that she had a piece of news for him which, she felt certain, would surprise him greatly. She had been a widow long enough. She was to be married, before leaving Arizona, to a young Englishman named Seymour Harrowby, who had been ranching it thereabouts. Connie wished particularly to be remembered to Susy; his letters had been a great comfort to her, etc., etc.

Morris's state of mind was such as he had never previously experienced. Des-

tiny, at last, was turning her back on him. He tried hard to think. His wife and daughter were at Hempstead. He decided to go down there at once and get a little exercise before dinner. His nerves were on edge. His fortune had been frightfully impaired, and his amour propre had suffered a severe shock.

He ordered luncheon at a restaurant, and then telephoned to Hempstead to have Gray Lady saddled and brought to

his library door at four o'clock.

Gray Lady had not been out of the stables—Morris never allowed the grooms to ride her—for a week or more, and he was not slow to notice a certain nervousness in her manners. He put her, however, first at one fence and then at another. The exercise of jumping and tearing about the fields was doing him, he felt, a world of good.

The light of the autumn day was fading. Was it because of this, he wondered, or was it because his hands had lost their cunning, that the mare had grown so faulty in judging her distance

and her pace?

"Here, old lady! None of that! Come around, now. Steady! We shall have to try that one again. There, go at

it, girl!"

Gray Lady went at it bravely enough, but it was no use. She took the upper rail fair on her knees and sprawled out her length on the ground, her rider beneath her. In ten minutes George Morris was where copper stocks and widows and all other worldly details could trouble him no longer.

III

The next evening his confidential clerk brought to Mrs. Morris's house her husband's private drawer in the office safe. Late that night, when Susy had at last fallen into a troubled sleep, Janet Morris sat down before the fire and took the precious receptacle into her lap.

She was still sobbing hysterically when she opened it. One of the first things in it that smote her attention was a tiny miniature of Polly Mortimer. She had always trusted and believed in her husband. Once or twice, latterly, people had spoken to her of her husband's fondness for Mrs. Mortimer. She had never believed it. She could not believe it now.

Polly was a desperate little flirt, of course, but there was Polly's telegram of condolence to her from Arizona. Could any message be more fervid or more seemingly sincere? Besides, she had always felt it demeaning to listen to idle gossip.

Going on with her saddening labor, she came upon a parcel of letters, on the top of which was a note addressed to herself in her husband's handwriting. She opened the envelope and read:

Janez—In the event of my death, please destroy these papers without reading them. —G. M.

Undoing the parcel, she began throwing the letters into the fire. Her surprise was very great when she noted that all of them were in Polly Mortimer's characteristic hand. She paused and gasped for breath; then she mechanically continued her melancholy task, holding the letters as far away as possible, as if to spare herself any further anguish of recognition.

Reaching the bottom of the drawer, she saw a small parcel, on the wrapper of which, in her husband's writing, were the words: "For Mrs. Alfred Mortimer." For a long time she hesitated, as if in doubt what to do; then she opened the parcel.

A wave of mortification, humiliation, and surprise swept over her when she beheld the lovely luster of the pearls. With all his talk of loyalty and devotion, then, her husband had actually descended to buying pearls for another woman!

IV

A WEEK or so after her husband's funeral, Mrs. Morris and her daughter were walking, a little after dusk, on Fifth Avenue. They were to sail for Naples on the following morning, and had come out for a whiff of the cold November air. They had not gone a block from their house when they were surprised to encounter the good-looking Mrs. Seymour Harrowby, her good-looking young husband, and her good - looking and now fully restored daughter. After the introductions, and when condolences and congratulations had been exchanged, Mrs. Harrowby said:

"Did you get my telegram, dear?"
"Yes, indeed I did. You were sweet to think of it!"

"Oh, and Janet—I went down to poor George's office yesterday. You know he did a little investing for me, now and again, but the clerk in charge said that all my things had been sent down to your house at Hempstead."

"What things do you mean, Polly?"
"Oh, nothing very serious—only a few business letters and receipts, and—"

"To be sure! Yes, I found something of the sort, but there was a note from George asking me to destroy them all, so I burned them without reading them."

"And was that all, Janet?"

"What else did you expect?" said Mrs. Morris, as if in some surprise.

Mrs. Harrowby hesitated. She looked, in what seemed like trepidation and despair, at her husband beside her, then at her daughter, and finally at Mrs. Morris again. Her position was a difficult one. She had no receipt for the pearls. Her husband was of the jealous kind, and had already twitted her, much too often, about Mr. Morris and his letters to Arizona; her daughter was abnormally inquisitive; little Susy was all interest and attention, and Mrs. Morris's eyes covered her with a cold and merciless stare. How could she explain the compromising presence of the pearls in the dead man's safe?

"Nothing else, Janet. Nothing else. Good - by, Janet. Good - by, Susy, and bon voyage!"

V

It was not until six years later that the two women met again.

The widow of George Morris gave an extremely pretty coming-out dance for her daughter. The fortunes of Blue Knob Copper had taken a turn for the better, and such an expenditure did not amount to an inordinate extravagance. One of the guests was Connie Mortimer, who went to the ball under the sheltering wing of her still charming mother. Mrs. Seymour Harrowby had been living in the West for the past six years, but she had come to New York for the winter in order to launch her child in the fashionable world of the metropolis.

While the dance was at its height, and while Mrs. Harrowby was noting, with much satisfaction, the fact that her daughter was receiving more attention than Susy Morris, Connie came up to

where her mother was sitting, carrying Susy along with her in a burst of childish enthusiasm.

"Mother, darling, I want you to see these pearls of Susy's! Aren't they wonderful?"

Mrs. Harrowby looked narrowly at a shimmering string of pearls, and then, quite as narrowly, at Susy.

"Tell me, Susy, who gave them to you?"

"Mama gave them to me, only this afternoon. Look at the middle one—isn't it a heavenly pink? They are my coming-out present. Wasn't it angelic of her?"

With this the two young girls made off, to take their places in a cotillion figure.

As they went, there shot into the gray eyes of the fascinating Mrs. Seymour Harrowby a little look of sadness—almost of despair.

The Haunted Coat

BY M. GERTRUDE MILLER

"LUCKY that Uncle Jim should turn up now!" I remarked cheerfully, tossing the pink cable-slip over to Dorothy. "I'll try to touch him for five hundred at least."

I had been a successful mining-promoter when the slump in copper came along and knocked the ground completely out from under my feet. In our palmy days there had been nothing mean about Dorothy and me. We had the money and we spent it—which fact Uncle Jim forcibly impressed upon my mind as we rode up in the Subway on the morning of his arrival from Europe.

A thrilling tale of losses I had narrated; but for all the effect it had upon my uncle, it might have been so much "hot air." All the comfort he vouch-safed was sundry platitudes about "experience being a dear teacher," and so forth—which was about as pleasant, under the circumstances, as a canned-soup advertisement to a starving man.

"Dorothy will bring him around," I reflected, as I gracefully changed the subject. She had never failed yet to wheedle out of me anything on which she had set her heart, I smiled reminiscently; and as I surveyed Uncle Jim's impassive countenance, I regarded him as a lost man.

When at last, however, Dorothy and I had an evening alone—some of Uncle Jim's cronies had dragged him off to a show—my girl sobbed out her disappointment.

"It's no use!" she said between sobs.
"Your uncle's like a block of stone. He

says that we deserve all we've got—that we cut a wide swath when we had the money, and now we can suffer—that a fool and his money—"

"That's all very well," I interrupted savagely, "but the fact remains that I've got to hustle for a job, and I haven't a spring overcoat."

"I know I oughtn't to have given away your last season's coat," and Dorothy's voice broke.

We were so absorbed in our troubles that we failed to note the lateness of the hour, and Uncle Jim's voice made us both jump.

"You needn't worry about the coat," he remarked dryly. "You can have mine."

His tone nettled me, but a glance at the coat was sufficient. How I had envied that old codger the possession of such a swell garment! Dorothy clapped her hands ecstatically as I strode in front of a mirror, transformed by this masterpiece of a London tailor. Uncle Jim was spare, and I kept in trim with athletics, so the coat was a perfect fit.

Waving aside my somewhat hollow expressions of gratitude, the old gentleman faced me squarely.

"I want this coat," he said impressively, "to mark a new era in your lives. You always were a spendthrift, Jack, but I've a lot of faith in Dorothy. Now, Dorothy, if Jack ever gets hold of any money again, it's a foregone conclusion that he'll throw away that coat; and I want you to promise me solemnly that, if he does, you will rip it apart and save

that good satin lining. It was guaranteed for two years. I want you to do this yourself, Dorothy—not even trusting a tailor to rip it, for the satin is too good to be cut up. I'll be back in a few months, and I want to know that you've kept your word. I should like to see you take at least one step toward economy."

His solemn tone over such a trivial matter rasped on me, but Dorothy, I could see, was deeply impressed.

"I promise!" she said earnestly.

If I had counted upon any further generosity as a sequel to the donation of the coat, I was mightily mistaken, for up to the moment when I saw Uncle Jim—multi-labeled suit-case in hand—safely on a west-bound Pullman, he had not loosened up in the least. He merely observed, as a parting shot, that he hoped what I was passing through would be a lesson.

"Never mind!" was Dorothy's comforting remark that evening. "It's a dandy coat, Jack. Besides, I really believe this is a test for us, and Uncle Jim means to do something handsome."

Dorothy is a dear, but neither her affection nor the sense of being well-tailored could make me oblivious to my

daily humiliations.

At the zenith of my promoting career, many a capitalist had slapped me on the back and said in a bantering tone: "I tell you, Wentworth, if you were open to an offer from me, salary would be no object." Looking around my luxurious suite of offices, amid the busy click of typewriters, I had smiled a bit scornfully and looked upon it as a joke. I now found that it really was a joke, and rather a grim one; for, when I approached these gentlemen and asked for a position, all I got was their polite regrets that I was not a specialist in the day of specialization, and an impatient murmur about their "busy day" as I was coldly bowed

To add to my tribulations. I developed a tendency to corpulence. The fact that I was posted for "dues" debarred me from my wonted exercise at the Athletic Club. As my sides took on flesh, Uncle Jim's coat perceptibly shrank. Unluckily, the season was late—May and November had somehow swapped places—

and to be without a coat would have been a fatal confession of poverty.

After a fortnight, however, of fruitless search for a "job"—from seeking a "position" I had come at last to the humbler term—I decided that the coat was to blame. I am not superstitious, but that coat got on my nerves and haunted my dreams. It became so intolerable a burden that I seriously considered the advisability of losing it.

"Oh, don't!" pleaded Dorothy. "Re-

member my promise."

Dorothy need not have worried—the coat had no intention whatever of being lost.

As I hurried from the Subway at Wall Street the next morning, I experienced an unusual sense of relief—the coat was in the seat I had vacated. It seemed to me that I received more encouragement in the banking-houses I visited that day.

"Oh, Jack," was Dorothy's first greeting that night, "a messenger brought back your coat, and he seemed to expect a reward, so I gave him our last dollar. It was awfully careless of you, Jack, to lose it. Don't worry about the dollar," she added, "for I can sell my diamond brooch. The spoons are all gone!"

I winced, but there was no help for it. Next morning, as I waited in the customers' room of a stock-exchange houseone of a crowd of men of assorted types and ages, all applicants for the managership of an up-town branch-I reflected bitterly upon the irony of fate. time I visited that office I had called for the senior partner, whose guest I was to be on a yachting cruise. Times had changed, however, as the attitude of the clerk who took in my card showed conclusively. The manner of Mr. Austin himself left no room for doubt, when, a little in advance of the "common herd," I found myself in his private office.

With the finesse of a seasoned diplomat, he at once put me off the social plane, and upon that of a prospective employee. The slight encouragement I received, therefore, only irritated me; and so full was I of bitterness that I swept angrily out, completely forgetting the coat.

"Thank Heaven!" I ejaculated, when I discovered the loss. "Maybe some poor devil will find it."

I had never taken any stock whatever in Dorothy's expectations of a reward

from Uncle Jim for thrift.

Hardly had I reached home that evening when a messenger, carrying my coat, arrived from Mr. Austin's office and with it a short, crisp note in the nandwriting of my whilom yachting-companion. Its meaning was unmistakable—that when a man so "hard up" as he knew I was left behind him such a good coat as that, he felt that it would jeopardize the interests of the house to employ such a person as manager.

A confounded memorandum-book in the pocket had, of course, disclosed the

ownership.

I glared at Dorothy, as if daring her to make any remarks, but she had no

disposition to triumph over me.

"Never mind!" she said soothingly, laying her hand on my shoulder. "I'll rip that coat apart to-morrow, and there'll be an end of it. And by the way, Jack, the Ladies' Aid are packing a box for a missionary in Kansas to-morrow, and as I couldn't donate anything, I'm compelled to entertain them. I—I—I've sold the clock."

I thought I had missed the handsome timepiece which—pleasantly reminiscent of our wedding—had ticked away so merrily during our hitherto prosperous life

together.

"By Jove, Dorothy!" I exclaimed suddenly, ignoring her sacrifice on the altar of hospitality, "why don't you put that coat in the box? The missionary that gets it will be tickled to death."

Dorothy sighed.

"I'm afraid Uncle Jim was right," she said sadly, "about your extravagance. Indeed, I won't give away that coat! I'm going to use the satin to line my old covert."

On my way up in the Subway, next day, I met Billy Eastman. I had had

a stroke of good luck.

"Hello, old man!" I said jovially.
"I'm mighty glad to see you! I've just been appointed manager of Douglas & Cameron's up-town branch. Wish me success!"

"Indeed I do," he responded heartily.
"Now I'm sure that you and Dorothy'll join us—we're taking a cottage at Seaport for the season, and, hang it, Jack,

I've been pretty hard hit in the panic, and we'd like to divide the expense."

My spirits went down like the barometer before a storm. Carrie Eastman and Dorothy were like sisters, and the thought of pleasant week-ends with a kindred spirit like Billy was too much. Mentally I consigned Uncle Jim to a shocking fate, as I reflected how that five hundred dollars I had meant to get from him, coupled with my present modest salary, would have enabled us to accept Billy's proposal.

I found Dorothy worn out by the Ladies' Aid; and it didn't incrove her spirits much to learn of the Seaport proposition, which the state of our

finances made impossible.

In the center of the dining-room was the missionary box, ready for me to nail up. I waited till Dorothy had retired; then, stealing softly to my wardrobe, I took out Uncle Jim's coat and deposited it carefully under the pile of bedding at the top of the box. In a spirit of mischief, I pinned on a card reading:

Don't fail to rip out the satin lining. It's the best part of the coat.

One Sunday morning, a fortnight later, after making his announcements, the Rev. Dr. Hanscombe looked benignly over the

congregation.

"Some good friend," he remarked benevolently, "has chosen to do his or her alms in secret. Our brother in Kansas writes us that underneath the satin lining of a handsome overcoat contained in the box our ladies so generously packed for him, his wife found five hundred dollars in bank-notes; and he begs me to thank the congregation for this generous gift."

A ripple of surprise ran through the church. My thoughts were decidedly at variance with the spirit of the hour. I understood now what a woman's intuition meant, and why Dorothy had so insisted upon preserving that coat, over whose loss she had spent many sleepless nights. Into my mind there came suddenly a vision of the way the surf rolled up on the beach in front of the Eastmans' cottage at Seaport.

As I looked up, I caught Dorothy's eyes. They said, as plainly as eyes can:

"I told you so!"